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WEEKLY**

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January 23, 1957



**FASHIONS FOR THE WAY YOU LIVE. Pages 16-19**

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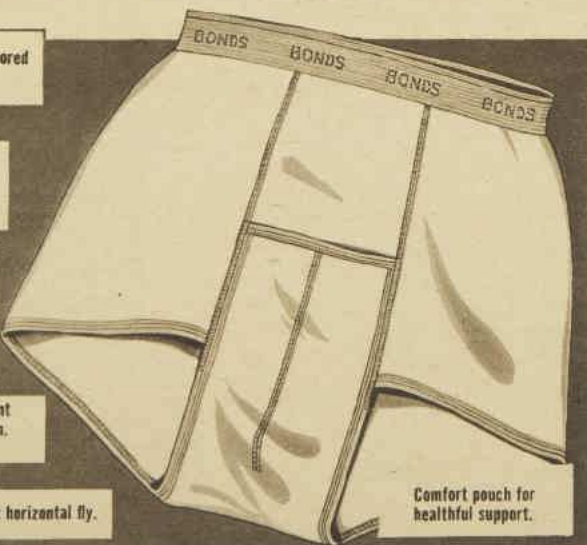
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JANUARY 23, 1957

Vol. 24, No. 1

## MONEY NEEDED FOR SCHOOLS

AUSTRALIA is entering a period of expansion that will lift the population in the next ten years from 9.5 million to well over the 12 million mark.

One of the problems of this expansion will be the large increase in the number of boys and girls who will turn 15 each year and will either leave school or continue their secondary education.

This year more than 120,000 Australians have reached the age of 15. In 1967 200,000 will turn 15.

And this age group will continue to swell as the population grows.

The increase will mean, however, that the already overtaxed secondary education systems in Australia will have to carry a greater burden in both the pre-15 and post-15 classes. It will mean that before 1967 many more schools and classrooms will have to be built to accommodate the enlarged school population.

The same will apply to universities and to technical educational establishments and trade schools.

Big universities will have to be decentralised, perhaps through university colleges attached to a parent university.

To do all this the Australian States need big money, which means they need assistance from the Commonwealth.

So, before this task of redesigning the educational system can be started, there must be a complete reappraisal of relationships between the States and the Commonwealth.

Until this happens Australia is just frittering and toying with one of its greatest assets—its youth.

## Our cover:

● The sulphur-crested cockatoo sitting on the shoulder of 11-year-old Ann Rivers qualifies for inclusion in our current series of pictures "These are Australians." The one, a pet, was photographed in the Adelaide Hills by Keith P. Phillips. Familiar inhabitants of the inland plains of Australia, the sulphur-crested cockatoos feed on the ground in hundreds, even thousands at times, and rise like a white cloud when disturbed. When the flock is feeding a couple of scouts are posted to give warning of danger, hence the term "cockatoo" used for the lookout at two-up schools.

## This week:

● Star of our frogs on page 11 is undoubtedly the Corroboree Frog. The first specimen of this was sent to the Australian Museum, Sydney, in 1947. Since experts dislike naming a new species until they have seen more than one, it remained unnamed. However, in 1952, Professor John Moore, a noted American authority on frogs, saw it and was certain it was a new species. Because its yellow hands resembled the corroboree decoration of an aboriginal, he named it *Pseudophryne corroboree*. Since then others have been sent to the Museum and have created great interest.

## Next week:

● We have arranged with Dione Lucas, celebrated American TV cook, to publish a new selection of her recipes. The first of these appear next week.

● Be sure to read "Sister," by Sidney Carroll, brilliant short mystery novel in next week's paper. It's a story that begins quietly—about a middle-aged woman who is asked by a man to take a job as companion to his rich aunt—but it packs quite a punch.

● Dress up your dressing-table with the help of our four-page feature on the subject. Three of these pages are in color, and altogether there are 14 pictures showing how you can make a dressing-table attractive.

## BOOK REVIEWS, by AINSLIE BAKER

### Novel based on journals of Australian explorer

● The Sturt expedition's surprising immunity from aboriginal attack during its epic exploration of the Murrumbidgee and Murray has never been explained satisfactorily.

IN "Who Rides on the River?" J. K. Ewers suggests that the answer is to be found in the lore of the now extinct river tribes.

Sturt's mixed party of soldiers and convict volunteers travelled 2000 miles, mostly through tribal territory, without being molested.

The explanation offered by Ewers is that Sturt's second-in-command, young George Macleay, was hailed by the river tribesmen as the reincarnation of Nurrundi, their dream-time ancestor.

Smoke signals sent ahead from one tribe area to the next ensured the expedition's safe conduct.

Fine leader and explorer

though he was, Captain Charles Sturt was completely a man of his time. His 1829-30 journals, on which this novelised reconstruction is based, write off each escape from attack as a "miraculous intervention of Providence."

The author of "Who Rides on the River?" is a Western Australian who has studied the aborigines in company with the American dancer and anthropological enthusiast Ted Shawn, and with the Australian outback authority Bill Harney.

Most readers will find the book a pleasant means of acquainting themselves with an important chapter in Australian exploration.

Our copy from the publishers, Angus and Robertson.

THE INTRUDER, by Storm Jameson (Macmillan). A 10-day study of what savage heat and the arrival of an unwanted outsider do to a small group of archaeologists working in the remote Provence hills. Readable without being memorable.

THE YEAR OF LOVE, by Margaret Lee Runbeck (Peter Davies). Tender and charming love story of a young Indian couple, Soni, brought up in the conventions of the old India, and Anand, exposed to European influences by his work at a Western medical centre. Superstition in the end proves too strong an influence for the newly emancipated lovers.

# MURDER AT GORSE END

By  
MARGARET  
BATHE

"MUMMY'S gossiping," Julie stated, wiping a glob of marmalade from her chin. "Your mother never gossips." Jim Drew's frown was for two people, his daughter and his wife. His wife certainly was gossiping, and his thoughts had been running in the same groove as Julie's, but he felt honor-bound to refute the word. He added: "She is telling Mrs. Craddock what to do."

But he was a mere father against two anything but mere children. There was dark-eyed Timothy, five years old, with a logical mind. He banged his inverted eggshell with a spoon. "She knows what to do. She's been coming for years and years and years and—" he started to giggle, liking the way the years ran on "—and years and years and—"

"That's enough!" Jim shouted.

"What's the matter?" Madge Drew came serenely into the breakfast-room. She was nearly thirty, but at times she looked eighteen. This morning was one of the times. Her dark hair had red lights in it, her eyes were gay.

He gave her a look as she sat down and poured a cup of coffee.

"G-O-S-S-I-P-I-N-G," he accused her.

"Gossiping," Julie translated, smiling triumphantly.

"Hush," Madge said to Julie and met her husband's frown.

"It's a boy."

The frown deepened. "What is?"

"Mrs. Craddock's sister's baby," she explained patiently. "Born in the night."

"I was born in the night," Timothy shouted. "Wasn't I, Mummy?"

"Children . . ." Madge put on what she called her "parent" face. "Go and wash your hands. Daddy will be ready to leave very soon."

"He," Julie said, pointing at her brother, "will have to wash his elbow. It's all marmalade."

"Oh, dear!" Madge looked helplessly at Timothy and reproachfully at Jim. "Couldn't you watch him?"

"You should be here," Jim said, bending down and picking his newspaper off the carpet. "Your inquisitiveness will get you into trouble one of these days."

"It's not inquisitiveness. It's interest," she said in a dignified voice.

"What's 'squishiveness?'" Timothy demanded.

Madge eyed him sternly. "Will you please go and wash your hands. You'll be late for school."

Suddenly obedient, Timothy slid off his chair, and Julie, fair and serious, born with a sense of responsibility like her father, took her brother's hand and led him from the room.

"The father's a fireman," Madge said when the children had gone. "Mrs. Craddock's sister's husband, I mean. His name is Mutton."

Jim's mouth twitched. "You do have a wonderful time, don't you, finding things out? It's a marvel to me you ever get any work done."

"I work and find things out at the same time," Madge told him gravely. "Women are like that. And if you live in a tiny village like Gorse End, knowing all about people keeps you from getting bored. It's different for you, going

To page 49

At first Madge could see nothing in the dark room and then, as her gaze shifted, she began to scream in horror.

Tom Lubke

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# RAINY DAY ON THE SOUND

By  
Donald  
Heiney

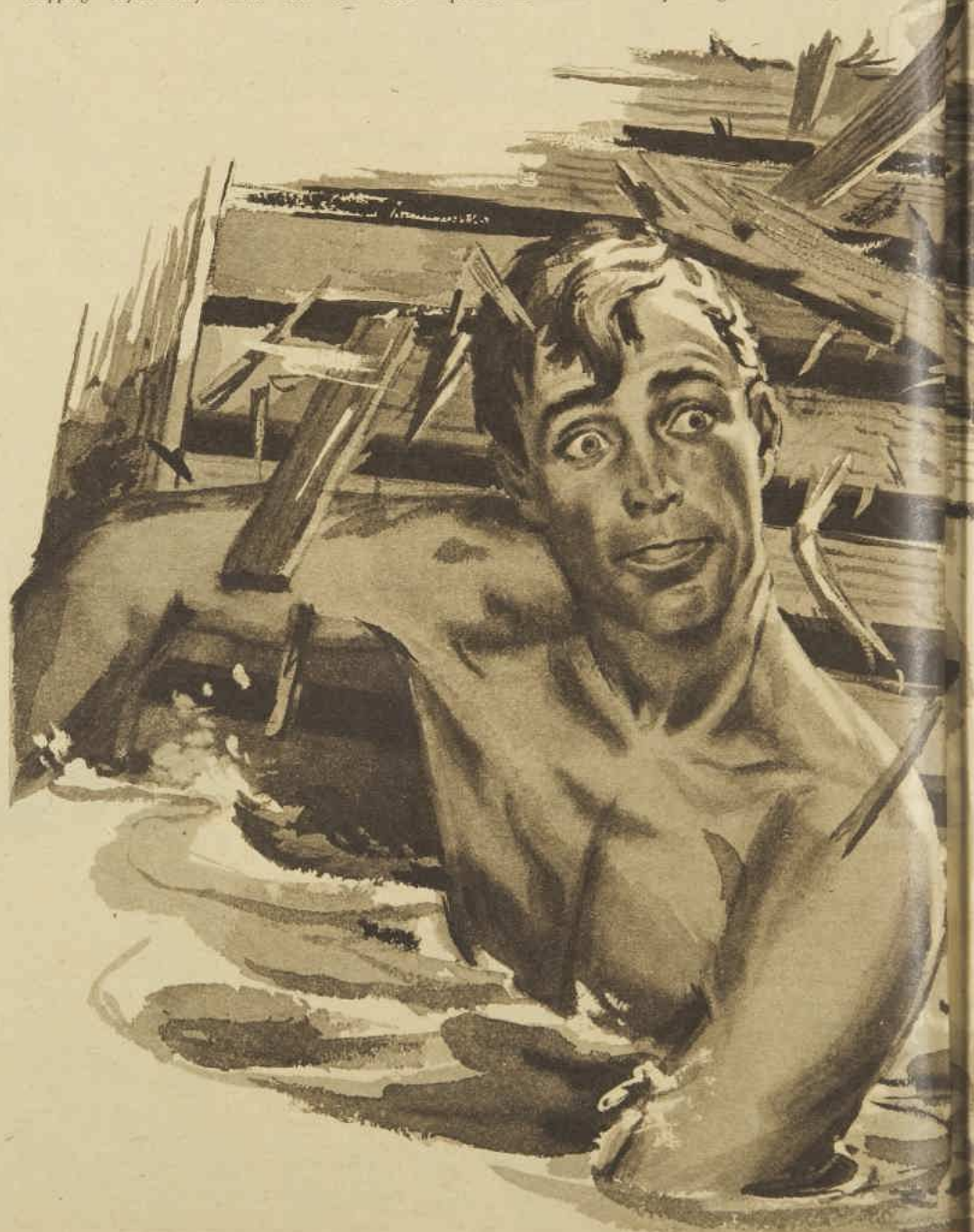
**J**OHN CALLAWAY and his wife had left Oyster Bay in their small cruising sloop a little before noon. Now, about three o'clock, they were well up into the Sound; the Long Island shore stretched away perhaps five miles off to starboard, and the haze to the north obscured the Connecticut hills.

The afternoon was warm, but rain threatened; the clouds hung motionless over the Sound, and a lazy breeze played at wrinkling the surface of the water. Callaway was alone at the helm; his wife had gone below to take a nap. The city he had left at five o'clock the day before seemed very far behind, and he looked forward to a weekend of complete indolence.

The warm breeze and the sound of the water slapping rhythmically under the bow were

gradually making him drowsy, and he wondered whether a cigarette would help to keep him awake. As he felt through the pockets of his shorts for his case, however, it began to sprinkle, and from that moment Callaway was caught in a curious set of circumstances which, according to the laws of chance, should not repeat themselves for a thousand years.

The shower was not likely to last, but in the meantime he was getting wet. He had on a pair of English flannel shorts, and the water wouldn't do them any good. After a moment's hesitation, he let go of the tiller, stripped off the shorts, and tossed them down the open hatchway; then he pulled the hatch shut and slipped back to his post at the helm. The sloop had gone on sailing





dark clouds from which rain began to fall now in earnest.

As soon as the initial confusion was over Callaway found himself, to his surprise, in an almost reflective mood; a great calm came over him, and his brain began working busily like a piece of well-oiled clockwork.

His command of the situation, in fact, was so lucid that he could not help feeling rather proud of himself; in his excess of self-congratulation he had to remind himself forcibly that he was in serious trouble.

Meanwhile the adding machine in his head, clicking busily away at the problem, came up with two possible courses of action: he could try to swim for the Long Island shore to the south before the ebb tide carried him beyond reach of it, or he could float where he was and conserve his strength, staking everything on the chance that somebody would come by before long to pick him up. On the whole, he decided, it would be better to stay where he was; it was a week-end and the traffic was heavy on the Sound.

Then another idea occurred to him: there was a possibility that he could regain the sloop. He was familiar enough with small sailboats to know just about how she would behave with no one at the tiller; she would gradually come up into the wind until she luffed and lost headway, then she would begin to drift backwards; the sails would fill, and she would start sailing off again.

In this way, sailing in a series of short arcs, she might gradually move through a wide circle and, if the current wasn't strong and the wind didn't change, come back to the point at which he had fallen overboard. How long this would take, if it happened at all, was hard to say; maybe twenty minutes and maybe half a day. It was a chance he had to take.

Meanwhile he was a strong swimmer, he was fresh and relaxed, and he could probably stay afloat indefinitely if he didn't tire himself out. He treaded water leisurely, keeping an eye out for the receding triangle of the sloop's mainsail.

For a while he held out some hope that his wife would wake up soon and discover he was missing. She had remarkable self-control in an emergency, and she could handle the boat as well as he. If she were to wake up right now, he thought, the adventure would end with nothing more disagreeable than the slight foolishness he would feel as he explained to her how the whole thing had happened.

*With an intermingled feeling of anger and fear John realised the people on the cruiser were shooting at the crate which hid him from them.*

As he thought about it, however, he began to realise that even if she did wake up his disappearance would be a complete mystery to her; she would have no idea where or when he had fallen overboard. There would be nothing for her to do but get the sloop under way and sail off to the nearest port, probably Asharoken or Port Jefferson. He began to hope fervently she would not wake up; his life probably depended on her staying asleep.

From his vantage low in the water Callaway's vision was limited to a few hundred yards; the waves, which from the sloop had seemed only imperceptible swells, now rose far over his head. Since the sky was overcast, he couldn't establish his bearings from the sun; he could roughly estimate them from the wind direction, but he still had only a vague idea where Long Island lay.

Up to windward he could still see the sloop; every so often her sails would flutter as she came up into the wind, and then she would fall off on to the other tack and the sails would fill. Callaway became so engrossed in watching this process that he failed to notice that another boat was moving up behind him. The first warning he had was the foaming sound of a bow moving through the water, startlingly close.

When he looked around he saw it was a good-sized auxiliary ketch. The deck was crowded with people, at least eight or ten of them; at present they were all peering down under the mainsail to take a look at him. On the bow a man in faded blue denims was coiling up a heaving line.

Callaway turned and began swimming slowly towards the ketch, but as he did so the foolishness of his situation struck him. Here he was, five miles from land, swimming around in the middle of Long Island Sound stark naked, and the only explanation he could offer was that he had fallen off his boat while his wife was taking a nap. He suddenly saw a picture of himself sitting on the deck of the ketch wrapped in a borrowed blanket and relating this humiliating and not very plausible story to a circle of strangers. Some of the people on the ketch were women; one of them was a girl no more than seventeen or eighteen years old. To hell with it, he decided.

He turned and began swimming away.

"Hi!" shouted the man on the bow in a slightly baffled tone.

Callaway went on swimming.

"Want some help?"

"No, thanks," said Callaway, breaking into a casual crawl.

There was a silence. Callaway did not look around, but he could imagine them all looking at one another and shrugging. Finally the man on the bow yelled after him. "What's the stunt, anyhow?"

"Training," flung Callaway between strokes. "Swim across the Sound every day."

There was another silence, this time a long one. Callaway wondered whether they had noticed he didn't have a bathing-suit on; he thought not, since the water, ruffled by the breeze and rain, was almost opaque. He went on swimming.

When he finally turned around, perhaps five minutes later, the ketch had turned downwind and was sailing away on its course. A little group of people were still gazing curiously back at him from the cockpit. Callaway was filled with an enormous satisfaction, although he wasn't sure why.

"On the other hand," he told himself, "the exhibition was a little tiring. I've got to conserve my strength." He rolled on to his back and began floating.

After he had amused himself making splashes with his feet for a while he saw a good-sized wooden object in the water a couple of hundred yards away and swam over to see what it was. It was a large vegetable crate, about five feet long and constructed of stout pine slats. It would do for a raft until something better came along. Callaway began to congratulate himself on sending away the ketch.

If he had accepted their help he would at this moment be sitting on the deck in the middle of a lot of strangers trying to explain why he had no clothes on, whereas as it was he had a box big enough to hold him up indefinitely, and all he had to do was pass the time until the sloop came back his way.

Right now it was not coming any closer; he could see the sail through the rain about half a mile away. "Patience," he told himself.

He amused himself for a while trying to

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# SENSATIONAL!

## NEW

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FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN



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## Continuing . . . Rainy Day on the Sound

[from page 5]

climb up on top of the crate, but it was top-heavy and it kept rolling over with him. The rain thinned and then stopped altogether; the sun was still hidden. The crate lifted rhythmically as the long swells passed under it.

Luckily, or unluckily, as he now began to think, he was squarely on the track of the yacht going up the Sound for the weekend. Before long another one came by. This one was a good-sized motor cruiser, the kind of boat owned by people with a lot of money who liked to take their friends off on drinking parties without worrying about neighbors or the police.

Callaway figured if he had rejected the sailing crowd on the ketch, who were, after all, his kind of people, there was no point in monkeying around with this bunch, who weren't. He watched the cruiser approaching nearer and nearer; finally, when it was a couple of hundred yards away, he ducked under the water and came up with his head inside the crate.

He could still see out through the slats, but from the outside he was undetectable. The only trouble was that the crate tended to lurch with the waves and crack him on the head once in a while, but with a little care he could keep out of its way.

The yacht, now moving slowly, came on towards him. It passed so near he could hear every sound aboard it: laughter, singing, high-pitched feminine giggles, a radio blaring, somebody plunking a guitar. Then, as the yacht drew away from him, Callaway heard a curious whirring sound like a bird rising into the air. Through the slats he saw a small, round object sail up into the air and arch over his head. Then there was an ear-splitting explosion. For a moment he was deafened, blinded, and confused.

At first Callaway, who had spent the war with the Marines in the South Pacific, thought somebody was firing mortar shells at him. As he tried to make some sense out of it another round projectile sailed into the air, the explosion blasted out again, and fragments showered into the water. Callaway took a lungful of air and slid under the water, holding on to the crate with one hand.

Then the obvious and quite reasonable explanation occurred to him: They were simply firing at clay pigeons with a shotgun! He began to laugh, forgetting that he was still underwater, and he had to come up to the surface to keep from choking. But an instant later there was another explosion, this one ten times louder; the crate slammed sharply into the side of his head, and the water around him sprang up in blinding spray.

"They're shooting at the crate!" he thought wildly. The sensible thing to do, he realised, was to come out from under the crate and start waving his arms like mad. But a great doggedness, in which courage played almost no part, was beginning to come over him; he wasn't going to surrender at this point.

He sank underwater again, holding on to the crate with his fingertips, for what seemed an interminable time before he finally came up for air, this time hiding under the crate. But immediately another charge of buckshot hit the crate, and this time a shower of splinters struck him painfully on the cheek.

"Damn!" he shouted aloud. He had an irrational impression that they were firing at him deliberately, and a tremendous

anger began to come over him. Finally, after they had fired at the crate eight or ten times and hit it once or twice more, there was silence. He heard someone laughing on the yacht, and a voice declared laconically, "I'm goin' to sink that crate if it takes me all day."

"Come on, Lew," someone said. "After all, it's solid wood — you can't sink it."

"Maybe not, but I can bust it," argued the first voice.

There was more laughter, and a woman's voice protested, "Oh, no!"

As Callaway watched, the yacht began to move away in a wide circle, its exhausts snarling and spewing soot across the water. When it had turned full circle it straightened out and began coming back towards him, pushing up a long foaming bow wave as it gathered speed.

Callaway got ready for another

charge of buckshot, but this time the yacht didn't turn aside; it came straight at him, going twenty knots and smashing the water ahead of it into spray. When it was no more than fifty feet away from him he realised it was coming too fast for him to get out of its way.

He braced his feet against the crate and pushed himself straight down into the water as far as he could go. The light faded and his blood pounded in his ears; he began to lose his sense of up and down, and he was afraid he wouldn't be able to find his way to the surface again. Then the yacht, passing over his head, shut out the light from above with a vast shadow like a bird.

Callaway instinctively drew himself in to a ball; he could hear the propellers thrashing over his head. Gradually the light from above returned; he opened his eyes and saw the inverted silver surface of the water lying far above him. His lungs pounding, he rose slowly towards the surface through a myriad of tiny sparkling bubbles.

When he finally broke through to the air he lay gasping for a moment while the shattered fragments of the crate rose to the surface around him. The cruiser was drawing away in the distance, its exhausts booming and sputtering; Callaway could hear the thin tinkle of a woman's laughter coming to him across the water.

It took him a little while to get his bearings. Then he saw the mainsail of the sloop on the horizon; it was nearer now, and it looked as if it were tentatively moving back in his direction. As soon as he got his breath he started swimming towards it in a slow side-stroke. Then, from behind him, he heard the sound of another engine; a light plane painted bright yellow passed overhead and flew on up the Sound towards New London. When it had gone about a quar-

ter of a mile it banked and began to circle back.

"It's seen me," Callaway thought. "No . . . yes, it's coming back."

The plane dropped lower as it came, until it circled over his head only a hundred feet or so above the water. Callaway could see the pilot in a leather jacket staring curiously down at him and behind him the white face of a passenger. He waved at them, somewhat sourly.

The plane went off a little way and then came again, this time no more than fifty feet in the air. As it passed overhead a soft grey object fell out and tumbled down into the water. Callaway swam over to it and found it was a kapok life-jacket.

In spite of his irritation he felt an odd twinge of grati-

him; then he climbed down into the cabin for a towel. When his eye caught the cabin clock he saw he had been in the water for a little over half an hour.

As soon as he had finished drying himself he went back to the tiller and pushed it hard over; the sloop came obediently around and headed back up the Sound.

Presently Helen's head appeared sleepily in the companionway. She rubbed her eyes and yawned, and then took a good look at him for the first time. "Where are your clothes?" she demanded indignantly.

"It started raining, so I took my shorts off," he explained.

"Well, it's stopped now," she declared. "You can put 'em back on again."

"All right, all right," he said. She took the tiller while he went back down into the cabin.

"Did I hear an aeroplane a while ago?" she called to him.

"It flew over about ten minutes ago," said Callaway. He came back and sat down in the cockpit, feeling the mahogany coaming reflectively between his fingers.

"That must be what woke me up," she said. "I was sleeping like a log." She yawned again, magnificently and voluptuously.

The yawn was infectious; Callaway felt himself getting sleepy.

Helen stuck her bare toe tentatively over the side into the water. "The water's warm," she said. "Why don't we anchor and go for a swim?"

"Not me," said Callaway.

He stretched out on the cockpit floor, pulled the towel over his head, and closed his eyes. "Lazy bones," he heard Helen say.

But he was too tired to answer; he could hear the water slapping faintly against the planking and the rustle of the canvas over his head, and he leaned against the familiar wood of the cockpit and went to sleep.

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Ice Bucket by

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Restores natural lustre to all silver

# The Wedding

A short short story

By CHARLES  
EINSTEIN



AT 9.14 a.m. on her wedding day, Janice Martin made up her mind never to get married. Her wedding day was February 14—Saint Valentine's Day—a fact that made the situation even more unfortunate. But Janice was quite cool and detached about it.

There was no hysteria. In fact, at that precise moment she was worried more about Dr. Halpern than about herself, or about Andy Crane, who was her husband-to-be.

"It's all too ridiculous," Janice said. "Valentine's Day, on top of everything else!" And she headed for the stairs to tell her mother and father to call the wedding off. After all, she knew what she was doing. She had met Andy, her fiance, in Dr. Halpern's class in Psychology II-A at college. Dr. Halpern was one of those rare creatures: a teacher of psychology who was a good psychologist. He was a quiet, twinkling little man with a white moustache and eyes that were wonderfully good-humored, even though they never missed a thing. He took a fond and youthful interest in everything around him—especially watching two of his prize pupils fall in love.

Janice and Andy won more than each other—they also won honors in psychology. And when their wedding plans were announced, Dr. Halpern showed up number one on each of their guest lists.

The wedding had been scheduled for noon. Dr. Halpern, taking a day off from his classes, was scheduled to arrive in town on the eight o'clock train, and Janice and her parents had invited him to their home for breakfast at nine.

Here it was nine-forteen, and Janice had made her decision. She went to the top of the stairs and called down: "Mother? Is Dr. Halpern here yet?"

Her mother's voice came from the dining-room. "Not yet, dear."

"I'm not going to marry Andy."

"All right, dear."

"I said I'm not going to marry Andy."

"Yes, dear, that will be fine. Don't pack the blue dress till the last minute."

"Did you hear what I said?" "You don't want it to wrinkle any more than it has to," her mother said.

Psychology had taught Janice to recognise the state her mother was in. It was a sort of running shock condition, this day of the daughter's wedding.

But in his own way, her father was no better. He met Janice at the bottom of the stairs. It was only a little after nine o'clock, and he had already sampled the liquid supplies being readied for the reception. "Here's the blushing bride now," he said.

"I'm not going through with it," Janice said.

"You have to go through with it," her father said. "I paid extra for a heart-shaped cake, just because it's Valentine's Day."

"Father, I am not going to get married."

He nodded. "The wedding-day shakes. We all have 'em. It happens to every bride."

"Every bride," Janice said, "isn't an honor student in psychology. I have reached this decision calmly and with the utmost consideration of all the factors involved."

"I see," her father said. "But why couldn't you have reached it before today?"

"Because my subconscious wouldn't let my subconscious have its say until the last minute."

"Are you saying you don't love Andy?" her father asked.

"I love him very much," Janice said. "But I won't make him a good wife because I'm marrying him out of fear."

"Perhaps I'll go and have a drink," her father said. "Don't let your mother hear any of this. Fear of what?"

"Of everything. What have I ever done to make anyone think I'll be a worthy wife for Andy? Nothing, that's what."

"Now, kitten," her father said. "I think you're annoyed because it was my idea to make it a Valentine's Day wedding."

"As a psychology major, I do think you were a little silly and romantic about it," Janice said. "But I'm not angry. It's just that there isn't going to be any wedding."

"I tell you what," her father said heavily. "You tell all this to Dr. Halpern at breakfast. He'll talk you out of this crazy notion."

"He won't even try," Janice said.

The doorbell rang. "There he is now," her father said gratefully, and went to answer the door.

But it was not Dr. Halpern. It was Aunt Josephine. "I'm going to cry," she announced.

Janice's mother came to the door of the kitchen. "It's only Josephine, dear," Janice's father called. "Janice isn't going to marry Andy."

"So she told me," her mother called back. "I hope we won't be late. Has she started to dress?"

"I give up," Janice said, and went upstairs to cry.

But crying did no good at all. Her cold evaluation of the chances her marriage had for success remained the same. It was better to call it off now.

Was it just a case of the wedding-day shakes? Janice considered the possibilities, but she shook her head. No. She would go downstairs now. Dr. Halpern would be there. And if he tried to talk her out of it—well, he would find what bread could do when cast upon the waters. For he had taught Janice her psychology, and so she knew . . .

She went downstairs, but Dr. Halpern still had not appeared. "We're not waiting for him," her mother said. "There just isn't time. Have your coffee, dear."

"Mother," Janice said coldly, "I am not . . ." But Aunt Josephine was waiting anew.

Looking at her family, Janice realised it was impossible to explain it to them. If Dr. Halpern had been there she could have explained it to him. He, in turn, could have explained it to her family.

But, as it was, nobody understood. Her father thought it was no more than a case of nerves, and she

couldn't even get through to her mother. And as for Aunt Josephine

No, she would go through with the wedding. She would marry Andy. At least she would save the day, for her parents. And after that . . . well, there was another procedure. It was called annulment.

Janice was dry-eyed as her mother and Aunt Josephine helped her into her wedding dress.

She was dry-eyed, too, when, some two hours later, she faced the ceremony that bound her for life to Andy. Indeed, in the joy of the moment she forgot quite completely about the morning; and when old Dr. Halpern came forward to claim his kiss from the bride, she hugged him unreservedly.

Then she remembered her earlier fears, and she gave the professor an extra kiss. "I owe a lot to you,"

"I'm not angry," said Janice to her father. "It's just that there isn't going to be any wedding."

she whispered. "For this morning."

Some day she would tell him about it, but, from the look he gave her now, his eyes bright and wise, she felt that he knew all about this morning.

She told Andy about it—she had to tell Andy. They were together, by themselves at last in their compartment on the train, and Janice kissed her husband, and then she said: "That Dr. Halpern! At the wedding I said to him, 'Thank you for this morning'—and that's all I said—and he knew exactly what I was talking about."

"He did?" Andy said.

Janice nodded, and told him how

Dr. Halpern had failed to show up for breakfast, and about the conversations she had had with her parents.

"How do you feel about it now?" Andy asked.

"Psychology or no psychology," Janice said, "my father was right. It was a plain case of wedding-day shakes, the same thing every bride goes through. But Dr. Halpern is a very wise man. Rather than try to talk me into it, he just stayed away this morning. Went some place else."

"He sure did," Andy said. "My hotel room. To talk me into it."

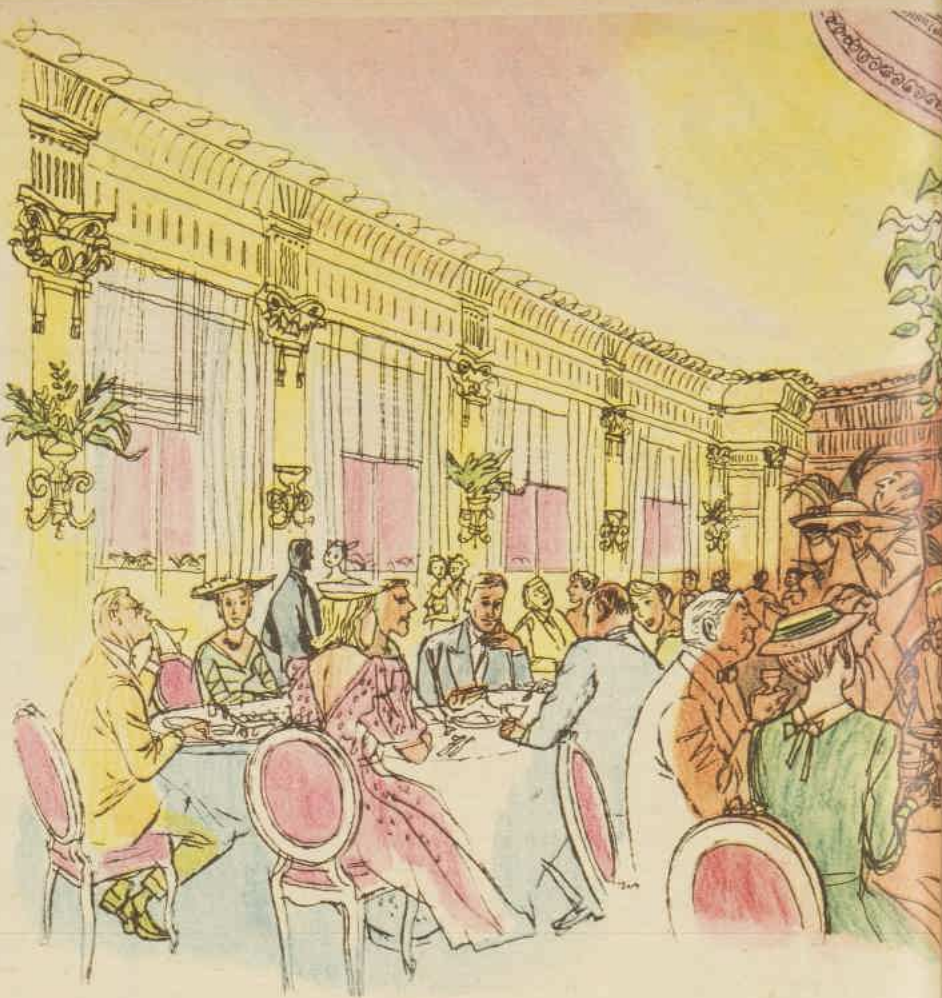
(Copyright)

Who'd ever think so few people could be involved in so many complications... a new hilarious two-part serial by the famous humorist.

# Something Fishy

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY KICKHEFER



THE dinner given by J. J. Bunyan at his New York residence on the night of September 10, 1929, was attended by eleven guests, most of them fat, and all, except Mortimer Bayliss, millionaires.

Not one of those present but had made a hundred thousand dollars or so in the past few hours, and no doubt Keggs, Mr. Bunyan's English butler, and the rest of the Bunyan staff had added appreciably to their savings. For the bull market was booming, and the only problem worrying those speculating in it was what to do with all the easy money.

It was this subject that engaged the company's attention when dinner was over, and the debate was in full swing when Mortimer Bayliss intervened in it.

Mortimer Bayliss was the curator of the great Bunyan picture collection. Mr. Bunyan liked having him as a guest at these otherwise all-financier banquets, partly because he lent an intellectual tone but principally because he made a specialty of being abominably rude to everyone except his employer, which appealed to the latter's rather primitive sense of humor.

Mortimer Bayliss was tall and thin and sardonic, and he had the supercilious manner that so often renders art experts unpopular. He considered his fellow diners clods and Philistines, and their foolish babble offended him.

"Yachts!" said Mortimer Bayliss. "Villas on the Riviera! Have you wretched embryos no imagination? Get some fun out of your beastly wealth, why don't you? Ever heard of a tontine?"

"Sure," said J. J. Bunyan. "It's where a bunch of guys put up money and found a trust, and the money goes on accumulating till there's only one fellow left in, and he takes the jackpot. Right?"

"Correct in every detail, J. J."

"What made you bring it up, Mort? Are you suggesting that we start a tontine?"

"Why not?"

One of the stouter millionaires wrinkled his brow. "I don't get the idea. What happens? Suppose we each put up a thousand dollars—"

"A thousand!" Mortimer Bayliss snorted. "Fifty thousand. You want to make it interesting, don't you?"

"All right, fifty thousand. And then?"

"You start dying. You die off one by one,

and when you've all died except one, that one scoops the kitty."

The stout millionaire shook his head.

"I don't like it. Gruesome, I call it. And another thing. The winner wouldn't collect till he was about ninety, and what use would the money be to him then?"

Six other millionaires said that was precisely the flaw that had struck them.

"The voting seems to be against you, Mort," said J. J. Bunyan. "Try again."

"All right, how about your sons? You've all got sons, and pretty repulsive most of them are. Start a tontine for them. No, wait," said Mortimer Bayliss. "Here's a really bright scheme. Start a tontine for your revolting offspring, but fix it that the cash goes to the last to get married. Same thing, really. Death or marriage, what's the difference?" said Mortimer Bayliss, who had been a bachelor for forty-three years and intended to remain one.

"If you each put up fifty thousand, that's over half a million to begin with, and by the time it's paid out it should have doubled itself. And the most you stand to lose is your original stake, which you're going to lose anyway in a week or two, when this bull market blows up, as it most certainly will."

"All right," he went on, as shocked voices rose in protest. "I'm just telling you. There's a crash coming, my hearties, a crash that will shake the fillings out of your back teeth. That's why I suggest this tontine for your progeny. Then at least one of the unfortunate little tykes won't have to end his days selling pencils in the streets."

"Of course," he added, "you'll have to keep the thing under your hats. Tip the lads off to what they're going to lose by entering the holy state, and you'll have eleven permanent celibates on your hands. Brigham Young would have stayed single if he had been told that listening to the voice of love was going to set him back a million bucks."

Well, there you are, that's the best I can do for you," said Mortimer Bayliss.

There was a hushed silence. It lasted till J. J. Bunyan said: "Boys, I think Mort has got something."

The sunshine of a fine summer morning was doing its best for the London suburb of Valley Fields. At the house in Bulberry Grove, which a romantic builder had named Castlewood, it shone into a cosy living-room, where

it lighted up, among other interesting objects, a silver-framed photograph of an elderly man with a long upper lip and beetling eyebrows, signed "Cordially yours, Uffenham." Nearby, in an armchair, rested the portly form of Harold Keggs, retired butler, who was reading "The Times." The date on the paper was June 18, 1956.

The twenty-six years and nine months that had elapsed since J. J. Bunyan's dinner party had robbed the world of that dinner's host and most of his guests, but they had touched Keggs lightly.

For some reason probably known to scientists, butlers—as far, at any rate, as outward appearance is concerned—do not grow old as we grow old. Keggs, reclining in his chair with his feet on a footstool and a mild cigar between his lips, looked precisely as he had looked a quarter of a century ago.

The door opened, and a small, fair-haired girl came in. "Good morning, Mr. Keggs."

"Good morning, miss," said Harold Keggs, leaving himself up like a courtly hippopotamus. This was Jane Benedick, niece of the Lord Uffenham, who, as stated on that photograph, was cordially his. Lord Uffenham, under whom he had served on his return from America in the early 'thirties, had been the last of Keggs' long list of employers.

Jane was a pretty girl, but the most attractive thing about her was her voice, which was one of singular beauty. It sometimes reminded Lord Uffenham, who had his poetical moments, of ice tinkling in a high-ball glass.

"I wouldn't have disturbed you," said Jane, "but the big shot is screaming for breakfast and I can't find his 'Times'."

"I have it, miss. I am sorry. I was glancing at the marriage announcements."

"Any hot news?"

"I see that Mr. James Brewster was married yesterday. I remember him as a small boy. His father was a friend of Mr. J. J. Bunyan, in whose employment I was many years ago in New York."

"Would that be a relative of the Roscoe Bunyan who's rented Shipley from Uncle George?"

"His father, miss. A very wealthy gentleman. I believe the younger Mr. Bunyan inherited twenty million dollars."

"Golly! And he argued about the rent like

a shopkeeper in an Oriental bazaar. He isn't married, is he?"

"No, miss."

"A bit of luck for some nice girl. What I could tell you about Roscoe Bunyan! I met him in America. You know that I was sent off to America at the beginning of the war."

"No, miss. I had retired and was no longer with his lordship when hostilities broke out."

"Yes, they exported me, with a lot of other children, and I was taken over for the duration by some kind people who had a summer home at a place called Meadowhampton, on Long Island. Roscoe was there, and he made my life a misery till one of the other boys stopped him."

She gave a little shudder.

"He had a foul habit of ducking me, and one day he held me underwater till my whole life passed before my eyes. This angel boy told Roscoe he would knock his block off if he didn't desist. So Roscoe desisted. And now after all these years he has popped up in England and evicted me from my childhood home. It's a strange world, Mr. Keggs."

"Most extraordinary, miss."

"Still, too late to do anything about it now, I suppose. Ah," said Jane, as ponderous footsteps made themselves heard on the stairs. "Here comes Uncle George. He plans to breakfast in the garden, and I don't blame him. You certainly picked a good spot when you settled here," said Jane. "I don't say it's Shipley, but it's the next best thing. You can almost feel you're in the country... Well, I'll be going and getting that breakfast."

A shadow flitted across Keggs' ample face. He was able to bear up bravely at the thought of Lord Uffenham, his circumstances reduced by postwar conditions, living in lodgings in a London suburb, but it pained him that his lordship's niece should be soiling her hands in the kitchen. He sighed.

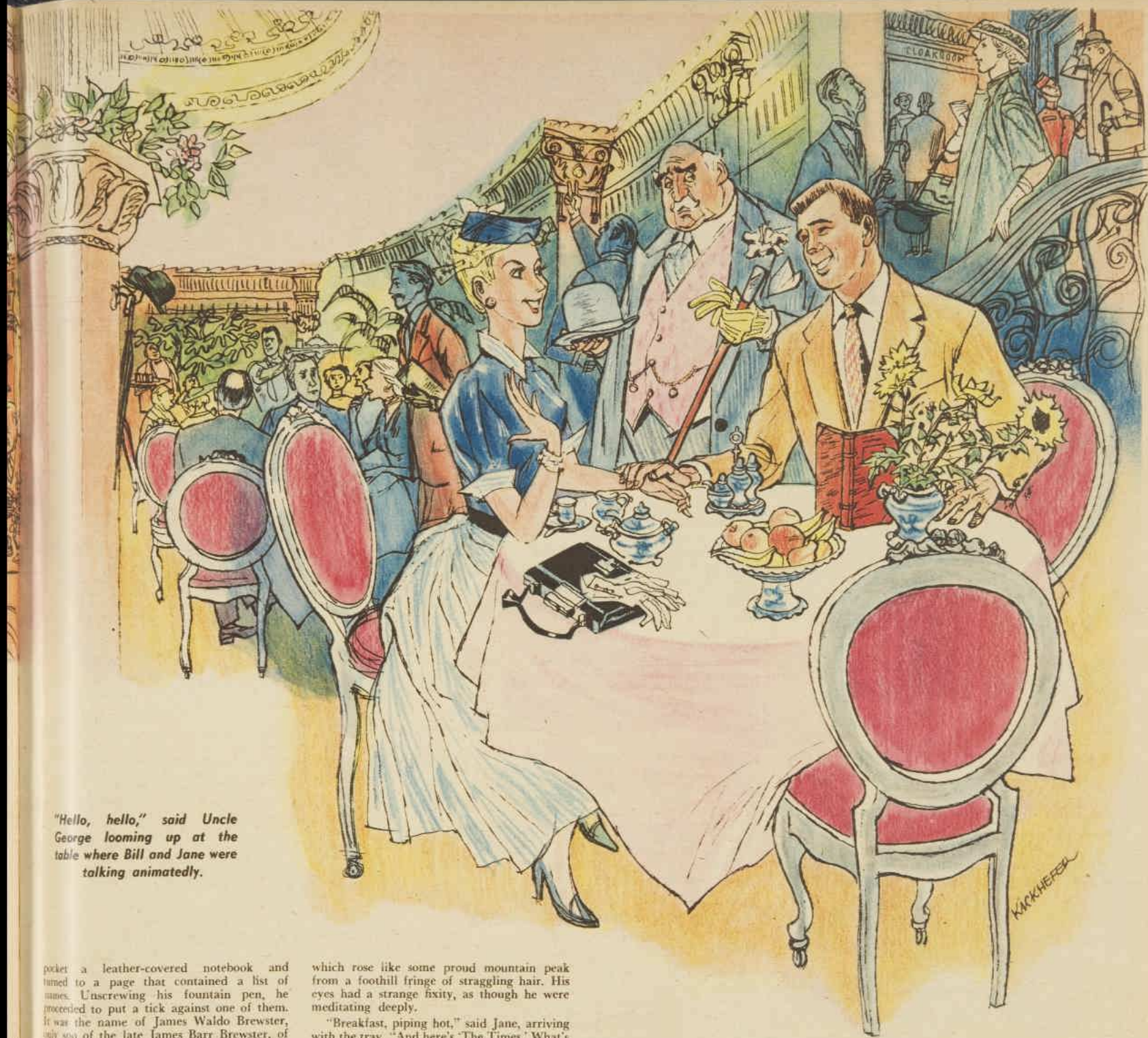
"When I was at Shipley Hall, his lordship had a staff of ten," he remarked nostalgically.

"And now look at him. These are the times that try men's souls, Mr. Keggs. Let's hope the family pictures restore our fortunes. You know the big chief is trying to sell them?"

"Yes, miss. His lordship told me."

"They ought to be worth a packet," said Jane, and went to scramble eggs.

As the door closed, Keggs took from his



"Hello, hello," said Uncle George looming up at the table where Bill and Jane were talking animatedly.

pocket a leather-covered notebook and turned to a page that contained a list of names. Unscrewing his fountain pen, he proceeded to put a tick against one of them. It was the name of James Waldo Brewster, only son of the late James Barr Brewster, of New York City. Only two names on the list now remained unticked.

He went to the telephone, and rang up a number. "Shipley Hall," said a measured voice. "Mr. Roscoe Bunyan's residence."

"Good morning. Could I speak to Mr. Bunyan? This is Mr. Keggs, his father's former butler."

The voice at the Shipley end became warmer. Deep was calling to deep, butler to butler. "Mr. Bunyan is in London at the moment, Mr. Keggs. He went up yesterday. Would you care to speak to Mr. Bayliss?"

"No, thank you. It is a personal matter. Mr. Mortimer Bayliss is in England, then?"

"Been staying here about a week."

"When will Mr. Bunyan return?"

"This morning, about eleven."

"Thank you," said Keggs, and hung up.

Out in the garden, in the shade of a spreading tree, Lord Uffenham, having shaved, shaved, and done his daily dozen, had seated himself at a rustic table and was waiting for the ravens to feed him. He was a man built on generous lines. In shape he resembled a pear, being reasonably narrow at the top and getting wider all the way down, and culminating in a pair of outsize legs.

Above his great spreading body was poised a large and egglike head. The bald dome of

which rose like some proud mountain peak from a foothill fringe of straggling hair. His eyes had a strange fixity, as though he were meditating deeply.

"Breakfast, piping hot," said Jane, arriving with the tray. "And here's 'The Times.' What's on your mind?"

"Hey?"

"I heard a whirring sound as I approached, and knew it must be your brain working."

"Hey?"

Jane sighed. Conversing with the sixth Viscount Uffenham often tended to try the patience of his loved ones, for he had an annoying habit of going off into trances and becoming remote. However, Jane had her resources. She took the coffee-pot and pressed it firmly on his hand, and he came out of his coma with a yelp of anguish. "Hey! What yer think yer doing?"

"Well, I wanted to rouse you. What were you musing about?"

"Hey? Musing? I was musing, if yer must know, on Keggs. I've come to the conclusion that Keggs is deep and dark."

"How do you mean, deep and dark?"

"Subtle, sinister. Take that episode at the pub. He and I looked in at the Green Lion last night for a quick one, and we'd scarcely had time to blow the froth off when he was rooking the natives of their cash. You ever been in a pub?"

"No."

"Well, yer all sit around and drink yer beer and discuss whatever subject happens to come up, and Keggs turned the conversa-

tion to boxing. His sister's married to a boxer, he tells me. Feller of the name of Billson. Retired now, runs a pub somewhere. Yerss, as I was saying, Keggs turned the conversation to boxing, deploring the fact that the chaps fighting now aren't a patch on the old-timers. 'Ah,' he said, 'we haven't any nippy welterweights like Jack Dempsey today.'"

"But wasn't Jack Dempsey a heavyweight?"

"Of course he was, and so a dozen voices told him. But Keggs would stick to it that Dempsey only weighed ten stone four, and bobs were produced on every side by those who thought they were on a safe thing and placed in the custody of the landlord, who was appointed arbiter. 'I'm sorry, Mr. Keggs,' he said, 'but I'm afraid I must decide against you. Jack Dempsey was heavyweight of the world till Gene Tunney beat him.' And was Keggs taken aback? Not a bit. 'Oh, that Jack Dempsey?' he said with one of those faint, tolerant smiles. 'I was not referring to him. Naturally, I meant the original Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil.'"

"And he pulled out a book—yes, he had it in his pocket—and read about how the fighting weight of Jack Dempsey the Nonpareil was only a hundred and forty-four pounds with tights on. Well, there was a

pretty general outcry, as you can imagine, with those present hotly demanding their bobs back; but the landlord had no option but to award the stakes to Keggs. He told me, when we were walking home, that he made a steady income for thirty years out of that piece of chicanery. So now perhaps you'll agree that he wants watching."

"I think he's a sweetie-pie."

"No doubt, in many respects, but a slippery sweetie-pie, the sort apt at any moment to be up to something fishy. I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw"—Lord Uffenham looked about him for an illustration—"as far as I could throw that statue."

The statue in question, standing on the lawn of Peacehaven, the house next door, was what is known in the trade as a colossal nude—the work of a young sculptor named Stanhope Twine, who lived there.

Jane—possibly because she was engaged to him—admired it. Lord Uffenham did not. He disliked Stanhope Twine, and he disliked his colossal nude—so much so that on the previous night, returning flushed with the Green Lion's beer, he had hopped over the fence, armed with a pot of black paint, and

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## Smart Girl

"It was Daddy's idea. He says that a Bank is a much safer place to keep your money than a handbag. Money in your handbag has an uncanny habit of trickling away. With a cheque account, you can keep a watch on your finances."

You don't need to be wealthy to have your own cheque account. It's a "must" for the modern woman in business. And remember, you can bank on the "Wales".

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## UNSIGHTLY HAIR?



### Banish it in 3 minutes

Hair under the arms and on legs ruins your charm. And you can get rid of it so easily this new way. Never use a razor which only makes the hair grow faster and coarser. Just smooth on dainty Veet cream. After 3 minutes wash it off. All embarrassing hair has vanished, leaving your skin velvety smooth. No soreness, no stubble. Veet, at chemists and wherever toilet preparations are sold. Large Economy (double size) 5/3. Medium Size 3/3. Success is guaranteed with Veet or money will be refunded.

# Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

## WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHILE so much publicity is being given to the problem of under-staffed schools I feel the urge to write a few lines on my own experience. I have three children who have received all their schooling during these difficult years, and my husband and I agree that if the children are encouraged at home in their early grades they will not suffer to any great extent from overcrowded classes. I find that other parents who have helped their children are of the same opinion. There are, of course, those who tell you they send their children to school to be taught, that the teachers are paid to do this, and why should they spend their time supervising their children's progress? This outlook does not help the child, who eventually adopts the same "couldn't-care-less" attitude. Help at home is not a solution to the shortage-of-teachers problem, but I feel that if a desire to learn is encouraged in the child from the first schooldays and maintained for even a few years, the effort will be well worth while. I am not a teacher, but no degree is necessary to "hear" spelling, tables, and reading, and generally take an interest in what is going on in the class.

£1/1/- to "Daughters Three," Glenelg, S.A.

MY only son made me very happy when he was home on leave recently. We were strolling along window-gazing when he caught sight of our reflections in a mirror. He clasped my hand and said, "Gee, Mother, if you were only a few years younger, would I stand a chance?" To which I replied, "My very word you would, Butch." You see, he is the image of his dad, who was killed in action.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Easton, "The Bungalow," Southern Cross, W.A.

I AM sure the manufacturers of children's frocks must dump a good amount of material left over from the cutting-room. I wish the makers of children's clothes would include a small square of the material with each garment. My girls usually get hooked on something, and an almost invisible mend could be made if I had the material. Prolonging the life of a frock is something to be considered nowadays.

10/6 to Mrs. C. G. Brassington, 31 Electra St., Bundaberg, Qld.

MANY a hard, rough hand has done good enough work in the world to appear beautiful in the eyes of the appreciative. Years ago tears sprang to my eyes when I beheld the gnarled hands of a dear, aged relative, as I thought of all the kind actions those same hands had performed. An honest palm that takes the hand of a friend with a warm, hearty grasp, as if there were nothing in the heart to conceal, is, in my estimation, the best and most beautiful hand in the world.

10/6 to Naomi Aberley, Camp St., Kaniva, Vic.

MANY public functions of some days' duration — carnivals, rodeos, agricultural shows, etc., — are "officially opened" nearer their conclusion than their beginning. In the case of shows, for example, it appears ridiculous that a great majority of the population have been attending for days before it is "officially opened." Wouldn't it be more sensible to declare a function open at its very beginning?

10/6 to Mrs. C. J. Springall, Yalkula, via Mareeba, S.A.

SINCE the introduction of plastic sticky tape most shops have given up using string on parcels. Most families have been in the habit of keeping a jar or tin into which were placed for future use all the short lengths of string that came into the house. Nowadays the housewife has a hard time trying to find a piece of string when she wants it. Last week, for the first time in my life, I bought a ball of string for kitchen and household use.

10/6 to A. Ash, 703 Torrens Rd., Cheltenham, S.A.

MY husband and I have been married for 17 years and we are childless. This has been a great disappointment but has in no way lessened the bond between us. However, our childless state is frequently commented on by outsiders, some of whom are almost strangers. The "What, haven't you ANY family?" is nearly always followed up by the remark, "Well, why haven't you adopted one?" Surely this is a matter which concerns two people, and two alone. No third party in the world has the right to blunder in on sensitive feelings with such personal and hurtful questions.

10/6 to "Mattie," Coolangatta, Qld.

BY imposing stiff parking fees on promenades and other places close to beaches, municipal councils have been raising storms of protest from motorists. There would not be the same objection if the councils concerned used all profits from parking fees for providing necessary equipment for the lifesavers who do such splendid work on our beaches without any reward — and, indeed, often without thanks.

10/6 to A. Thornton, 94 Blaxcell St., Granville, N.S.W.

I REALISE now that the city is made up of a million good Samaritans, yet on the whole they look frightening to the country visitor. I stood completely lost in a busy Sydney street. "Everything I do must be done at top pressure" seemed to be written on every face. Then I plucked up courage and asked a young man for directions. From the moment he made up his mind I was a bona fide country visitor he seemed to undergo a sudden transformation. The busy mask turned to a smile, "No trouble at all, got all the time in the world," and he certainly went out of his way to help, before wishing me a happy holiday. Later, two office girls madly pushing through the crowd slowed down to my pace and walked a block to direct me, talking merrily all the way. After these willing helpers move on do they immediately return to their full-pressure existence, or do they pause to savor the pleasure that comes from helping others?

10/6 to "Country Visitor," Wauchope, N.S.W.

TOO many mothers fail to realise that every child is an individual in its own right and should not be automatically paired with a brother or sister of a different age. Recently my daughter invited a friend to her party, but the mother sent back a note saying that because the child's younger sister hadn't been invited she would not allow my daughter's friend to come. I consider this was most unfair to the elder girl, who was my daughter's friend — not the younger sister.

10/6 to "Why Do It?," Beaumaris, Vic.

EXPERTS are now recommending that the mother be returned home by ambulance as soon as she has recovered from having her baby. I can't imagine mothers agreeing with this. Personally, I think the rest in hospital after the confinement comes as a blessing to most mothers. And what about those new bedjackets and nighties? Don't tell me any mother would have a chance to sit up in bed looking radiant in these once she returned home!

10/6 to G. Dalton, 8 Avon Rd., Dee Why, N.S.W.

THE switchboard at our firm quite often has calls that turn out to be wrong numbers. Instead of having the decency to say, "Sorry, wrong number," the callers just don't say anything. I think that people who dial wrong numbers could at least make this brief apology, don't you?

10/6 to Miss Janette S. Bossie, 52 Turriell Point Rd., Port Hacking, N.S.W.

BLOOD banks are always needing new stocks of blood. The life of our baby girl was saved in the Children's Hospital by the use of blood plasma, and ever since my husband has gone regularly to donate blood. If other parents owing the same debt of gratitude were to do likewise, what a tremendous boost it would be to all blood banks.

10/6 to "Very Grateful Parents," Norwood, S.A.

## Sensitive mothers

MRS. MEDD, of Perth (2/1/57), criticises other women who look too long at expectant mothers. I feel she is unduly sensitive about a most normal condition and that any glance at them is due to pure womanly interest and fellow-feeling. As young lovers are always regarded with interest, so are expectant mothers, who, with the sensible clothes they wear nowadays, can look well right up to the end.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Johnson, Wamberal, N.S.W.

## Family affairs

IN cutting my schoolgirls' lunches I often failed to remember the changing likes and dislikes of each. So now I cut the bread (and the meat, if it is to be a filling), and each girl prepares her own lunch, using her choice of the spreads and fillings available and making her selection of salad or fruit. This method has solved the problem of monotonous school lunches and there are no more grumbles. Each girl takes her turn clearing up after the preparations. I hope this will help others who will have a similar problem in 1957.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Ken Inglis, "Strahun," Pine Lodge, Vic.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.



**GREEN STREAM FROG** (*Hyla phyllochroa*) inhabits tall grass and vegetation along creeks in eastern Australia. Pictures on this page were taken by Dr. Allen Keast.



**RED-CROWNED FROGLET** (*Pseudophryne australis*), half an inch long, is found only within 30 miles of Sydney, lives in soaks on barren sandstone plateaus.



**GREEN TREE FROG** (*Hyla caerulea*), common in Queensland, lives in hollow trees. Note cusps on toes for climbing vertically. He can even travel up a glass pane.



**YOUNG BULLFROG** (*Limnodynastes dorsalis*). A big toad-like frog of forests and swamps, hides under logs by day, emerging at night. Found in southern Australia.



**CORROBOREE FROG** (*Pseudophryne corroboree*) is one of the world's most brilliant frogs, certainly Australia's most attractive. Apparently restricted to high in Australian Alps, it is only 2 in. long, was discovered a few years ago by American frog expert Professor John Moore.

### These are Australians

## FROGS

● Australia has about 80 different kinds of frogs. The seven pictured here show how diverse they are in appearance. Frogs must return to water to breed. They cannot survive where there is no moisture because their skin (through which part of their oxygen is obtained) must be kept damp. The tadpole is mainly a vegetable feeder. Adult frogs feed on land at night, gathering insects with their long, sticky tongues.



**BROWN RIVER FROG** or Brown Jumper (*Hyla lesueurii*) lives in gravelly beds of eastern coastal streams. He is a champion jumper. Six feet is no effort to him at all.



**GREEN SWAMP FROG** or Golden Swamp Frog (*Hyla aurea*) has wide range in swamps in south of continent, including Western Australia. He is Australia's best-known frog.



# It's "Operation Bargain-hunt"

● "Operation Bargain-hunt", which in the New Year has taken hundreds of thousands of women — and a few men — into city stores, is a sight not soon forgotten by shopper or salesgirl.

But shoppers who buy largely at the clearance peaks of the year — midsummer and midwinter — find the word "Sale" gone from many stores' advertising.

It disappeared first under National Security Regulations introduced when

Japan entered World War II. This law, to prevent crowds assembling in areas that might be attacked, lapsed in 1944, but the "Sales" signs have never returned in all their pre-war, red-lettered drama.

Mr. J. B. Griffin, Secretary of the New South Wales Retail Traders' Association, said: "Nowadays in Sydney one price only is marked, displayed, or advertised."

"In Melbourne the term 'Sale' is still used, in Brisbane you still find comparative price advertising, but in Sydney both have been abolished," he said.

**ON TARGET:** The only way salesgirls in a store basement could get more garments into the selling area during a New Year clearance was to throw them. Here shoppers are trying to catch falling cardigans.



**FRONT LINE:** Once at a counter, the decision must be: Is the merchandise worth the ground gained? Experienced eyes and hands quickly size up winter woollens.



**ABOVE:** Due for relief, or when a man has had enough. Two unrelated members of the male sex express without words their views as they wait, the man for his wife, the small boy for his mother. Their womenfolk have moved in on shoe bargains.

**LEFT:** Supply line. Two daughters have brought up possible bargains for mother, whose objective is a smart white summer hat at a budget price.

**RIGHT:** Victory is sweet. A man detailed to buy a pretty summer frock for his wife retires from the rush, happy in his selection. The question now is: Will the frock fit?





**ZERO HOUR:** Women take up position outside a city store (above) waiting for the store to open to start "Operation Bargain-hunt." Behind the glass, a supervisor checks the seconds before he moves to unlatch the doors to let them in.



**OVER THE TOP:** Off comes a sweater (left) a woman has tried on for size. Usual tactic is for the shopper to gather a selection of garments, then retire to a corner to see how they fit.



**SURFACE:** A three-year-old (left) comes up for air as his mother bends over him to examine skeins of wool offered at reduced prices in a big New Year clearance.

**COMBINED OPERATION:** Helpful advice from a husband (above), who has accompanied his wife to select a pair of slippers when footwear is the bargain of the day.



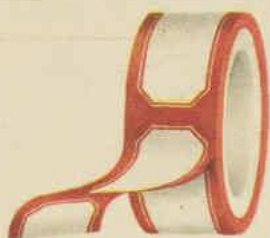
Time to Go. Mum has sealed their lunch packets with "Sellotape" to keep them fresh. Plastic dispensers in 4 gay colours, with "Sellotape", only 1/6.



Easy Does It. To mark your school things, use "Sellotape's" Write-On-Tape. It'll take pen or pencil and it won't rub off!



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# Mermaids will swim in portable pool

## Eleven Australian girls in 1957 American Water Follies

Eleven shapely Australian water nymphs are among the cast of the American Water Follies which this week opened its second Australian season in Adelaide.

THE home-grown girls, along with their American colleagues, are performing in a portable pool and stage 175 feet long and 30 feet wide that will be seen in Melbourne as well as Adelaide this summer.

Promoter Sam Snyder, who staged the first "travelling aquaticade" 20 years ago with the 1936 United States Olympic swimming and diving teams, was so impressed with the performances of his Australian swimmers in last year's Follies that he has left more parts in his troupe to be filled by Australians this year.

As well as Jackie Gatty, of Brisbane, and Pam McGee, of

Sydney, who joined the troupe last year, there will be five girls from Victoria, three from N.S.W., and one from South Australia in the new show.

Vivacious Mary Dwight, the American star of the show, selected the five Victorians at an audition held at the private swimming-pool of one of Melbourne's luxury hotels.

"I choose girls on their adaptability, grace, and looks," Mary said. "They aren't necessarily wonderful swimmers. But training time is short, and I have to look for girls who will learn all the water-ballet I have to teach them within a few weeks."

"Poise, too, is important, but I will not have to teach that to Australian girls."

The Australian girls, if they

are good enough, have a chance of going back with the troupe to tour the United States.

Mary Dwight, the "Synchronised Swimming Champion of the World," is a former United States amateur swimming champion, has been crowned Miss Florida twice, and has been queen of numerous floral festivals.

She is married to Eddie Rose, water comedian of the Follies.

"Patience," her husband said, "is the secret of Mary's success in training girls for swimming sequences."

Mary does all the choreography and training.

She has brought 21 swimming costumes to Australia. All are her own design.

**BETWEEN auditions (right)** Barbara and Kerry make a pretty picture as they joke with Anona in the pool below after she had gone through her swimming tests.

**POSING (below)** on the diving-board in the sun are (from left) Kerry Cooper, Jeannie Falon, Barbara Britton, Anona Lucas, and Colleen Bennett. Average age of the lucky Victorian girls is 19.

**PRACTICE.** After choosing five girls for the Follies, Mary Dwight took them back into the pool of a Melbourne hotel. From left, Jeanette Youl (stand-in), Jeannie Falon, Kerry Cooper, Mary Dwight, Barbara Britton, Colleen Bennett, Anona Lucas.



MARY DWIGHT, of New Jersey, U.S.A., star of the 1957 Water Follies, who selected the eleven Australian girls to take part, gives attractive Colleen Bennett a few tips on graceful movement in the water. Colleen formerly lived in Auckland and was in the Kismet ballet.



**The case of  
The Career Girl**



● Blouse and skirt — satisfactory office fashion.

● The theme of this special section is the correct dressing to suit four different types. Its message is: Choose your clothes to suit you and the life you live.

**PAMELA C.**: Office girl; age 20; height 5ft. 4in.; size X.S.S.W.; budget modest; occupation typist.

Pamela travels to and from work by bus, travelling time 40 minutes, morning and evening, five days a week.

Pamela covers a lot of ground daily. So do her clothes.

At weekends Pamela takes in plenty of air and sun—on the beach in summer; hiking, tennis, picnicking, and watching sport in winter. Lively, casual parties, movies, an occasional theatre or dinner date could be listed as her after-work fun.

Pamela's fashion problems include lack of time for planning and buying, maintenance, and balancing her clothes budget.

Frequent checking for maintenance and doing an on-the-spot job, systematic planning and buying to keep her wardrobe perfectly balanced are items for Pamela to study.

For instance, if Pamela had two party dresses and no raincoat and wanted a third party dress and she bought it, that would be unbalanced buying. The correct buy would have been the raincoat.

### Maintenance

Pamela catches the heel of her shoe in the hemline of an office suit and breaks the thread. She pins the hem back—second heel-catching accident, and the skirt is torn.

Here again is the stitch-in-time moral.

Pamela's office clothes will be best made in the kind of material and in such a way that they can be easily cared for.

*In summer no-iron colorfast cottons are perfect for her, and clothes with simple lines are the best designs.*

I think a blouse with a separate skirt is one of the most satisfactory fashions for an office. A suit, shirtwaist dress,

coat-dress, or any other simple classic is also good.

Half-worn-out party dresses have no place in an office, nor does a bare-topped dress—even in a heat wave.

Costume jewellery is now accepted as part of the office girl's personal decor. One or two chunky pieces in gilt or silver, or chalk-white jewellery in summer, are chic—more is a mess. At 20, brilliants are bad taste.

Pamela is a wise one if she chooses her office-going shoes to give her feet proper support. She wears moderate heels, and when her shoes are white they're always immaculate.

Hats are not a problem. Pamela never wears one. She keeps her hair shiny and well brushed and lets it go at that.

After work Pamela likes to look more "gala" than she does during the day; she always has one pretty cotton that never sees the inside of the office.

But quite a few of her dates necessitate going straight from work in the clothes she donned in the a.m. This is where a little ingenuity is needed.

For instance, often a starched petticoat can give an everyday dress extra oomph; so can wide, vivid cummerband, or a cute, bosom-length jacket.

*Weekend casuals can be culled, to some extent, from the office supply.*

A skirt can be relaxed and prettied-up with a bare-top blouse, frivolous slacks, or shorts, worn with a pretty-colored shirt or overblouse. At least one swimsuit is a necessity, and at a pinch it can double as a sunsuit.



● Classic suit has long life. ● Weekends—separates and a glamor cotton.

# THE LIFE YOU LIVE

● *Our social butterfly, Miss S., could easily get lost in a surfeit of fashion. She doesn't. Her wardrobe is varied and dazzling — never dull.*

**The case of  
The Social  
Butterfly**

MISS S. is frankly a social butterfly and intends to stay that way as long as possible.

Her address could be any large city. Occupation? Well, she got to be dazzling just by working at it.

What she has her mind on, fashionably speaking, is a wardrobe to cover a great many occasions. Just a few of the things it must take in include racing (town and country), restaurant dining and lunching, the big, formal ball, large and intimate dinner-parties, and the great outdoors. For Miss S. the latter means the beach.

Miss S.'s fashion aim is elegance and drama. She knows her clothes influence other women who have a somewhat similar life on a lesser scale.

This season one of the most important ensembles in her wardrobe is a fabulous street-length dress in white lace with a coat to match, taffeta-lined. She wears the ensemble any time after 6 p.m. and loves it dearly. For autumn she has the same idea planned in pink satin with long, matching gloves.



● *Autumn ensemble in satin.*

For a big ball Miss S. overlooks the dress with a floor-sweeping skirt. Her fashion sense (and she's dead right) tells her a dress with an above-ankle-length skirt has more chic.

Of course, her shoes with such a dress are superb and her ankles are pretty. Recently she made a terrific hit by dancing in pointed white satin shoes finished with diamond-studded heels.

Miss S. chose this season's ball-gown in beige chiffon—the skirt caught up with beige roses. She probably, at this very moment, sees herself for winter in slender black velvet (again above-ankle-length) trimmed with white mink.

Lunching in a restaurant, with a man or a woman, Miss S. is hatless, but she always wears gloves.

Her hair is long enough to play games with. Sometimes it's wrapped high in a neat chignon and partly covered by a flat bow, sometimes coiled in a swathe.

Her favorite daytime dress for a restaurant is a white cotton-knit sheath cut with calculated simplicity. With it she wears a lavish (fake) pearl necklace of three or more strands, the longest approximately 18 inches, in pure, dazzling white. Her other accessories are white shoes with cork soles and pale, creamy-beige gloves and handbag. She looks superb.

After 5, Miss S. is often the lady in black, hatless, with a dash of vivid color added.

For next winter she is planning on a fur hat. Miss S. knows a fur hat is a pretty frame for a girl's face and a wonderful topping for elegant clothes (we said she got to be dazzling by working at it).

Because crimson is in fashion and a morale-booster, Miss S. has a crimson linen coat-dress for mornings in town. Sometimes the dress is worn with all-white accessories, and when the mood takes her, all black. Both look stunning.

## Leg-flattery

MISS S. takes almost as much care over the fit and style of her beach clothes as she does over formal clothes. This year she is wearing immaculate white shorts—the world's best leg-flatterers. With the shorts she wears neatly tucked-in pastel shirts—perfectly tailored.

She has a colored shirt for every day in the week; they are long-sleeved and each shirt has its own set of links.

Next year she will probably go for a knee-high kilt made in cotton tartan and team it with a white cotton T-shirt—and look divine.

Quite definitely Miss S. has a full-time job and does it well. She moves with the times and is often ahead of fashion.

It's my guess she is already planning to take advantage of the fact that it's chic to look pretty—and that's the way her public will see her next autumn.



● *After five — black lace, street-length, with sleeves and bateau neckline.*

**The case of  
The Youthful  
Grandmother**



● The hatter hats, especially veiled.

## Country-city wardrobe for the fifties age group

**M**ADAM X. is a country woman in her fifties. She is young in fashion-thinking, but wise, too. Her size is, maybe, bust 34, 38, or 42 inches; whatever it is, she knows herself fashionably to perfection.

Madam X. lives in the country, but she has frequent trips to the city.

*Her problem is to recognise and buy clothes that do the most for her age, type, and proportions, that can be worn elegantly in town and country.*

Madam X. has a varied and busy life. Her grandchildren often commandeer her guest-room, she visits neighbors (often means a long car trip), attends and helps at various town activities, and rallies to an occasional party in her own and other people's homes.

In town she is interested in music, theatre, and movies, and dining in restaurants or with friends.

### Economy to pay more

**W**HEN Madam X. goes on a fashion-buying spree, she really does splurge; she knows that at her age one perfect ensemble is far better than three or four medium ones.

Recently she bought a camel-hair coat; it cost a mint, but it's good for a lifetime. The pay-off is that there are dozens of occasions on which it can be worn and look perfect.

The mainstay of Madam X.'s wardrobe is a coat-dress ensemble. She knows it is the most flattering and useful outfit for her age-group.

She has one for summer and one for

● The mainstay of Madam X.'s wardrobe is a coat-and-dress ensemble. She has one for summer and one for winter.

winter. Her current one is quite dressy—a slender dress in printed silk in shades of grey, finished with a draped cummerbund belt and topped by a faille coat. The coat is grey, so dark it looks almost black.

Madam X. loves a cape and is delighted to note that they are back in fashion. This winter it's my bet she will replace her coat-dress ensemble for a suit in soft tweed, simple but not hearty, with its own matching cape.

Her fashion plan includes such classics as a straight, not tight skirt—it's always lined—and a matching slip-over sweater-blouse or a cardigan.

Madam X. needs evening dresses, but, as she says, an evening dress is an evening dress, city or country. She ignores completely any designs with a bare top. She knows the evening dress that is going to do most for her is floor-length and covered.

Her present "grand" dress is in blond

chiffon and has almost everything she cherishes—a soft V-neck, good sleeves, draped, almost Empire at the waist, and, most important, beautiful workmanship.

### Flattering for evening

**M**ADAM X. has lots of evenings at home alone or entertaining friends. She loves a dinner-party. For such an occasion she always wears something soft, pretty, and elegant.

Her latest dinner-out dress she designed herself; it has a softly bellied skirt, the bodice finished with a cowl décolletage and long sleeves. The dress is fine white lace and it's one of her dreams realised.

Her other way of dressing for an evening with friends is less formal. She wears a pretty afternoon dress and she confesses to wearing the latter more than her white lace.

Her current afternoon dress is made in a blurry, flower-printed silk. The

bodice is Empire, the waist moulded (not tight). The skirt is straight and finished at the waist with trouser-pleats to give soft "ease." For autumn she plans to repeat the design in dove-grey jersey.

Furs are one of Madam X.'s greatest extravagances; she already owns a dark fur wrap for late-day and evening, and for autumn figures on buying a fur hat.

*Talking of hats, Madam X. likes many of the new hatter hats (especially if they are veiled); she finds they give a new balance to the head and a greater delicacy to her face.*

All in all, Madam X. has learned fashion isn't confined to pretty party dresses. It is far better to wear all the time what is comfortable, flattering, and—as often as possible—beautiful. She can then forget what she has on and enjoy the people around—and they in return enjoy her.



# Fashions for THE LIFE YOU LIVE

The case of  
The Young Matron

Special Feature  
by BETTY KEEP.

● Mrs. T. is the product of the post-war years. Her great-grandmother would be amazed at the work she does. Yet she is one of the prettiest people we know.

MRS. T is a wife and mother in the late twenties. She has a girl and a boy, aged seven and five.

Mrs. T. is a composite of a dozen young women of our acquaintance. Her fashion headache is having a wardrobe that is both lasting and smart, both formal and casual to cover her varied activities. She cannot afford the £.s.d. for a large wardrobe, or the time to keep it in perfect order.

Activities for Mrs. T. might be anything from doing the family shopping, parking a child at school, taking a pup to the vet., an hour on the beach, or lunch at a smart city restaurant.

Sixty per cent. of Mrs. T.'s night-life is spent at home, the balance visiting other young couples, doing a local movie, an occasional dinner in town, and even more occasionally a "black-tie" night.

It is obvious Mrs. T.'s wardrobe must be versatile. To be perfectly dressed for the daytime (excluding lunch at a city restaurant) casual clothes are her medium.

"Separates," the skirt and shirt idea, or a beltless sheath can all be considered.

Our Mrs. T. is 34-25-36. For the Mrs. T. with not quite such good proportions a shirt frock is perfect.

Mrs. T. must be finicky about the way her casuals fit and give them loving attention in the initial stages. They must, too, have a thoughtfully-put-together look.

Some Mrs. T.s wear slacks. This being the case, they should be neat, narrow affairs made in a dark color. For less casual daytime moments (remember the restaurant) the most valuable single item in Mrs. T.'s wardrobe should be a suit chosen to flatter her proportions and coloring. Right now it could be a suit in beige linen worn with turquoise accessories. Next winter it could be a tweed suit—the jacket hipbone-length, the skirt straight.

Mrs. T.'s favorite costume for dinner with her husband, alone, or with friends is a skirt (cotton in summer, velveteen in winter) plus a pretty top. The shirt-and-top is glamorous, because Mrs. T. likes to be glamorous at this hour; the children are tucked away and life eases up a bit. If she is the type that literally wears the pants she can continue to do so for dinner, fancied up with a pretty shirt.

When Mr. T. wears a black tie the sweeping formal is not for Mrs. T. Her correct choice is a short-skirted dress in black, blond, or white lace; costs rather more than she intended to pay, but worth every penny.

The ideal dress is bare-topped with a bouffant skirt. A tiny bosom-length matching lace jacket converts the dress from evening back to dinner. It also makes the ensemble possible for a rather grand late-day party if such an occasion should occur.

Mrs. T. is hoping to buy a fur and is



● Her slacks are neat and narrow.

sternly resisting odd indulgences in order to do so.

Mrs. T.'s life is strenuous; but she will be wise to find time for maintenance on her wardrobe.

## Sophisticated colors

SHE will be wise, too, to develop a sophisticated color sense, and when she shops she must not get bored with the what-goes-with-what question.

She must learn that when she wears a neutral it needs a dash of vivid color.

Say, for instance, Mrs. T. chooses to wear the currently popular khaki. Ruby-red would be the perfect accent.

Mrs. T. has decided she should lean towards a casual rather than a too-defined look. For fun (and economy) she has started a shirt collection—a shirt can be worn with a long or short skirt, slacks, a suit, and is always in fashion.



● A beige linen suit—the most valuable single item in Mrs. T.'s wardrobe—worn with turquoise accessories.



FRANNY BEECHER — guitarist. JIM FERGUSON — manager. RUDY POMPILLI — saxophonist. BILL WILLIAMSON — guitar-vocal.

## "Please! no riots," says American rock-'n-roll king

● Jogging shoulders, clapping hands, tapping feet to a solid beat, and a few hep shrieks were just about all those well-behaved Brisbane cats cooked up when rock-'n-roller Bill Haley took his Comets to the Queensland capital. Maybe it was the weather. Haley played in heat that made the mercury soar like a guided missile. Newcastle was a different kettle of drums. It was almost a riot.

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

BUT Bill Haley, who wants to see rock-'n-roll catch on in Australia, doesn't want to see riots.

"I never HAVE seen riots," pronounced big, smooth-faced Bill Haley, who sports a C (for Comet) shaped lock of hair down the centre of his forehead.

"Let me tell you about some so-called riots which went on when we gave a big concert in Atlanta, Georgia, last spring.

"Inside the ball park where we were playing were 11,000 kids. Outside, because they didn't have money to get in, were two teenagers. When the police asked them to move off, those two kids smashed a soft-drink bottle against a wall, and started yelling that they wouldn't go. Well—next thing, the newspapers were headlining, 'Rock-'n-Roll Riots Again.'

"You only need a couple of teenagers to give the whole lot a bad name. And it all goes back to the parents.

"If a mother and father bring up a child properly, he

will behave well wherever he is. If he's been neglected, if he's been a bad kid for 15 years, two hours of rock-'n-roll can't be held responsible for his manners."

Rock-'n-roll music, a mixture of Dixieland, Hillbilly Rhythm, and Blues, began in 1949 when Bill Haley found that teenagers had no dance music of their own.

"My band, the Comets, started experimenting with rock-'n-roll, giving it a basic rhythmical pattern, a good solid beat, and plenty of life. I wanted to give the teenagers something good, not bad. And, honestly, I think we have. We've provided good, acceptable tunes and lyrics which have never been cheap or off-color."

Rock-'n-roll first sounded off over the local radio station at Chester, Pennsylvania, when the Comets went on session. Since then, it has clanged on its way, until the Comets have gained a following of more than 8000 fan clubs, and 6,500,000 record sales in one year alone.

The Comets are Bill Haley, Spanish electric guitarist Franny Beecher, accordionist Johnny Grande, guitarist-singer Bill Williamson, bass fiddler Al Rex, drummer Ralph Jones, and saxophonist Rudy Pompilli.

While they're touring Australia there's a stand-in team of junior rockers back in Chester, Pennsylvania.

### All married

UNLIKE the Haley Comets, all male, all of voting age, and totalling seven persons, the Junior Comets number 15, include both sexes, and range from 14 years down to the rock-'n-rattle age of two months.

All seven of the Comets are married—six out of the seven are fathers. The Junior Comets are their children.

Bill Haley's wife, Joan, for instance, is looking after her Sharyn (9), Jacky (6), Joan (3), Bill, jun. (18 months), and James Stephen (two months).

The Haley home, dubbed "Melody Manor... the House that Music Built," is a stone ranch-type building at Chester.

Guitarist Franny

BILL HALEY, perspiration dripping, eyes showing a mind in some other world, practically swallows the microphone in his endeavor to really GET his Newcastle audience.

Beecher, noted on stage for his facial contortions and his high-pitched "See you later, alligator," is a real family man, too, always ready to talk about his wife, Florence, and his three children, Francis, jun. (14), Pauline (5), and Robert (four months).

Pauline, when her father left for Australia, was "making plenty of noise" on a guitar he gave her for Christmas, while Francis is once again taking the bus to school.

"When I'm home," said Francis, sen., "he talks me into driving him there in the new car. It's long, black, and shiny, and he gets a great kick out of being seen in it."

Accordionist John Grande, whose wife, Helen, is looking after five-year-old Linda, is shopping in Australian capital cities for dolls.

"Linda has quite a collection," he told me. "I'm supposed to find her an aboriginal doll here, and also a toy kangaroo."

Bill Williamson, who with Haley, Grande, and manager Jim Ferguson formed the first Comets group, lives in Chester, is married to a former nurse, Catherine, and has a four-year-old son, Billy, jun.

Al Rex, the bass player, and his wife, Mary, have three

girls, Deborah, Valerie, and Victoria. Over Christmas the Rexs' moved into a new home.

All the band members spent Christmas and New Year with their families, are only sorry that their wives could not come to Australia.

Ralph Jones, "Wizard of the Skins," otherwise drummer for the Comets, is also the group's official worrier.

### Just worried

OF him they say: "If you have troubles, you tell Ralph. He won't do anything, but he'll worry. He'll worry about our baggage, whether the aircraft is delayed, or whether the train is leaving."

"He's out this morning, but when he hears there was an interview, he'll worry. He'll worry because he should have been here. But if he had been, he would have worried later on, just in case he had said the wrong thing."

Ralph and his wife, Dot, have two boys — Ralph, jun. (14), who wants to be a vet when he grows up, and Bobby (9), who yearns to be a drummer. Neither, apparently, wants to be an official worrier.

Rudy Pompilli was the only Comet bachelor until last July. "The gang was always rib-



JOHN GRANDE — accordionist.

bing me about it," he said. "So when Gladys and I decided to get married, we didn't tell them. They had no chance to play 'Here Comes the Bride' at our wedding. They didn't know about it until September."

Manager Jim Ferguson, the only one born in time to see the real Halley's Comet, is a former radio commentator and columnist who spotted the Haley Comets' talent.

He, Bill Haley, and the Comets have art on their minds as well as music. In Australia they are after really good oil and watercolor paintings, and have visited the Archibald Prize exhibition seeking works to buy. They are also looking for typical Australian landscapes.

These paintings will join others from all over the world in an exhibition which will travel by truck wherever the band goes within the United States.



"SEE YOU LATER, ALLIGATOR," brought screams of delight from the 5000 fans who packed Brisbane Stadium to hear Bill Haley and his Comets in the "Big Show." Brisbane fans were well-behaved.



ROCK-'N-ROLL audience at Newcastle Stadium was transformed into a fantastic frenzy. "Yes, we're gone," they said. "Bill Haley really sends us."



BRISBANE TRIO (from left) Fay Stringfellow, 17, Barbara Livingston, 17, and Elaine Smith, 17, sighed. "We'd go to every session if we could afford it."

# BIGGEST EVENT SINCE PAVLOVA

## Exciting Fonteyn ballet tour begins in May

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

The Australian visit of Dame Margot Fonteyn in May promises to be the country's biggest ballet event since the last visit of Pavlova.

NOW at the magnificent peak of her career, the pale, oval-faced Fonteyn with the rich, flashing eyes and the dark, severe hairdo is hailed as the greatest dancer of today—better, some critics say, even than Pavlova. She has reached that point where each of her dancing trips abroad is something of a royal progress.

Details of Fonteyn's Australian tour will not be settled till she returns from Milan on one of her ambassadorial ballet appearances and talks it over with J. C. Williamson's London representative.

Three principal dancers of the Sadler's Wells ballet at Covent Garden will accompany her—Michael Somes, the company's principal male dancer, Bryan Ashbridge, and Rowena Jackson, the talented New Zealand ballet star—to dance with the Borovansky Ballet Company in Sydney and Melbourne.

Although Fonteyn first starred in ballet more than 20 years ago, there is no suggestion that she will renounce her career, which continues to dazzle international audiences and brought forth such titles from eminent balletomanes as "the matchless Fonteyn."

At 37 she has achieved all the distinction that any woman could hope to achieve. She has private happiness in marriage with a man of wealth and distinction and a diplomatic celebrity; public acclaim, and social links with the most brilliant figures in the world today, including Royalty.

But she says, "I never tried specially to achieve anything—events just happened to me."

As a child of 14 she was taken, diffident and shy, to the school of ballet at Sadler's Wells.

At the audition her mother asked bluntly, "Is she any good? If not, I needn't waste any more money."

Said Dame Ninette de Valois, the celebrated founder of the school, firmly, "No money spent on this child will be wasted. She has a great future."

Even so, Peggy Hookham—as she was then known—aspired to nothing more than the corps de ballet. In 1933 she made her debut as one of the snowflakes in the "Casse Noisette" ballet.

But in two years she danced her way to a principal role. A romantic new name shone out from the ballet programmes—Margot Fonteyn. She had adapted it from her half-Brazilian mother's maiden name, Fontes.

She said wistfully then, "It's no use ever taking it up seriously. Nobody could be as good as Markova."

Except, as it proved, herself. For in the following year her "Giselle" was a sensation.

Her international fame came in the first few years after the war when she first sallied abroad—first to the Metropolitan in New York, where her debut in "The Sleeping Princess" was a sensation.

Today, as always, she shuns publicity, ducks the Press camera, remains deeply modest and hard-working.

Recently she at last consented to sit for her picture. It was painted by no less a person than Annigoni, the celebrated Italian painter whose portrait of the Queen was a sensational success.

Dame Margot said, "I always fought strenuously against having my picture painted. There are so many things I should rather do than sit still. But my husband wanted this—and, well, husbands are different."

Her husband, Senor Roberto Arias, is Panamanian Ambassador to Britain. He is a lawyer whose family has given Panama two presidents. The Arias family dominates Panama's oil and shipping interests. He and Margot had known each other ever since his Cambridge days, and they met again in New York. He sent her two dozen red roses every night of her ballet season there.

Now they are settled into a magnificent house in Kensington's Thurloe Place, where they entertain on a princely

scale. And Dame Margot Fonteyn, wife of the Panamanian Ambassador, now has the double status at Covent Garden of its prima ballerina and its great patroness of ballet.

The husky, ruggedly handsome Michael Somes will be partnering Dame Margot in the ballets chosen for her Australian tour. He is a tall, strong, exact dancer—Sadler's Wells' star scholarship boy.

He was the first boy to be awarded a scholarship by the company's School of Ballet and has since risen to pre-eminence as its danseur noble.

Somes has partnered Fonteyn in most of her recent international triumphs and has just completed a tour of South Africa with her.

Whatever the reference books may say, Dame Margot Fonteyn no longer claims to have any favorite ballet. She says, "After so many years of dancing, one has no favorites."

"People ask me if I have any plans—I dance as the management wants me to. I do hope we never become institutionalised as a ballet, and that we can keep what we had when we started."

"There were only 30 of us when I joined and we were



DAME MARGOT FONTEYN with her husband, Senor Roberto Arias, Panamanian Ambassador to Britain. Son of a former Panama president, Senor Arias is also a doctor of law.



REHEARSAL. Dame Margot with Michael Somes in the new ballet "La Peri." Costumes for this ballet were designed by Dior and made in his Paris workrooms. Dame Margot plays the title role and Somes plays Prince Iskender.

THE QUEEN'S SHOEMAKER, Mr. Edward Rayne, recently presented Dame Margot and the members of her company with two pairs of shoes each. Dame Margot is shown in his salon.



building something very British.

"I am not planning to retire just now, but I do think that a certain set of circumstances will eventually come along that will make it best for me to give up dancing."

"My husband and I do not like to be apart. There does not seem any point in getting married unless you enjoy being married."

"Even if I give up dancing eventually, I am sure I shall have a most interesting life."

For although ballet is one of the most exacting of all the arts, it has never enveloped the whole life of Fonteyn. When Annigoni produced her finished portrait—after no fewer than 25 two-hour sittings—friends asked why she had chosen to be painted in flowing Panamanian robes.

"Evening dress dates," she said decidedly. "And as for a ballet tutu—well, one has some life besides ballet to be remembered by."

BALLERINA RELAXES. Dame Margot enjoys the sun during a holiday at the beautiful Cote D'Azur, in France. Notice her strong, well-muscled dancer's legs.



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"Now they're really sore."



"You watch what the other mothers do, AND DO THAT."

# It seems to me

PRINCE Rainier has bought a house in Monaco for his parents-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Kelly, of Philadelphia, presumably so that they won't clutter up the palace when they come to visit.

This will raise envy in the hearts of thousands of people who know that money may not be everything, but that it eases a lot of problems.

In fact when you think of the problems it does ease, such as the little matter of accommodation for visiting in-laws, you would wonder why families that are well off ever quarrel at all.

A couple in modest circumstances could modify Prince Rainier's idea and pitch a tent for visitors in the backyard.

But it might lead to misunderstanding.

\* \* \*

ONE of the great disadvantages of living in a mansion (my mind is still running on that Monaco palace) is that you would be so tempted not to throw away things.

A small flat helps to keep the hoarding instinct within bounds.

Which reminds me that recently I read some advice by an American fashion authority who contradicted the more general belief that the best-dressed women make frequent ruthless clearances of their wardrobes.

The authority, a noted designer, said it was worth keeping clothes because they often came back into fashion.

This is the kind of advice which may be suitable to those who (a) have immense storage space and (b) buy plenty of expensive clothes which they seldom wear. But if you can afford the type of clothes which would still look good after 20 years in a trunk, you wouldn't need to keep them, anyway.

\* \* \*

A MAN'S-EYE-VIEW of things that are dear to a woman's heart:

He was trying to describe a shop which carries a stock of beautiful imported china and glass, vases, ashtrays, and table decorations.

"You know," he said, "one of those shops that sell junk for the house."

\* \* \*

RECENT inventions overseas include an electric appliance to be plugged into a saucepan cover which removes cooking smells entirely.

It will have its uses, especially in restaurants, but will need to be used with caution in the home.

Most men, going home after a hard day's work, like to smell the dinner cooking. That's one of the reasons that make them go home.

In a flat the gadget could be handy. Though, personally, if the carrots are burning I like to know.



Dorothy Drain

IN one of the pictures taken of the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, during his Tasmanian holiday he was sitting reading a book.

The title of it was "Eighteenth Century Prose," an elegant choice for a Prime Minister.

This shows that Mr. Menzies doesn't care what the electors think of his literary taste.

Some politicians would aim to choose a book which appealed to the widest possible public, such as a piece of detective fiction. Detective fiction can't be labelled highbrow, but since many highbrow people read it, it is non-committal and therefore thoroughly safe and democratic.

When you have been Prime Minister for as long as Mr. Menzies has you can afford to do what you like in these small things.

However, the newly elected are more cautious. Not long ago a reporter asked a young politician what he drank.

"Only a little wine and an occasional whisky," he said, and then added hurriedly—"No, don't say that. Say my favorite drink is beer."

\* \* \*

IN America there's a new stunt called the "Fragrance of the Month" club.

The organiser, a chemist, explains it as a "fragrance-gift service to men for women." A man enrolls in the club, gives the address of the recipient, and pays his fee.

A girl might have no objection to receiving the Book of the Month, but she's likely to be more choosy about her perfume.

Obviously the chemist is under that common male delusion that it is possible to put something to women on a trouble-free basis.

It isn't, of course. A woman, unreasonable creature, wants a man to remember the occasion or anniversary himself, think of the present, and furthermore fight his way into a shop and buy it himself.

\* \* \*

ACCORDING to a psychology professor, working girls make the best wives for a number of reasons. One of them: "The working girl has been broken to the harness. She has learned to take dictation."

*Brother, I am bound to warn you  
Though my conscience it may vex  
To be truthful, thus revealing  
Secrets of the female sex.*

*Still, the statement's so misleading  
To believe it would be sad.  
What she's like in home and office  
Are two different things, my lad.*

*Take dictation? Yes, when single.  
But when married? Nevermore.  
Brother, have you paused to wonder  
What a girl gets married for?*



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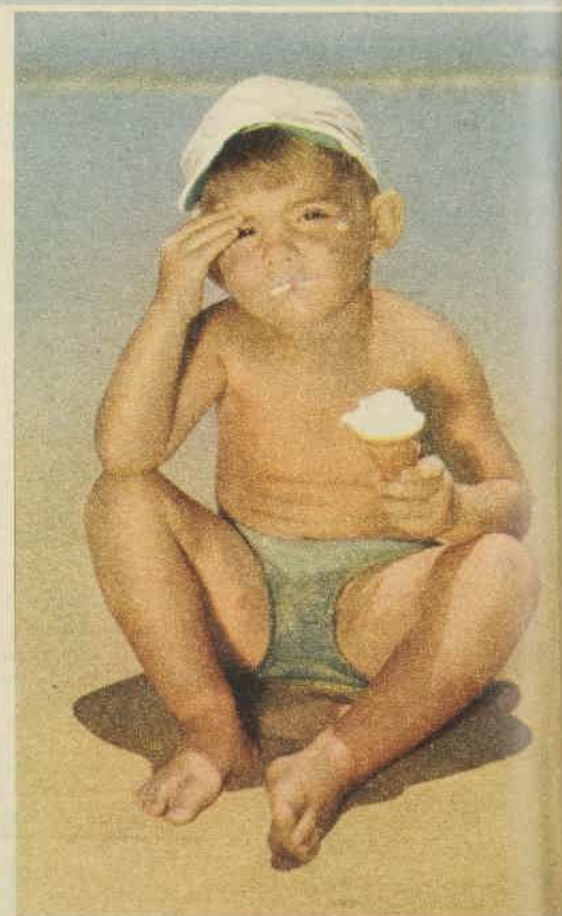
# Keeping



*Some people favor pinned-up hair and a beach pool.*



*Others prefer water all round and a lonely rock where for hours and hours they can sit and think — or just sit.*

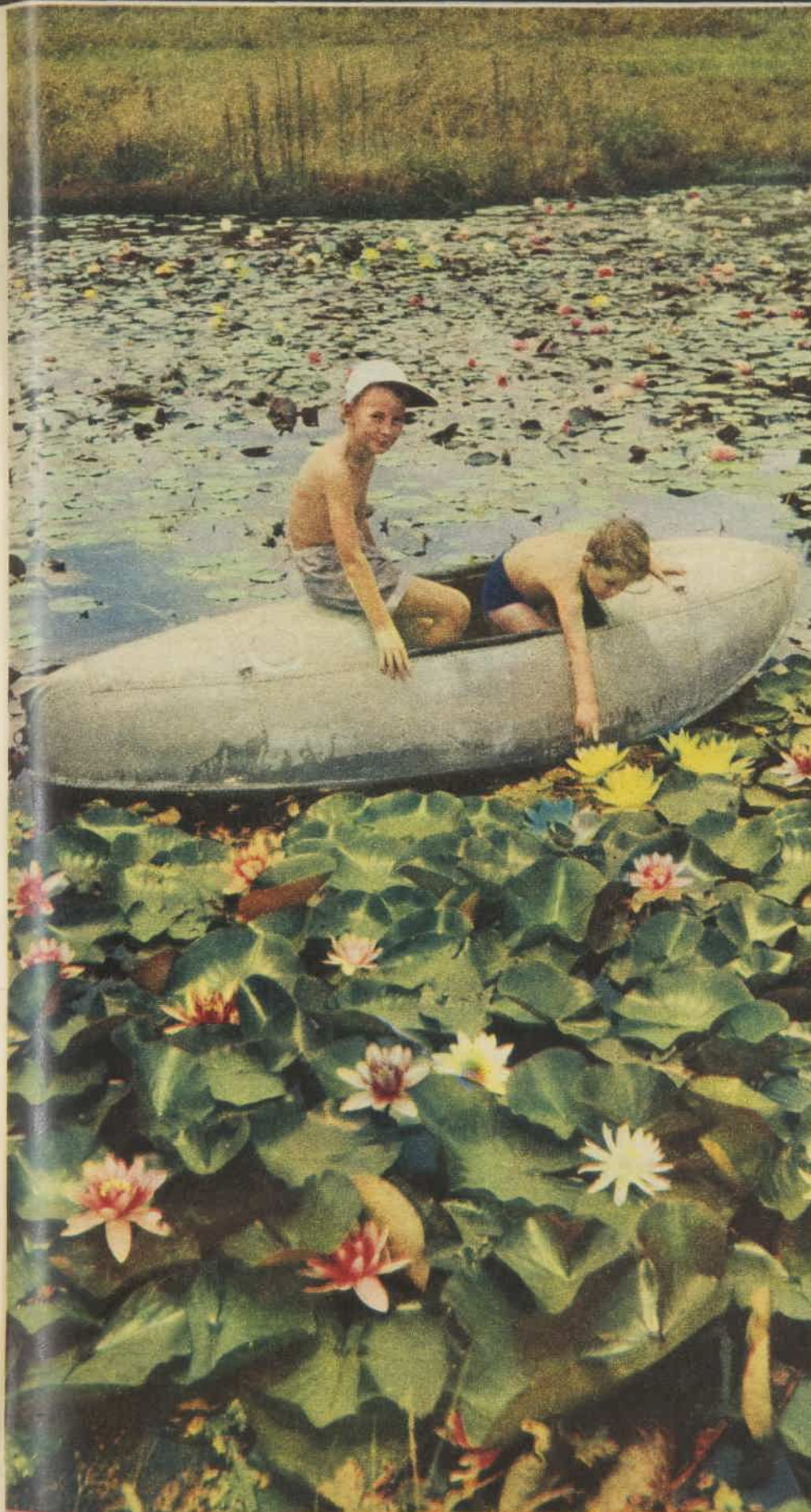


*As a cooling agent watermelon has many supporters.*

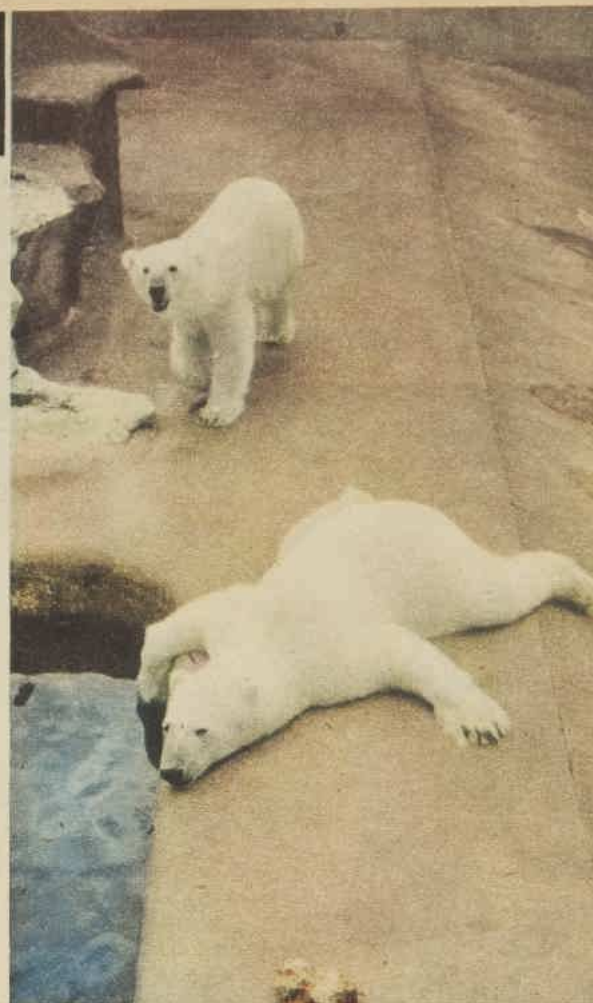
*But ice-cream never loses the loyalty of its adherents.*

# Cool

● In the dog days of summer everyone has a favorite method of seeking relief from the heat.



*For those with a taste for the picturesque, a lily pond has everything — including the possibility of falling into it.*



*For some people, alas, there's just no relief anywhere.*



*Others, blessed with obliging fathers, are luckier.*



*Luckiest of all are those whose mothers like paddling.*

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GEORGE THORN polishes brass filigree work on a 300-year-old Dutch cannon found in the Northern Territory.

## There's a holiday boom at Fort Thorn

• A series of violent explosions rocked the Brisbane river suburbs of Chelmer and Indooroopilly. Windows rattled, and orange-colored smoke puffs followed the echoes booming down the valley.

**B**UT there was no alarm, no panic. Only cheers.

People who heard the blasts knew that they came from Fort Thorn, a 25ft-high structure guarding a shallow valley on a bend of the Brisbane River.

Fort Thorn is owned by Mr. George Thorn, an airline publicity manager.

He built it because he felt the waterfront site was similar to those chosen by medieval barons for forts.

And, in much the same way that some people collect stamps or butterflies, Mr. Thorn collects cannon.

And he uses every opportunity to fire them.

"New Year's Eve, Empire Day, Guy Fawkes Night, the Queen's Birthday—they all give us an excuse to fire the cannon," he said.

Most of the neighborhood children come around when the Thorns are going to "blast

By  
JOHN WYNYARD

off." Mr. Thorn says it's the noise that thrills them.

"But for Betty (his wife) and me it is a strange, exciting link with the past," he says.

George and his attractive wife began looking for can-

non at the end of World War II.

Having completed Fort Thorn, which commands a magnificent river view and is surrounded by trees on the other three sides, they agreed that a cannon would be "a nice touch of authenticity."

## Long search

IT took the Thorns until 1955 to find one, but now they have several.

Their children Richard, 10, and Georgina, 8, were enthusiastic about the cannon hunt, especially when they discovered the guns would be fired regularly.

The most interesting cannon in the collection, from a historical viewpoint, anyway, is more than 300 years old.

Cast in solid brass, it was

THIS 18in. working model of a British artillery cannon is more than 100 years old.

made in Holland early in the 17th century and found on a beach at Port Essington, near Darwin, about four years ago.

A Japanese bomb is believed to have unearthed it during the air raids on Darwin.

A Brisbane electrician, Mr. Len Bright, stumbled over it while bushwalking on the site of the old Port Essington settlement.

He sold it to a Brisbane gunsmith, who, in turn, sold it to Mr. Thorn.

The top and sides of the cannon are covered with fine, hand-engraved filigree work, and it is smaller than the average cannon.

But Mr. Thorn says it is more accurate than heavier counterparts.

The century-old British cannon guarding the entrance to the fort is believed to have been used by slave traders rounding up island labor for the Queensland cane fields.

## Brand clear

YEARS of exposure have pitted and scarred the metal, but the maker's brand and date of manufacture (1856) are still clear.

Inside the house an 18-inch working model of a British artillery cannon stands on the mantelpiece.

The model is more than 100 years old.

No one can say that holidays in the Thorn household don't go with a bang.



A THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION, clouds of smoke, and a belch of flame spew from the cannon's mouth as Mr. Thorn lights the charge. He claims this is enough to frighten anyone—even without a missile. Mr. Thorn is holding a cannon wick stick.

# Are the children of today taught too much about sex?

You can be too frank, says an American psychiatrist, who believes there is much to be said for an old-fashioned, even prudish approach to the facts of life.

By ALEXANDER REID MARTIN

If you believe that the aim of sex instruction is to teach children early that sex is nothing special at all, just another facet of life like breathing or a trip to the supermarket, if you feel that technical training is the best preparation for a mature sex life, then we do very well by our children.

We start building the child's vocabulary of correct sexual and reproductive terms long before he can pronounce the words, let alone understand them.

We often deliver our sex lectures in a fairly toneless voice, which not only muffles our own secret hunch that sex is private and not for children's ears, but also conveys the impression that it is totally unrelated to feeling.

In my opinion, however, this is our monumental failure. It is not because we teach too little or too much;

it has nothing to do with when we begin and how we continue; we fail because what we say and how we say it are contrary to our natural feelings in the matter.

We convey attitudes that are neither true nor real, and drain sex, which should nourish and enrich our emotional life, of any feeling whatsoever.

I don't know why we do this, and I certainly am not writing any more prescriptions for how to teach children about sex.

But I am absolutely sure that all the prissiness of the Victorian era, with the children whispering among themselves and sneaking the home medical book for consultation and the parents blushing and coughing at embarrassing questions, did more to invest sex with the delicacy that belongs to it than our clinical, casual, detached frankness.

I don't mean for a minute that our children would be better off if we acted like Victorians, with Prince Albert collar and tight-laced stays and all the unnatural restraints they stand for.

It was certainly a good idea to reverse the hush-hush, guilt-ridden attitudes of our grandparents and allow sex a respectable place in the home.

But the object was to make people feel more comfortable and freer in their sexual experiences, more able to give and receive love in all their human relationships, not to deprive sex of its emotional content.

Human love and marriage

are emotional, personal, and even private. They aren't clinical experiences. When "enlightened" parents parade around naked before their children, insist on the "open-door" policy, deny themselves privacy in order to appear "natural" and show they "have nothing to hide," they are not being natural at all.

They are giving their children a shockingly cold ideal of what would be their tenderest emotions. If, in addition, they explain the particulars of married love and childbirth as matter-of-factly as though they were conducting a guided tour of the nation's capital, if they present sex, along with Animal Lotto and puzzles, as one more educational game for the preschool child, they continue to assault his normal emotional reactions and begin training him to suppress his real feelings just as effectively as the Victorians did when they associated sex with guilt.

## No time for feelings

I sometimes ask myself how modern parents could have got into this situation. And far-fetched as it may seem, I think one of the big problems, not only in educating our children sexually, but educating them in every way, is that we have become victims of our technological success.

We have achieved so much as individuals and as a country by applying the best knowledge and the best brains to every mechanical and scientific problem that we have slipped into thinking that a human being — even a baby — can be developed, improved, cured, solved and perfected just like a product.

Fathers and mothers are so busy improving and perfecting themselves and their children that they have no time for feelings.

From the moment a child is born they start moulding him into a midget grown-up. There's no longer any time for the childish child. Parents brag about how their child gains, how much he eats, how soon he takes milk from a cup, pulls himself up, stands alone. But they seldom think about how he feels as a child.

It's not unusual, by the time a boy is two, for his father to say severely, "Now let's see you act grown-up." And a few years later to remind him constantly that he must "Stop being a child."

As a result, it is not long before the child realises that his normal feelings are things he mustn't feel. In place of

feelings he substitutes performances in the hope that this will win his parents' love. But in place of love he frequently gets only approval.

It's not often he enjoys the satisfaction his senses crave of just being able to cuddle up against his father or mother and know that having him there is as comforting to them as it is to him.

And yet, sadly enough, all the enlightened, technical talk in the world is probably not as good a foundation for a child's future happiness in love as just this physical spontaneity and sense of closeness to someone he trusts. How seldom we value this quality as we should, however!

Instead we teach our children the importance of their progress in school, their adjustment to the group, their athletic accomplishments, their skill in skating, acting, or playing the oboe. We discuss what music they'll be able to play, what books they'll be able to read, how high on the wall their height mark will be next year; and then comes

"sex" — a brand-new, interesting field of endeavor, with norms and goals and averages for their ages that they must meet.

We're as calculating and mechanical about this most delicate of human relationships as the nurse, taking care of a desperately ill old man, who asked me once quite seriously, "How much sympathy should I give that man?"

Sexual love, like human sympathy, cannot be weighed or measured. And sex education taught by people who deny their own emotions can never produce sex that is anything more than stereotyped, routinised, calculated, and exploitative.

Certainly it's not a solution, but it might be a start if we could try to rediscover our feelings and let our children see them. Even if what they saw was not perfect or even attractive, it might be better for the children than continuing to live as if our goal were to outwit our emotions.

You ask me how? But I have no rules. They only perpetuate the cult of infallibility that has brought us to the present impasse.

The idea that there is a perfect method is one of the very things that is wrong. We all feel then that we have to be perfect. The father dare not admit ignorance. He can't say, "I'm not sure, son. You'll have to work that out the way it's best for you." We have the mistaken idea that it's a



sign of weakness not to know all the answers, when it is simply a sign that we are human.

I cannot get over being surprised at how many sophisticated people have honestly never noticed that strong people are invariably gentle.

They are not overbearing, but forbearing. They can afford to be. They are at home with human frailty and they don't have to fight nature. They have the serenity and assurance they need to look affectionately and tenderly at their own fumbling efforts.

And because they can tolerate their own frailty they can protect the child's beginnings, and give him a sheltered place in which to develop those first delicate roots of feeling that will later flower into sexual love.

One summer in the country I was working in the garden and my 12-year-old son and a friend were playing around and talking. I was kind of half-listening and half-weeding, enjoying the sun and their companionship. They were talking about school and homework and about how parents helped.

The boy said that his father helped him with his homework quite often, but his uncle, whom he saw very seldom, really helped him a lot more. I asked him what he meant.

The boy said, "My father always stands with his back to the mantel and fires — I'll these questions at me. But my uncle sits down beside me and puts his arm around me, and sometimes he even uses my pencil."

The back-to-the-mantel type, as I call him, does his best for his children, but the child needs the warmth and nourishment of the father who can sit down beside him — the father who is not afraid of gentleness and touch.

Parents who believe that there is a perfect method or technique for teaching children about sex are very often

the ones most afraid of physical closeness. What their children really learn, therefore, is to withdraw from being touched — literally and emotionally. In the general denial of feeling, their sexual responsiveness is the first to go, because sex is the area of greatest sensitivity.

People are afraid of being tender about sex just as they are afraid of being gentle at all. They are afraid to feel. They think that toughness and frankness make them virile or passionate.

Gentleness and affection for delicate and tender emotion is confused with effeminacy in a man and inhibition in a woman.

Actually the man who is hard-boiled about sex and boasts about his powers and the woman who never blushes betray their hardness. The dirty story, far from telling how sexually accomplished someone is, usually reveals how little true tenderness he can bear.

Part and parcel of the popular assumption that the tough, the well-informed, the skilled technicians are the sexually successful is the belief that giving your child the correct information — the unvarnished facts — will set him on the path to a happy sex life.

## Afraid to be tender

Actually, what you say to your child matters relatively little, I think, compared with what he realises you and your husband mean to each other.

You can be quite uncomfortable telling a little girl the facts of life in the prescribed frank and casual manner, and still, contrary to much popular opinion, give her a very good start.

Before explanations and under and above them, she knows from the respect and gentleness in your voice and touch that you love her and each other.

Parents do not always find it easy to discuss sex with

children — not because they feel it is "dirty" or because they feel guilty, but rather out of innate respect for the great sensitivity of the sexual function. Others don't feel any awkwardness. What they tell their children illuminates in a natural way the feelings that are apparent in their daily lives together.

If their child asks, as children usually do, "What's that for?" and points to his mother's breast, the consciously casual mother may say, "People have breasts so they can hold milk for the baby." Or the sex-by-text matron may declaim, "One has breasts so one can nourish the infant."

However, the mother who feels genuinely easy about things will say it differently. Maybe she'll give her curious little child a hug and say, "Those were for you when you were a little baby so that you could always have milk from me."

That child couldn't miss the feeling of warmth and comfort and closeness and intimacy in his mother's answer. It means so much more than the impersonal, anatomical lecture with the emotions cool and the eye averted. Not a word held back — only the feelings.

Jean Renoir, the great French movie director,

says, "I believe that during the past fifty years man has been losing contact with his physical senses and is becoming too intellectualised. The artist's mission today is to re-create a direct contact between man and nature."

It is not only the mission of the artist. It should be the mission of educators, editors, and, most of all, fathers and mothers, to help our children grow up in such a way that they can idealise, through sex, the tenderness, affection, closeness, concern, and devotion that human love can create.

# Top U.S. shows to start soon

Three of America's outstanding television shows come to Australia this month with openings on both Melbourne and Sydney stations.

**T**WO of the shows, "Disneyland" (family entertainment on a high level) and "I Love Lucy," a husband-and-wife "domestic situation" comedy, will be broadcast by Channel 9, Sydney, and Channel 7, Melbourne, commencing on Monday, January 28.

Both programmes have maintained their place among the top five shows in their respective classes in American television for years.

The "Disneyland" show, new to Australian viewers, is a unique blend of live production and animation, expressly prepared for television.

"Disneyland" itself is the realisation of Walt Disney's dearest dream. It is a labyrinthine, 160-acre amusement park near Los Angeles for kids "from six to 60" to romp and get lost in.

The park is divided into four principal realms—"The World of Tomorrow," "Frontierland," "Adventureland," and "Fantasyland." These four "kingdoms" serve as the source and setting of the TV programme.

The programme starts with "What is Disneyland?", an introductory chapter combining

live production with animation.

It is followed by "The Story of Dogs," "Monsters of the Deep," "Wind in the Willows," an animated version of the famous Kenneth Grahame classic, and the Academy Award-winning nature study "The Vanishing Prairie."

The episodes are both entertaining and instructive.

"Monsters of the Deep" deals with marine life, real and fanciful. Peter Lorre introduces the show. Disney uses scale models of "Monstro," his huge whale, and a fearsome giant squid to demonstrate the monsters' habits.

## Real-life team

**"I LOVE LUCY"** is a consistently funny situation comedy series, starring Lucille Ball and her band-leader-actor husband, Desi Arnaz, as a married couple, Lucy and Ricky Ricardo.

Much of "I Love Lucy's" charm lies in its spontaneity. This is largely achieved by a special production technique unique with Desilu—the corporation of which Desi is president and Lucille vice-president, and by the wit and personality of the stars.

The show is staged as a play, and filmed in a half-hour—the time it takes to put on the show—with breaks for costume changes.

It is filmed by three 35mm. cameras running simultane-

ously, so that long, medium, and close shots are filmed without interruption. A "live" audience of 300 watches the "play," and their reactions are recorded on the same microphones that carry the dialogue.

Although Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are very much the stars of the show, they have been wise in selecting two brilliant character actors—William Frawley and Vivian Vance—to play Fred and Ethel Merz, their next-door neighbors.

"Disneyland" will be seen on Monday nights in both Sydney and Melbourne between 7.30 and 8.30, and will be immediately followed by "I Love Lucy."

## For children

**A**NOTHER famous Disney television show, "The Mickey Mouse Club," will also be televised in Australia this month.

The show is an hour-long children's series that will be presented five days a week from Channel 9, Sydney, and Channel 7, Melbourne.

It will start in Melbourne on January 21, Mondays to Fridays from 5.30 to 6.30 p.m. The Sydney date has not yet been fixed.

Designed primarily for children, it is a programme that appeals to all viewers. This has been proved in the United States, where "The Mickey Mouse Club" holds the largest



STAR Lucille Ball of the show "I Love Lucy," and (right) with her husband, Desi Arnaz. Married for years, their husband-and-wife comedy series, with Lucille as Lucy and Desi as Ricky, has become part of American life.

daytime television audience in the country.

The programme is introduced by Mickey Mouse, and features a group of 24 talented boys and girls called The Mouseketeers.

Each daily Mickey Mouse

Club show is divided into six segments.

There's the "Mickey Mouse Newsreel," for which 60 cameramen throughout the world submit filmed features covering the whole range of children's interests; "Jiminy Cricket Presents," designed to entertain and instruct children through cartoons; "Serials from Foreign Lands," in which overseas children's classics are presented with typical Disney charm and skill; "What I Want to Be"—thrilling factual career stories opening new vistas of real life to boys and girls; "Let's Go!" presenting the stories of interesting places and people from



Sydney to Samarkand; and "Cartoon of the Day," in which Mickey Mouse, Pluto, Donald Duck, and all the other beloved Disney characters appear.



**CREATOR** Walt Disney surrounded by animations of his "Monsters of the Deep" and two desk models used in the detailed preparation of the series. The animations include the extinct dinosaur (top left), Monstro, the giant whale (above), and (right) a prehistoric monster, also fortunately extinct.



# BRITAIN'S NEW LEADER



PRIME MINISTER Harold Macmillan (wearing glasses) goes shooting at the start of last year's grouse season. With him is his sister-in-law, the Duchess of Devonshire, a sister of novelist Nancy Mitford.



DUKE'S DAUGHTER. The Prime Minister's wife, seen with her husband, was Lady Dorothy Cavendish, daughter of the 9th Duke of Devonshire.

## Macmillan blend of charm, wit, and hot temperament

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● Britain's new Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, has the reputation of using "magic" in his ingenious way of overcoming difficulties and defeating his political adversaries.

SIX feet tall, well-dressed, distinguished-looking, with a flying mane of grey hair and a walrus moustache, he is a witty, sometimes caustic, talker who entertains his listeners even at Party conferences while he is putting the Government case and mocking his opponents.

He is the son of a Scottish father and an American mother with a classic, uppercrust Tory background to his career which makes his liberal views on sociological questions a surprise to most people.

He is a man of hot temperament who can brush aside opposition, and a man of great charm with a favorite answer when told that something cannot be done.

"Why the hell not?" he asks.

With an Edwardian air, he is known as a man of epigrams. But the man behind the wisecracks is elaborately casual. His eyelids, his moustache, and his voice droop in the mask he presents to the public.

Macmillan's manner infuriates his opponents and critics and many of them refuse or fail to recognise the quality of the man behind the facade—his quicksilver intelligence, profoundly ironic sense of humor, the ardor, ability, and talent for the job.

In moulding himself, as he has, on the pattern of the Edwardian dandy, he has

taken care to have his clothes in keeping.

And his carefully brushed full moustache, first grown when he was a Guards officer, is the envy of many and a sneering point for others.

One paper said after the announcement of his appointment, "Fortunately for the nation which he takes over at such a time of crisis, his resemblance to a walrus is no more than moustache deep."

And it was once unkindly said that Eden, England's former Prime Minister, was a rabbit trying to look like a man, whereas Macmillan was a man trying to look like a rabbit.

As an "actor" Macmillan is enjoying his role as Britain's leading man. He has taken zest to No. 10 Downing Street as well as his frivolities.

### Enjoys politics

MACMILLAN proves every day that the successful politicians are those who enjoy the political battle. As he says himself, "the day I cannot meet a shaft from the Opposition with a quotation from Jane Austen—then and then only can I write my political obituary."

Grandson of the founder of the great London publishing house of Macmillan's — of which he is a director—Harold Macmillan graduated with first-class honors from Balliol College, Oxford, before service in the 1914-1918 war.

In 1919 he went to Canada as A.D.C. to the Duke of

Devonshire, then Governor-General of the Dominion, and the next year married the Duke's daughter, Lady Dorothy Cavendish.

Lady Dorothy had a wry laugh at herself when asked how she liked being the Prime Minister's wife.

"I've lost," she said. "I married a publisher, and at first led a quiet literary life—now look what I've got."

"I've been over-zealous in my guardianship of the quiet life, but it has caught up on me."

She admitted her fight against public life for herself had long been a losing battle.

Her first task at No. 10 was to organise the heating. "It's like all English houses—you are never really warm," she said.

"We'll soon have it like a hothouse," she added.

Lady Dorothy is a countrywoman with a Georgian home at Chelwood Gate, Sussex.

"We're always having to prise Mummie from the rockery," said her daughter, Ann, describing her mother as a keen gardener.

Ann was with her mother when she heard of her husband's appointment.

They peeped out of an upstairs window of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's residence next door to No. 10, and their glance fell on the famous bird sanctuary and rockery in the garden at the Prime Minister's official residence.

"You'll have somewhere to



FORCEFUL SPEAKER. Mr. Macmillan is an outstanding debater and his caustic wit is well known to his opponents. He "enjoys" politics, and is known as a courageous conservative.



LADY MACMILLAN says she is not interested in clothes and is attached to tweedy country ensembles. At night, however (above), she looks magnificent in evening dress with the family jewels.

escape to, Mummie," her daughter told her.

Lady Dorothy is 56, and is the daughter of the ninth Duke of Devonshire, a typically English aristocrat of ancient lineage.

Her brother, the present Duke, married one of the Freeman-Mitford sisters.

You could call her dowdy, for she says: "Quite frankly, I'm not interested in clothes, yet in tiara and family jewels against gleaming satin—Lady Dorothy has been an outstanding figure at all ceremonial functions."

She is tall, if a little heavily built, with blue eyes, firm features, and that incomparable English complexion.

Her strong voice, strong personality, and strong sense of humor make her an effective public personality in spite of the shyness she has fought all her life to overcome.

"There is nothing at all to say about me," she told me when I went to interview her.

I found there is. One thing is that she doesn't like Lon-

don at all. "I'll just have to now," she said.

In the country she is really well known. She drives herself round in a small car shopping and doing the work of a politician's wife.

Few people today remember that the quiet, charming Lady Dorothy was once a leader of Mayfair escapades.

### Kin to Astaire

IT is not generally known, either, that she is related by marriage to the dancing Astaire family. Lady Dorothy's late brother Charles married Fred Astaire's sister Adele.

"We used to have such fun together when we were young," she said.

She laughed as she recalled how she was one of a group, including a now distinguished Rear-Admiral, who, armed with ladders, ropes, and other paraphernalia, attempted to burgle Rutland Lodge, which belonged to a former equerry to the Duke of York.

"We wore masks and carried torches concealed in revolvers," she said. "After we

forced our way in, we were rewarded with beer and sausages. It was called a 'Raffles' party; it was quite the thing of the day."

The Macmillans have been married for 37 years and have one son, Maurice (M.P. for Halifax), three daughters, and to their great joy 11 grandchildren.

The grandchildren visit the Macmillans as often as possible, and they have already explored the dark, austere passages of No. 10 Downing Street.

It was two of the grandchildren who were among the first to let "Rab" Butler know that their grandfather was Prime Minister. Macmillan's son lives next door to Butler and as Butler went home on the day that the premiership had slipped from his grasp, he saw a large notice, printed in red, on the house next door. "Macmillan for Premier," it said.

"It was a childish prank" their mother said. "I made them take it down. Naturally they were terribly partisan."

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No other cleanser can make your sinks and tubs so brilliantly white and bright—tea stains, fruit stains, coffee stains, rust—"foaming action" AJAX floats them down the drain!

- ★ AJAX sells more in America than all other brands combined.
- ★ AJAX is gentle to lovely hands.
- ★ AJAX smells good, too.

#### FOR TEENAGERS

## Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

The New Year is very young, but already there is a flood of letters pleading for personal replies, or for an answer "in next week's issue."

PERSONAL replies are ruled out because if I answered them I wouldn't have time to do anything else; and it is not always possible to give replies "in next week's issue."

Here is this week's first letter:

"I AM 15½ and I have a crush on a boy who is 23. In the past fortnight or so we have been seeing a lot of each other, but now he has gone away to another State to do his National Training for about two years. He is going to write to me and my mother likes him a great deal. Another boy, who is 16, and who is very fond of me, says I am too young for this other boy. Do you think I am too young for the 23-year-old one? I like him better than anyone I have gone out with."

"Puzzled," N.S.W.

There is a very big gap in the emotional experience of a girl of 16 and a man of 23 that I think automatically rules out any romantic link between them. But the gap closes quickly and the seven years' difference will be hardly noticeable when you reach your early twenties. At present I think you are far too young for any permanent arrangement, which is what you seem to have in mind.

If I have misunderstood you and you mean that you just want to be friendly with this young man and write to him occasionally, meanwhile going out with other young men, I don't think you are too young. But if it's love letters, white tulle, and orange blossom that you have in mind, you are far too young. I think you should have a wide circle of friends which surely includes both the boy of 16 and the man of 23.

"I AM rather fond of two boys aged 18 and 20. I have been going steady with the 18-

year-old one, but now I wish to break it off with him, without hurting him, and go with the 20-year-old one. I never knew till lately the older one liked me, but now he has been moved away from my town and travels 100 miles each weekend just to see me. Could you please advise me what to do, as the boys know each other and they both know how the other feels about me, and I do not wish to cause any trouble between them."

"Sand Mac," Qld.

Why not leave it to the boys? They know how you feel and you know how they feel. It only just needs a new boy in the district who doesn't know how any of you feel to spark the situation. Just let things be; without renunciations, acceptances, or noble thoughts about not hurting people. The boys will settle this question—you are just the prize in a competition that may well lose its zest when it is decided.

#### \*\*\*\*\*DISC DIGEST\*\*\*\*\*

THIS looks like Revival Week, since so many 78 r.p.m. recordings have made a reappearance as transfers on to 33 1-3rd r.p.m. long-play records.

They've done Sir Laurence Olivier proud by transcribing "Hamlet" and "Henry V" on to microgroove, and then issuing them back to back on OALP.1375. "Henry" has been cut slightly to fit on to one side, but I wouldn't let that worry you. This is a studio performance in which Sir Laurence plays several roles. You'll hear, among other speeches, "Once more unto the breach," "St. Crispin's Day," and the beautiful speech of the Duke of Burgundy lamenting the neglect into which the countryside has fallen during the wars. And then, of course, there's

that thrilling Battle of Agincourt sequence, which is one of the finest things of its kind on record.

"Hamlet" is from the soundtrack of the film, and it, too, is a little masterpiece. Olivier as the Prince of Denmark dominates these extracts, which include "To be or not to be," "O, that this too too solid flesh," and the scene with the gravedigger, a role superbly acted by Stanley Holloway.

The highlight of this side is the dramatic Play Scene, in which you'll hear Basil Sydney as the King. The whole disc adds up to a feast of Shakespeare, and one that the serious collector can't afford to miss. The fine incidental music throughout was composed specially by Sir William Walton, and it is

"I AM 15 and come from a medium family. I love a boy my own age and same religion and both of us attend Sunday school and church every Sunday. I have never had a boy-friend and I am very lonely. This boy I am telling you about loves another girl. All the attention I get is a smile when passing. This other girl is different altogether. She is of a different religion and a real flirt. I have loved this boy for months and stay awake all night sometimes. How can I get the boy's attention? I hope you can help me, please. My elder sister, who is 17, is now very popular, either."

L. H., Narrabri, N.S.W.

I can't help you, really. I often wish myself there was some magic potion that a girl could use to get the boy's attention, but there isn't. All you can do with the present situation is smile right back at him when he smiles at you, and maybe some of that warmth of feeling you have for him might get through.

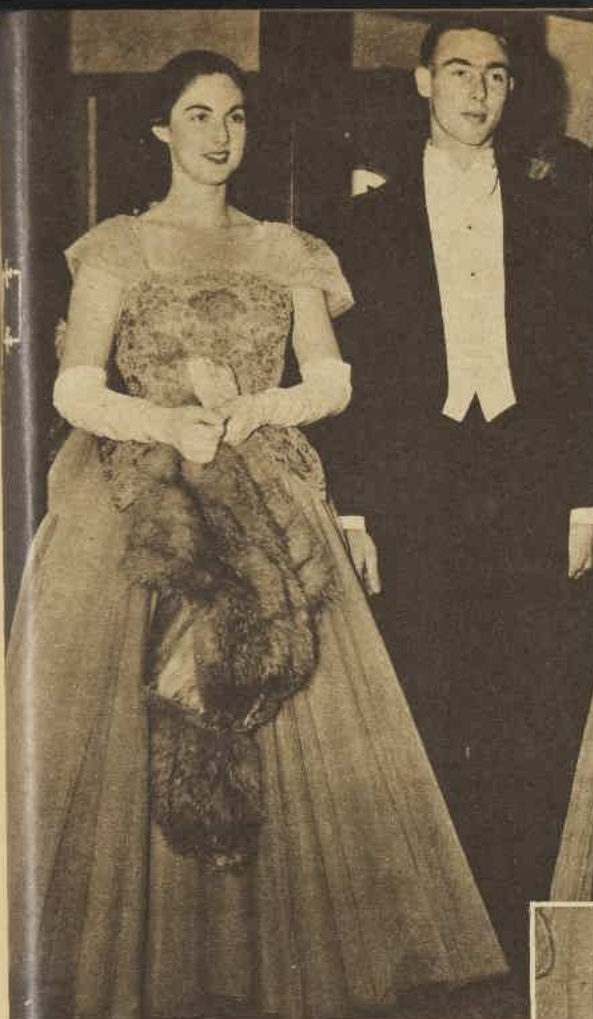
performed by the Philharmonia Orchestra.

The other 33 1-3rd transfer is John Antill's ballet suite "Corroboree," performed by the A.B.C. Sydney Symphony Orchestra under Sir Eugene Goossens, and recorded in Sydney in December, 1950.

That recording session was an historic one—the first time a major work had been made in this country—and in the intervening years the music has become known both here and overseas.

The dubbing to microgroove has been carried out well and, as is often the case, the engineers infuse added zest to the sound. Backing OALP.7503 is Turina's "Sinfonia Sevillana," which was recorded by the Sydney Symphony several years later.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



**EARLY ARRIVALS** at the Elisabethan Theatre, Newtown, for the opening night of "The Marriage of Figaro" were Mrs. Colin Ross Munro, of "Boamah-of-Tooroora," Dirranbandi, Queensland, and her brother, William Sidwell. Proceeds from the opening night of "The Marriage of Figaro" were given to the Hungarian Relief Fund.



**MOZART OPERA FESTIVAL.** The Governor-General, Sir William Slim (left), and Lady Slim with Mr. John Sumner walk through a guard-of-honor formed by 18 young Hungarians in their national dress in the foyer of the Elisabethan Theatre at the opening of the opera season.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**SEVEN-YEAR-OLD** Ann Stanham (daughter of the Quentin Stanhams) with Pam Macarthur Onslow and Mrs. James Russell will attend attractive English lass Jenifer Crooks, who will marry Ion Macarthur Onslow at St. John's, Camden, on February 2.

Jenifer is the elder daughter of Mr. James Crooks, F.R.C.S., and Mrs. E. Montlake, of London.

Ion is the eldest son of Major-General Denzil Macarthur Onslow, of Campbelltown, and Mrs. Macarthur Onslow, of Dumfriesshire, Scotland.

After the wedding more than 100 guests will attend a reception to be held at "Camden Park," the home of Major-General Sir Reginald Stanham and Lady Stanham.

**MRS. GEORGE MCLEAY**, widow of the late Senator the Hon. George McLeay, is staying in England with her daughter and son-in-law, Helen and Robert Coyle. And Mrs. McLeay has just been introduced to a new member of the family . . . a grandson, Robert George McLeay Coyle, who was born early in the New Year. Mrs. McLeay will stay with the Coyles in Kent till the returns to Australia in April.

**THERE'S** lots of excitement ahead for Sue Snashall, of Turramurra, who will be bridesmaid on March 5 when her brother Norbert Snashall marries Margaret Bate at All Saints', Woollahra. Three weeks later Susan and her parents will leave on a trip to England . . . and the newlyweds will live at the Turramurra house while the family is overseas. Margaret is the only daughter of Mr. Jeff Bate, M.P., and Mrs. Bate, of Elizabeth Bay.

**ATTRACTIVE** visitors from South Australia and Queensland are enjoying the sun and surf on Sydney's northern beaches . . . Anne Kidman, of Adelaide, is staying with Billy and Margaret Moses at their parents' Palm Beach home. And Queensland teenager Elizabeth Bodman is holidaying at Newport with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Alexander.



**COUNTRY INTEREST.** Mr. and Mrs. Murray Cole leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their wedding. The bride was Sue Woods, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Woods, of "Epsom," Moree, and Murray is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Cole, of Moree. The newlyweds are honeymooning in New Zealand and will live in Moree.

**SKIING** is wonderful in Austria just now and lots of Australians are displaying their skill on the snow slopes. Diana Pitt, of Point Piper, and Carol Clark, of Newcastle, who voyaged overseas about eight months ago, are spending three weeks in Austria before returning to their London flat. Diana's stepfather, Mr. Charles Phillips, leaves for England in a few weeks' time and will take the girls on another trip to the Continent.

**BRIEFLY . . .** Margaret and John Tuck are following the sun to Surfers' Paradise on their honeymoon. Margaret is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reg Tunking, of Neutral Bay . . . Paris is one city that Marie Dunworth is planning to visit during her holiday trip to England and Europe. Marie leaves on Monday, January 21, on board Southern Cross, and will meet some of her fellow nurses in London.

Anne



**FAMILY GROUP.** Mrs. W. H. Martin, of Rose Bay, with her son Lieutenant David Martin, R.A.N., and his bride, formerly Suzanne Millear, of "East Leigh," Willaura, Victoria, after their wedding at All Saints', Willaura.



**WED AT ST. MARK'S.** Norris Dunn and his bride leave St. Mark's, Darling Point. The bride was formerly Suzanne Rhoades, daughter of the captain of H.M.A.S. Watson, Captain Rodney Rhoades, and Mrs. Rhoades.

# Summer ideas with

These golden days cheese is more than ever wonderful food — light and nourishing.

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## Cheddar Pin-ups

Like a sizzling cheese snack for a summer supper? Try Kraft Cheddar Pin-ups. Spread medium-thick slices of fresh bread, with butter. Cover with thinly sliced Kraft Cheddar. Now place a cooked frankfurter on each, roll up and pin the two corners together with toothpicks. Brush with melted butter and pop under the grill till the bread is golden brown and the Kraft Cheddar melted to perfection. Serve hot.



## Swiss Sandwiches

This summer — go formal! Serve a cheese and salad platter. Kraft Mayonnaise featuring delicious Kraft Cheeses, slices of ham, tomato and bread butter sandwiches. A delicate nut-like flavor of Kraft Swiss Cheese blends wonderfully in salads. Then there's Kraft Cheese — a fine old-time



## Cheese is a won

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 23, 1957



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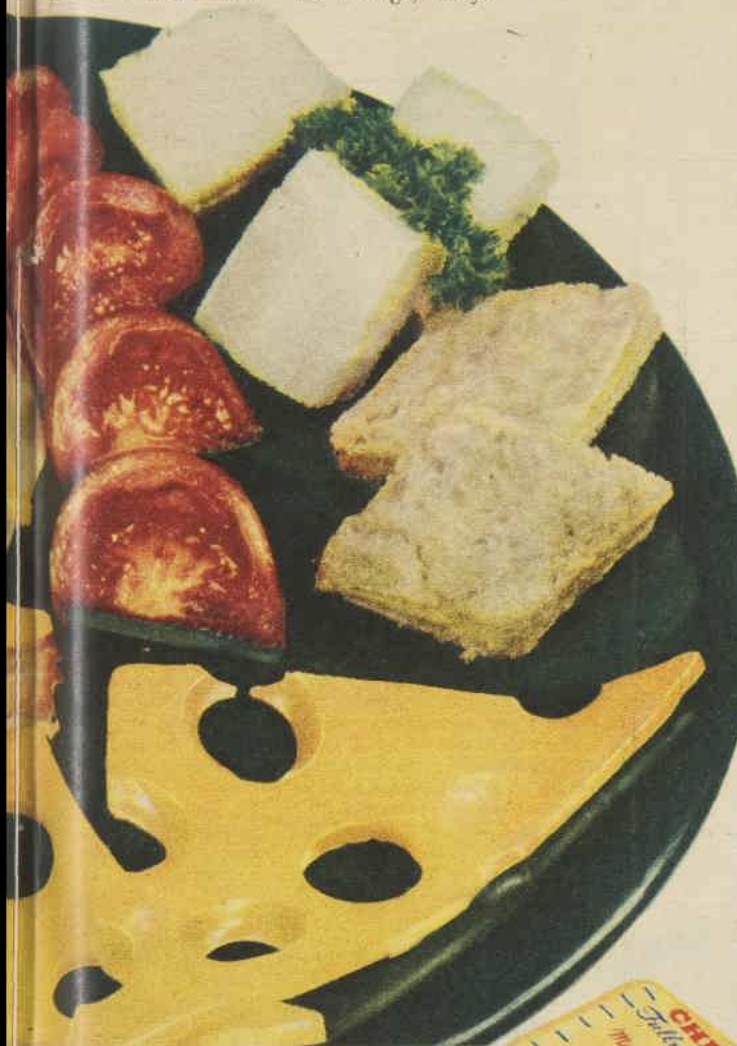


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## ad Platter

tasty cheese made by Kraft. And if you prefer a cheese with a mellow, well-balanced flavour, try Monterey Cheese. Your storekeeper cuts all these Kraft Cheeses from rindless blocks, so there's absolutely no waste. P.S.: Dress all your salads this summer with the wonder flavour of Kraft Mayonnaise.



## Portions for Picnics

Off for a picnic? Why not prepare your meal on the spot. Kraft Cheese Portions are perfect in your picnic hamper. Big flavour variety — Cheddar, Velveeta, Old English, Cheese and Bacon, Gorgonzola, Caraway, Celery and Gruyere.



## Festive Cheese Dip

Here's an appetizing cheese dip, made with fresh tasting Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese. Cream a 4-oz. packet of Philadelphia with two dessertspoons of milk. Add two teaspoons onion juice, one of lemon juice, and a pinch of salt. Sprinkle with paprika and chill. Serve with crackers, or potato chips, raw cauliflower buds (a fresh, unusual flavour you'll enjoy), carrot strips and celery. Buy genuine Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese from refrigerated counters.



## Savoury Tray

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erful food — and **KRAFT** makes wonderful cheeses

**£100 a week  
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# What is the dog saying?

HERE'S a contest that is fun for the whole family. All you have to do is write a caption to describe what you think the dog in the picture is saying.

Weekly prizemoney is £100, made up of one award of £50, three of £10 each, three of £5, and five of £1.

The contest is simple, and the rules are given in the panel under the picture. Results of "Dog Talk" No. 5, at right, will give you the idea.

Make your captions as bright and descriptive as you can; sayings you might use if you felt like the dog in the picture.

Captions must be no longer than 15 words, but you may send as many as you please. Each group of entries must be accompanied by the identification coupon on this page. Otherwise the judges have no way of knowing to which picture your caption is intended to refer.

"Dog Talk" No. 8 will close on January 28, and results will be announced in our issue dated February 13.

Before posting entries, make sure that your name and address are clearly written and that you have included the State in the address.

There will be another dog picture and another £100 in prizemoney to be won next week.



**"Dog Talk" No. 8**

## CONTEST RULES

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture on this page. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the same competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon on this page.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Dog Talk," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Dog Talk" Contest No. 8 will close on JANUARY 28. Winners will be announced in our FEBRUARY 13 issue.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.
6. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

• First prize of £50 in "Dog Talk" Contest No. 5 was won by Miss Catherine Kinivan, Buckland Hospital, Springwood, N.S.W.

HER entry was: "I won't come to the ship — I know you hate tears."

**£10 prizes were awarded to:**

W. R. Dunn, 18 Barry St., Cairns, Nth. Qld.

"Thank you for the lunch, Mrs. Polkinghorne, and the lovely game of bridge."

Mrs. B. J. Denny, Murringo, N.S.W.

"Is this—goodbye?"

Mrs. G. Stewart, Whittlesea Nth., Vic.

"I used to be the star of the show, but people soon forget."

**£5 prizes were awarded to:**

Mrs. Lillian Perel, 46 Carmody Rd., St. Lucia, Qld.

"He threatened to leave me at the church, but I didn't think he meant it."

Mr. J. Cooke, 634 Cross Rds., Plympton, S.A.

"Keep knocking, John, I distinctly saw a face behind the drape."

Mrs. V. Broadhead, 27 George St., Thirroul, N.S.W.

"Government House, please, driver."

**£1 prizes were awarded to:**

Mrs. Vickie Grayson, 22 Kimberley St., Vaucluse, N.S.W.

"It's a bore about the Daimler, but Bernard has consoled me with a Bentley."



"I won't come to the ship—I know you hate tears."

## ENTRY COUPON

The Australian  
Women's  
Weekly  
"Dog Talk"  
Contest No. 8  
January 23,  
1957

Miss Joan I. Sperber, 256 South Rd., Kurnalta Park, S.A.

"Let's pretend we haven't seen her."

Mr. J. A. Coghlan, 70 Elsie Grove, Chelsea, Vic.

"No hand signal! But, officer, I ALWAYS turn at that corner."

Mrs. D. Herbert, Post Office, Wangan Hills, W.A.

"Why must everybody say, 'Look! The Doggie in the Window!'"

Mrs. D. Fitzpatrick, 23 Clive St., Shepparton, Vic.

"Being presented at Court is quite an ordeal."

Many entries were identical, such as "Somebody up there loves me," and references to drive-in theatres and parking mistakes. In each case the first entry opened was the one put aside for final judging.

Advantage was taken of the invitation to send an unlimited number of entries. Several people sent as many as 15.

Generally, however, the judges found that the best suggestions came from readers who sent in fewer entries, and perhaps spent more time working on those finally submitted.

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- big boot capacity
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# AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard For week beginning January 21

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p><b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20</p> <p><b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20</p> <p><b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21</p> <p><b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22</p> <p><b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22</p> <p><b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23</p> <p><b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23</p> <p><b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22</p> <p><b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20</p> <p><b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19</p> <p><b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19</p> <p><b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20</p>	<p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a host of friends.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck through business and pleasure.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck on a journey.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a windfall.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in true love.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in satisfied ambition.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a whirlwind romance.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, green. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in a cupboard.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, black. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in print.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, violet. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in business.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in leadership.</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a personal matter.</p>	<p>★ If you are job-hunting or in a temporary position, friends may hold the key to success. Any suggestions they make should be followed up promptly.</p> <p>★ Some may be carrying extra responsibility which can also mean extra pay. If you have been given the chance to show what you can do, make good.</p> <p>★ If your occupation concerns clerical work, publications, or study, prospects are bright. If you are a homemaker you may consider entering a class in home craft.</p> <p>★ Those who favor the do-it-yourself idea will have a field day. To save money, you set yourself quite a programme. If slow at the start, you'll improve quickly.</p> <p>★ Workmates ask for your co-operation. Should arguments arise, be mild and friendly. Try to prevent others from staging emotional outbursts.</p> <p>★ Fine for those who have just left school and are starting work. Also good for the seasoned worker tired with ambition. Homemakers settle in to post-holiday routine.</p> <p>★ You will not be afraid to tackle anything this week. Self-confidence and the support of friends may inspire you to accomplish more than you ever dreamed. Rewards follow.</p> <p>★ You may resign from a job, prefer to stay at home for a short while, wish to proceed along fresh lines. A number of young married women give up their jobs.</p> <p>★ Those who have anything to do with communications may take a step up the career ladder. Others take part in conversations having an important bearing on their work.</p> <p>★ Most are money-minded at present. If your interests take you into the market place or into the business world, you prosper. Otherwise, a purchase for the home.</p> <p>★ Adapt yourself to changing conditions. If you have any unconventional ideas in regard to work, keep them to yourself. Assert your personality later on.</p> <p>★ Keep your eyes and ears open. You gain useful information on which to base action later. A savings campaign will give you a feeling of security. Do not gamble.</p>	<p>★ More people than usual may knock at your door, whether your own friends or your children's friends. Some of you may be asked to lend your home for a meeting.</p> <p>★ The homemaker may have a hectic week. Someone may ring your doorbell that you are most anxious to impress. Do not attempt elaborate hospitality.</p> <p>★ Many of you may be away on a holiday trip, but if you are at home you are likely to be busy getting the children ready for school or planning your winter programme.</p> <p>★ Do you feel you are battling hard with little to show for it? There is real progress although it may not be evident. This is an excellent week for doing odd jobs.</p> <p>★ A family project may keep you on the move. Domestic affairs become chaotic, but you must pay for getting things done. Help from the marriage partner speeds plans.</p> <p>★ Some of you go on a clean-up scheme, being a bit drastic in your efforts. Otherwise, the family is charmed with a smooth working schedule giving extra amenities.</p> <p>★ Many of you decide to give parties, possibly in honor of visitors, engagements, or a christening. The state smile on home and family social activities.</p> <p>★ If it's a new home or flat, you'll be having the time of your life fixing it up. This applies particularly to newlyweds or young-marrieds. If older, you try for new home ideas.</p> <p>★ Home is the same old story, but you roam towards pastures new, even if only for the day. Dust may collect, but what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve over.</p> <p>★ If your thoughts run towards buying or selling, renting or leasing property, you may find a bargain to your liking. Otherwise, one or two minor improvements.</p> <p>★ You may take a determined stand on some domestic issue. Be reasonable about it, and do not bristle, or you will defeat your object. Extra money may be forthcoming.</p> <p>★ A number of you will be home alone, and glad of it. Less work may be a boon, giving you leisure to carry out one or two private enterprises which appeal.</p>	<p>★ If a teenager or in your early twenties you may now meet a most attractive member of the opposite sex, probably at a sporting fixture. Thrilling romance may follow.</p> <p>★ A crowded place of amusement or a large private party could be the setting for a new love affair. There is the possibility that you are cultivated for social reasons.</p> <p>★ If eager to see the good-looking boy or girl you dated on holidays, make the first move. You can always invent an excuse for calling up or writing a note.</p> <p>★ If one summer love-affair fades out, a new one dawns. An adventure, a small mishap, could serve as an introduction, but do not expect immediate developments.</p> <p>★ The steady may suddenly go into romantic high gear, urging engagement or marriage at an early date. It will be up to you to decide how much you care.</p> <p>★ Not particularly thrilling. You and the best-beloved may be so occupied with other matters, perhaps a club project, that there will be scant time for romance.</p> <p>★ Right out of the blue you could go completely crazy over a total stranger. He or she, however, will not be a stranger for long. How you feel may be evident to all.</p> <p>★ Some come to a turning. You may have tired of each other or there has been disagreement over trifles. Don't break your heart over outlived sentiment.</p> <p>★ Window-shopping is wonderful when you are together. Boys learn about furniture and interior decoration. If a girl, your glory-box may await its first store of articles.</p> <p>★ If young and in love, looking forward to marriage, be frank about money. You should each know the state of joint finances and where you stand.</p> <p>★ Love strikes your sign hard. Without seeing each other or hearing each other's voice, the day is wasted. Do not neglect your work even if it's difficult to concentrate.</p> <p>★ Was that lift caused by you when you read more into a chance remark than was intended? Lovers' quarrels have a silver lining. There is always the joy of making up.</p>	<p>★ Most of your spare time will be spent out of doors. Beach parties, weekend house parties, surfing, and similar amusements are the chief emphasis, especially for the young.</p> <p>★ You may receive an invitation to an important social event when it will be necessary to make a good impression. Find out what will be worn and dress accordingly.</p> <p>★ Those who are holiday bound find social life pleasant. Others are busy with long-term plans, but few of you care to make any strenuous efforts at present.</p> <p>★ You may prefer your own company. You have work to complete, or a hobby to pursue, which requires your fullest attention. Also you may save for a later splurge.</p> <p>★ Someone you're keen on suggests that you step out for an unusually glamorous evening. You won't have to do any work. Just go along and be entertained.</p> <p>★ Except for a committee meeting, you may bypass the whole social set-up. If you prefer to stretch out with a book, you are giving your nerves a break.</p> <p>★ Whether home or away you will be having fun. Unexpected invitations, plenty of partners at an impromptu summer dance, your popularity surprises you and thrills.</p> <p>★ Maybe it's a case of back home and broke, or just that you've had enough for a while, but you feel personal affairs require attention and sociability can wait.</p> <p>★ Day-long journeys or weekend trips give outlets for your travelling instincts. The bigger the party you can make up, the better. New territory is worth exploring.</p> <p>★ Apart from efforts to raise money for some worthy object, social life will see you seeking the best entertainment at the lowest price. You will have fun.</p> <p>★ Step in and guide others to new scenes, new interests and pastimes. There is a touch of originality in your ideas. Add to your prestige by quickly putting ideas into effect.</p> <p>★ You are going to enjoy yourself in your own way and probably by yourself. This could be a visit to a movie you particularly wish to see or the perfecting of a skill.</p>
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**New lotion actually heals chapping... keeps hands softer and younger...**



Does more than smooth—it heals detergent chapping. Angel Skin is the only lotion that counteracts the harsh alkali effects of detergents and soaps. Redness fades, chapping disappears.

Hardworking hands become soft, smooth. When your hands must look their most glamorous, smooth on fragrant, creamy-pink Angel Skin—sinks in instantly, softens deeply.

Angel Skin is scientifically years ahead of any lotion on the market today



Angel Skin also comes in hand cream form—only 4/9 in the 2-oz. jar.

Angel Skin actually heals chapped skin because it relieves the causes of roughness, chapped redness and dryness! Angel Skin is more than a gentle, soothing lotion—it helps ward off skin disorders. Leaves hands genuinely softer, smoother, whiter, because it goes deep—spreads its protective qualities below the mere surface of your skin. Improves the texture of your skin.

So different from the ordinary "cosmetic" lotion, Angel Skin promotes natural skin health, keeps skin looking younger—

- Sensitive, exposure-reddened hands become genuinely softer and whiter.
- Skin loses that rough, parched shine.
- Tender split cuticle skin heals quickly.
- Sandpapery legs and heels smooth out so they can't snag nylons.



**Angel Skin**  
by POND'S.



2-oz. bottle 3/9 ... 4-oz. bottle 6/3. Get Angel Skin from your favourite beauty bar today.



## Mothers all over Australia are acclaiming **DUNLOP WEARITE**

Mothers all over Australia have found the longer wearing qualities of Dunlop Wearite cuts shoe repair costs in half. That's why 70 per cent. of children's shoes are now soled with double wearing Wearite.

To give growing feet these advantages of greater flexibility, extra good looks and wear . . . you should buy kiddies' shoes soled with Wearite . . . look for it . . . shoes sold with DUNLOP Wearite are available everywhere.

Mother and Dad can save with Wearite soled shoes too! Shoemakers are swinging over to Wearite soled shoes, so look underneath all shoes before you buy . . . a shoe is only as good as its sole.

**Remember Mother!**  
**Check foot growth regularly.**

Wearite soles wear so long that the kiddies often outgrow the shoe before the sole shows real wear. To ensure comfort and correct foot growth . . . we suggest you check regularly with your shoe fitter.

THE  
MANUFACTURER

THE SHOE  
SALESMAN

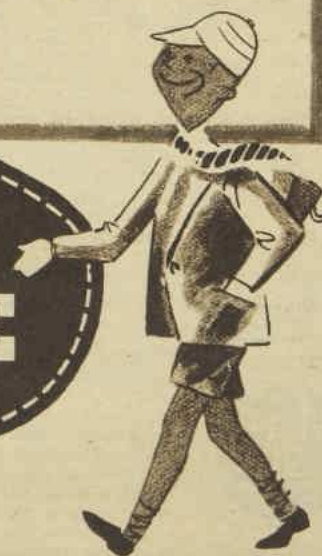
THE  
REPAIRMAN



ALL KNOW THAT THERE IS NOTHING TO EQUAL

*Genuine*  
**DUNLOP  
WEARITE**

*more than double the wear from every pair*



YOUR LOCAL REPAIRMAN CAN RESOLE WITH DOUBLE WEARING WEARITE, TOO

WE heard a delightful "fish" story recently from American producer Fred Hebert about singer-actor Lauritz Melchior, who starred in an outdoor production of "Arabian Nights" under Hebert's direction at Jones Beach, New York.

"The stage was planted 100 feet out in the ocean from the beach, where the audience was sitting on the sand," Mr. Hebert told us. "Lauritz, who, of course, played the lavishly robed and bejewelled sultan, is an ardent fisherman and quite an opportunist."

"He had fishing tackle delivered to his dressing-room and fished through his dressing-room window between his numbers. One night a harassed stage manager said to me: 'Will you please ask the star to reel in his fishing line when he goes on stage? My men are constantly getting wrapped up in it as they move around behind stage.'"

Fred Hebert, a New York theatrical, radio, and television producer, who likes to relax mowing the lawn and doing odd jobs around his Long Island home, is in Australia to produce "The Pajama Game," which will open in Melbourne on February 2.

Conservatively dressed, quietly spoken, and 45 years old, he has produced 18 shows since the war, when he rose from private to captain in the infantry.

The shows include "Top Banana" and "Kiss Me, Kate," during which he met his dancer-wife. He now has a small son.

Mr. Hebert has chosen Bill Newman, of "Can Can" fame, for the male lead in "The Pajama Game," and Toni Lamond, the leading lady in the Tommy Trinder

# Worth Reporting

show for two years, as the costar. Pixie-like Joyce Taylor, nicknamed "Tiki," a young Melbourne actress, will have the main dancing role.

Mr. Hebert recently finished writing a book called "That Old South Side" with the idea of having it produced as a musical comedy.

For the first seven weeks of "The Pajama Game" Mr. Hebert will stand by and then return to his wife, Eve, son Scott, and all the odd jobs they have found for him.

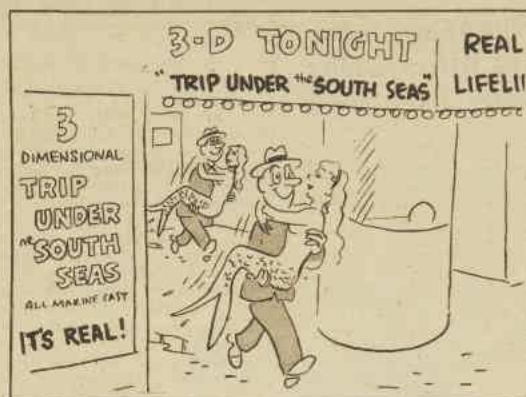
**COMPLETELY** automatic drive-in restaurants will be with us soon, according to a Boston vending-machine maker. "There is nothing in food that can't be served automatically," he said.

At a recent display of vending machines in Chicago, you could buy through a slot everything from soup to nuts, corn on the cob, and melon balls. There was a mechanical valet from which you could get hangover pills, comb, hair cream, nail clipper, handkerchief, shaving cream, razor and blades, styptic pencil, toothpaste and toothbrush, facial tissues, and a shoe-shine.

A mechanical maid for women served hand lotion, lipstick, comb, face cream, perfume, compact and powder, toothbrush and toothpaste, facial tissues, and a box of aspirin.

## No schoolday cares now

WHEN the N.S.W. Teachers' Federation Associates held its annual reunion last month, over 100



retired teachers joined in their theme song which starts:

"We've said goodbye to schoolday cares,  
The roll-book, chalk, and duster,  
We've closed the door on teaching wares,  
And turned our backs on fluster."

"For now, we form a friendly band  
Of folks who came together,  
To share a smile and shake a hand,  
No matter what the weather."

Originator of the poem, 90-year-old Mr. Albert Reay, a veteran schoolteacher, was there to conduct, and also to receive a fruit cake celebrating his 90th birthday.

Unfortunately absent was another nonagenarian teacher, Mr. Arthur Cousins. His fruit cake had been delivered to his home for his 90th birthday.

Three octogenarians who received presentation cakes were Miss Neyle, Mr. A. R. L. Atkinson, and Mr. E. Cameron.

Mr. Cameron's first taste of school was when, as a four-year-old, he went to the West-angerra Public School, near Canberra. "It was a slab building, unlined, unceiled, and floored with pit-sawn boards which left wide-open cracks. In winter the cold was indescribable."

Undeterred by this, he chose teaching as a career. A highlight of it was seeing, during his rule as headmaster, the Cessnock school grow from 90 pupils in 1906 to 1000 in 1912, due to the opening of the coal mines.

On teaching, Mr. Cameron says: "I think the old methods are best—there are too many frills these days."

Mr. Atkinson, well remembered by pupils of Broken Hill, Newcastle, Wallsend, and the Murray River District, retired in 1940 but returned to wartime teaching.

"I spent three years with boys' opportunity classes," he says. "These were the most rewarding years of my career."

## Rebuke in print

If your husband is an avid newspaper reader, there is one sure way to bring something to his notice. Advertise it.

The wife of a lawyer in America, who despaired of getting her husband to listen to instructions on household chores at the breakfast table, did so.

Her paid advertisement to her husband read:

"You are hereby notified that on your first vacant day you are to repair the fireplace dogs, repair the drawers in Tony's closet, fix leaks in the chimney, sink, and roof, and mend the hose and lawnmower. Knowing that you always read everything in the papers this is the only way I know to bring this to you."

Her husband took one look at the ad and promptly took a day off to do his home work.

## Three is not a crowd

THREE may be the magic human number for space travel and colonisation of distant planets, according to an air force spokesman in New York recently.

Three persons—or even three well-adjusted married couples—might best get along with each other and withstand the boredom and frictions of long months or years of flying through space aboard rocket ships.

He explained: "Wartime experiments indicated that two persons cooped up together will get on each other's nerves and eventually begin to brawl. Four persons are likely to divide into two opposing groups. Three persons are likely to remain excessively polite and not gang up two against one."

PARIS is, as ever, chic at Christmas time. A friend of ours writes to say she was given glasses rimmed with tiger fur. She had a choice, she said. She could have had ocelot or panther fur on her present, but preferred tiger.

She told us too about a new recording that was a popular gift. The buyers were mostly women—the record was called "Darling, give me some money to buy new clothes."

## Slide rule delights

THE mechanical approach to everything is going to make it harder than ever to be the inspired sort of cook who says: "I never actually measure anything—just put in what you feel is right."

A member of our London staff who has been getting away with this slipshod method for years was non-plussed the other day when faced with a slide rule for making 30 different kinds of cakes, pastry, and icings.

The cakemaker slide rule, designed by a cookery expert, Mrs. Kathleen la Riche, tells the cook everything that mother's good old hand-me-down recipes left out. By merely setting its plastic slide on a number (which is catalogued on one side and may represent anything from macaroons to rum butter) one is off to a systematised start.

A glance down the appropriate columns gives you ingredients and their amounts, method and necessary containers to be used, heat of oven, and cooking time.

By the time you've travelled down the column the process should be complete and uniform in every respect—but we shudder to think what would happen to the individualist who decided to tempt scientific fate with "just a little touch of my own."

## JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH Colgate Dental Cream

**CLEANS  
YOUR BREATH**



Your very first brushing with Colgate's each morning removes up to 85% of the bacteria that cause bad breath! Yes, scientific tests prove that Colgate Dental Cream stops bad breath instantly in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Every time you brush your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream, you can actually feel how smooth and clean they are.

**while it CLEANS  
YOUR TEETH**



Scientific tests over a 2-year period show a startling reduction in tooth decay for those who brushed their teeth with Colgate's right after eating! In fact, X-rays showed no new cavities whatever for almost 2 out of 3 people.

**GET THE FAMILY ECONOMY SIZE  
AND SAVE UP TO 1/10**



**stops TOOTH  
DECAY BEST**



**KEEPS CHILDREN'S TEETH HEALTHY**

Scientific tests showed that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stopped decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history. Your teeth are whiter—brighter—and you are assured of round-the-clock protection against decay-causing enzymes.

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM IS AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST — AMERICA'S LARGEST — THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING DENTAL CREAM

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 23, 1957

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# DRESS SENSE *By Betty Keep*

● The American-styled one-piece cotton illustrated below has been chosen in response to numbers of letters asking for a one-piece dress to wear during February and March.

HERE is a typical letter and my reply:

"AS a regular reader of your column, I am writing for a frock design to be made in cotton to see me over the next few months of hot weather. I lean towards American styles and would like a design that is cool, pretty, and not too hard to make. I will be needing a pattern in size 34in. bust. Hope to have an early reply."

Typical American designing is seen in the one-piece cotton dress, at right, with its moulded, short-sleeved bodice-top and "belled" skirt. The rick-rack braid trim is optional. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"NOT being one to follow fashion too closely, I am seeking your advice about a frock for a five-o'clock function. I want a style that will not 'go out of fashion' too quickly, as I will be wearing it for some time. I am in my early forties and have retained my figure."

My suggestion for your afternoon dress is that timeless favorite—the shirtwaist dress. After its success as a casual version, it is now emphasised in dressy fabrics such as chiffon, plain or printed silk, silk organdie, or brocade.

"DO you think it would be satisfactory to finish off the waistline of a narrow petticoat with elastic? The petticoat is to wear under a sheath frock."

Frankly, no! A petticoat to wear under a slender skirt should be smooth and neat, and this can be achieved only with a placket and carefully fitted waistline.

"I HAVE just made a black silk sleeveless sheath dress for late-day functions and for dinner and don't feel it is quite formal enough for such occasions. Would you please give me an idea to make it appear a little dressier?"



DS223.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material, and 25yds. rick-rack braid. Price 4/-. Pattern may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Your sheath dress could be softened and dressed up by the addition of an overskirt in black chantilly-type lace. Have the overskirt made slightly longer than the sheath.

"IS pink still being worn for summer frocks? If so, would you please tell me the newest shades?"

Pink is one of the leading colors for day wear, from pale shell and soft carnation to deep rose tones. The range

also includes peony, shocking-pink, and coral.

"MY problem, I am sure, is a very usual one. It is to have a basic frock that in some way can be varied to make it look a little different."

You need what is currently known in New York as the chameleon dress. Typical example: A slender one-piece fitted at the waistline with a self-material sash; the starting point is the side seams. The sash can become a bowed back panel, stole, or wrapped obi cummerbund.

## Beauty in brief:

### A LIFT FOR THE EYEBROWS

By CAROLYN EARLE

● If your eyebrows are non-existent (and sometimes women with blond and white hair find themselves with almost none at all), it is best to draw on eyebrows before powdering.

THE most delicate possible touch is needed to draw a natural-looking brow, and two pencils, a grey and a brown, are better than one.

Brush the eyebrow into a neat line and first with the grey pencil use short, feathery strokes to touch up each hair. Then with the brown one go very lightly over the ground again.

In this sort of make-up job every care should be taken to fill out the ends of the brows so that there is no sudden break in the color.

A film of powder over this will set and soften any look of artificiality. For a finishing touch, brush the brows lightly and, if need be, touch up a little again with the brown pencil.

Keep your brow pencils to a clean, sharp point. This is easily done with the gentle use of a pencil sharpener or a razor blade.

If the point gets greasy, dip it into some face powder and wipe with a tissue.

## Continuing . . . Something Fishy

[from page 9]

added to its chin a small imperial beard of the type worn by ambassadors.

"Stanhope thinks it's the best thing he has done," said Jane.

"Stanhope!"

"You say 'Stanhope' as if it revolted your lips to frame the word."

This was precisely how Lord Uffenham's lips had felt about it, but he lacked the nerve to say so. Jane, when the tigress that slept within her was roused, had a nasty way of telling him that something had gone wrong with the kitchen range and there would only be bread and cheese for dinner. Changing the subject tactfully, he said: "Hey! Did you go to that gallery place about my pictures?"

"I did, and saw Mr. Gish in person. He seemed intrigued. I'm going to ring them up this morning."

"That's right. Keep after the blighters. If I can sell those pictures I'll be able to live at Shipley again."

"And I'll be able to marry Stanhope."

"Ugh!"

"Did you say—Ugh?"

"Nothing of the kind. Wouldn't say 'Ugh' if yer paid me. But don't bother me now, my dear girl. I'm doing my crossword puzzle, and it's a corker this morning. Run and ask Keggs what the dickens 'Adventurer goes in for outrageous road speed' means."

"He's not here. I saw him drive off in his little car just now. Going in for outrageous road speed, probably," said Jane, and went about her domestic duties. And Lord Uffenham was returning to his crossword puzzle when, from the corner of his eye, he observed Stanhope Twine coming out of the back door of Peacehaven. He rose and sneaked to the privacy of his study.

It was in his study that Jane found him some minutes later. Her eye was stern.

"Uncle George," she said, "was it you who painted that moustache on Stanhope's statue?"

It was most fortunate that she should have worded her inquiry thus, for it enabled Lord Uffenham to deny the accusation with a clear conscience. What he had painted on Stanhope Twine's statue definitely was a beard.

"Certainly not," he said with a dignity which became him well. "Wouldn't dream of doing such a thing. Lord love a duck, yer'll be saying next—I don't know what yer'll be saying next," said Lord Uffenham.

"Did I tell you that the kitchen range has gone wrong again?" Jane said. "You'll have to lunch on sardines."

"Like blazes I'll lunch on any bally sardines. Yer know what I'm going to do? I'm going to take yer up to London, to Barribault's," said Lord Uffenham magnanimously. "We'll go on a regular bender."

He could have said nothing more calculated to soothe a fermenting niece. Jane did not often nowadays get a treat like lunch at Barribault's Hotel, that haunt of Texas millionaires and visiting maharajas. She kissed Lord Uffenham on the top of his bald head.

"That'll be wonderful. I'll have to get back fairly early, though, because I'm having tea with Dora Wimpole. We'll leave it that the outrage to the statue was the work of an international gang."

"Yess, always up to something, those international gangs. How's Twine? Is he ratty?"

"He's furious," said Jane, and was conscious of a slight discomfort as she remembered how shrill her betrothed had become on seeing his masterpiece defiled.

"I thought I heard him. Sounded like a pig being

killed. I will say for Stanhope Twine that whatever his other defects—and they are numerous—they pale into insignificance beside his revolting voice. How yer can stand the feller beats me."

"Is there any need to go into that again?"

"There is every need. Lord love a duck, when you get hitched up I want your old man to be someone I can drop in on and smoke a pipe with and generally nurse in my bosom. Like young Miller, who married yer sister Anne. And what happens? You come up with this marble-chipper!"

"I can't marry just to give you something to nurse in your bosom. Haven't you ever heard that love conquers all?"

"Love, my left foot. You aren't in love. You wouldn't have looked twice at a feller like Twine if you hadn't been cooped up in a London suburb with nobody else in sight."

"Nonsense," said Jane, and went to her room to select a frock that would do the family credit at Barribault's.

The party that Roscoe Bunyan had gone up to London to attend had been one of those parties that last till breakfast time, and the morning was well advanced when he bade goodbye to Elaine Dawn, to whom he had recently become affianced.

There was rather a lot of Roscoe Bunyan. He bulged freely in all directions, so that passers-by with an eye for beauty found that eye straying from him after a brief glance and turning to his companion.

Elaine Dawn unquestionably caught the eye. She played small parts on the stage, and nobody looking at her would have supposed her to be the daughter of a public-house proprietor who had once been a heavyweight boxer, fighting under the name of Battling Billson.

It often happens that fathers, incapable themselves of finishing in the first three in a seaside beauty contest, produce offspring who set the populace whistling, and this had occurred in the case of Elaine Dawn's parent, Wilberforce Billson. His child was a spectacular brunette.

"Yow," said Roscoe, yawning cavernously. "I'm off to grab some sleep. You'll get home all right?"

Elaine lived in the opposite direction to Shipley Hall. It would not have occurred to her loved one to drive her there.

"Take a cab or something," said Roscoe, and climbed into his car.

Shipley Hall was distant some thirty miles from London. Arriving there and passing up the stairs to his bedroom, Roscoe was intercepted by Skidmore, his butler.

"Excuse me, sir. A Mr. Keggs is here. He tells me that he at one time held the post of butler to your father, sir."

"Oh, him?" Out of the dead past there emerged slowly before Roscoe's mental eye a moonfaced figure with a limey accent and a spreading waistline. "All right, I'll see him in the smoking-room," he said, and presently Keggs entered, bearing the derby hat without which no butler, however ex- ever stirs abroad.

"Good morning, sir," he said. "I trust that you remember me, sir." He wheezed sentimentally for a moment. "It seems strange to be in this room once more, sir. After returning from America, I was for some time in the employment of Lord Uffenham at Shipley Hall. Revisiting it brings tears to my eyes."

"Get on," said Roscoe

curtly. He was not interested in Keggs' eyes. "What do you want?"

Keggs was silent for a space, seeming to be marshalling his thoughts. He looked at the derby hat and appeared to draw inspiration from it.

"Sir," he said, without preamble, "I am in a position to put you in the way of obtaining a million dollars."

It had frequently been said of Roscoe Bunyan by those who knew him that, though loaded down above the Plimsoll mark with money, he was always willing to walk ten miles in tight shoes to pick up a penny someone had dropped. He loved money as dearly as he loved food. Keggs' sensational words, accordingly, touched the deeps in him, and he stared dumbly.

"I must begin," proceeded Keggs in a professorial manner, "by explaining, as it is possibly not familiar to you, the meaning of the word 'tontine.' . . . And now," he concluded, having done so, "I will relate a brief story:

"In September of the year nineteen twenty-nine, your late father entertained to dinner at our Park Avenue residence a number of guests, well-known financiers like himself. At the end of the meal the conversation turned to what the company planned to do with all the money that was accruing daily at that time of frenzied speculation. And Mr. Mortimer Bayliss, who was with us that evening, suggested a tontine."

Here Keggs, whom the passage of years had left a little touched in the wind, broke off to take a breath. Having refuelled his lungs, he proceeded: "But a tontine differing from the one I have been describing. It was, in a word, that Mr. Bunyan's guests should each contribute fifty thousand dollars to a fund, the money to be placed in trust, and that the entire sum should be paid to whichever of the contributors' sons was the last to become married."

Roscoe's eyes were gleaming. His was not a very nimble mind, but he had grasped the idea. "Gosh!"

"Precisely, sir. In the course of the years, the field, if I may employ a sporting expression, has thinned out. The sole survivors, as one might phrase it, are now yourself and one other contestant, who is of straitened means and desirous of marrying."

"How do you know?"

"Through the good offices of the private-investigation bureau which I have been employing, sir."

"They told you this fellow wants to get married but can't afford to?"

"Precisely, sir. But no doubt if you offered him a measure of financial assistance he would take the plunge. Leaving you in possession of the million dollars, sir."

Roscoe plucked at his double chin. If there was one thing in the world he detested, it was giving people financial assistance. On the other hand, if there was one thing he loved, it was adding a million dollars to his bank account. As he sat weighing the pros and cons, Mr. Mortimer Bayliss, the art expert, sauntered in.

The years, which had dealt so lightly with Harold Keggs, had been rougher with Mortimer Bayliss, withering him till he now resembled something excavated from the tomb of one of the earlier Ptolemies. Seeing the visitor, he halted, raking him with his black-rimmed monocle.

"Keggs!" he cried. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"I came to see Mr. Bunyan on a matter of business, sir."

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# Film Fan-Fare

Conducted by  
M. J. McMAHON

## Mike Todd throws a party in Hollywood

★ Fabulous stage and film producer Mike Todd threw a big party in Hollywood for actress Elizabeth Taylor before she went into hospital recently.

Todd and the lovely Liz, her marriage to English actor Michael Wilding well and truly on the rocks, are currently the hottest heart-team in all show business.

It was quite a party for a guy who, momentarily at least, is said to be practically broke.

The champagne flowed like rain in the scuppers, caviare and rich foods loaded tables that were shaped like the relief map of the Himalayas, and the inhibitions melted like snow in the sun.

Needless to say, a good time was had by all.

The host and some of his guests, most of them well-known figures in show business, are photographed on this page.



HOST Mike Todd and film star Elizabeth Taylor, his fiancée, ruled like royalty over the festivities in the party he gave for her. Shortly afterwards Liz went into hospital for a spine operation, which has proved to be a long and painful affair.



STARLET Valerie Allen looks a bit shocked as that promising newcomer Tony Perkins licks the caviare off his plate. Young Perkins had come to the party straight from filming in a Western, which might account for his party manners.



A COUPLE OF HAMS. Blond Zsa Zsa Gabor and London hairstylist Raymond put on an act in which the latter attempts to wheedle Zsa Zsa into cutting her long fair hair. It will be noted that Raymond carefully brought his scissors to the party.



LEFT. Blond and beautiful Kim Novak, on the crest of the Hollywood wave these days, has her hand kissed with Continental ease by photographer Earl Leaf.

ABOVE. Barbara Nichols, another film hopeful, makes hay while the food lasts by forking some of the party left-overs into the eager mouth of her pet dog.

**Drama of  
outback:**

# DUST IN THE SUN



**STOCK CAMP AT JAY CREEK.** The searing atmosphere of the Australian bush at the height of the summer is fully captured in this picturesque shot. While station hands attend their stock (centre), two saddled horses shelter their heads under a tree on the left. Soon the mob will be ready for moving.



**ABOVE:** Henry Murdoch, an experienced film actor, plays Left Hand Spider, an aboriginal stockman, at Kootapatamba Station, in the north-west territory, where the drama of "Dust in the Sun" unfolds.

**RIGHT:** Pretty Jill Adams and a bush friend. Well known through her appearances in British films, Jill plays Julie Kirkbride, an English girl unhappily married to a local station-owner in the new film.



## Australian novel filmed in color

● Australian movie-makers Chips Rafferty and Lee Robinson, of Southern International, combine strong human drama with magnificent natural backgrounds in their new film, "Dust in the Sun."

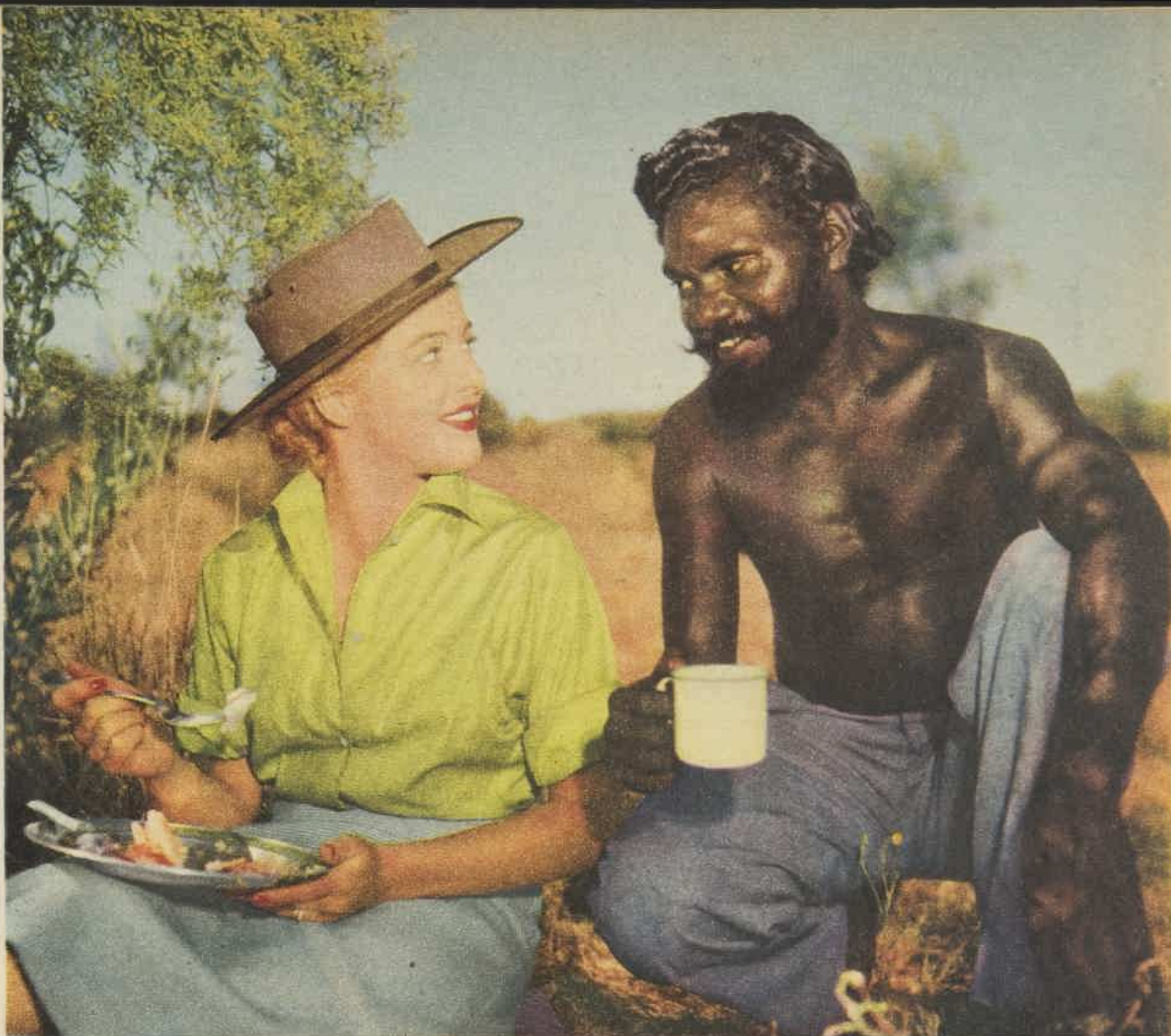
The picture, shot in color for the widescreen on locations around Alice Springs and the Kimberley Ranges, is based on the Jon Cleary novel "Justin Bayard."

The story tells how Justin Bayard, a policeman who hates the word duty, but does his job in a dedicated way, is involved in drama and romance at "Kootapatamba," a huge cattle station in the Territory.

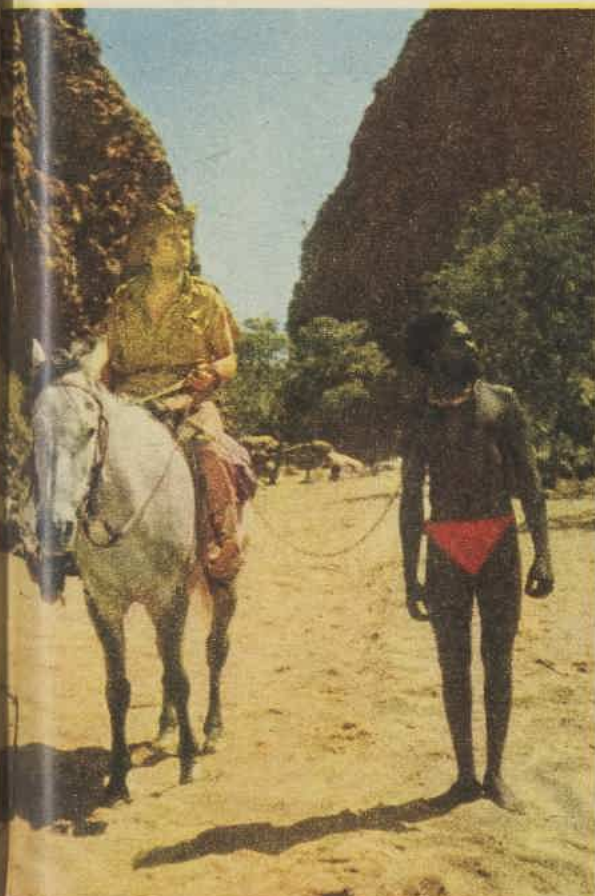
This role is enacted by Sydney radio actor Ken Wayne.

The main film conflict stems from Julie and Tab Kirkbride, the station owners (Jill Adams and Brian Forrest), and a small circle of white people who live on the property.

A team of aborigines add interest to the picture.



ALFRESCO luncheon with a tin plate and enamel mug for Jill Adams and Robert Tudawali on a location outside of Alice Springs during the shooting of "Dust in the Sun." Both players are involved in violence of different sorts in and around a remote cattle station which is owned by Jill's film husband, Brian Forrest.



ABOVE, Justin Bayard (Ken Wayne), the police constable from Fitzroy Crossing, and Emu Foot (Robert Tudawali), with Simpson's Gap in the background. RIGHT: Wanted for a tribal killing, Emu Foot saves Bayard's life by leading him to the station after they are attacked by tribesmen.





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## Garbo still an enigma

From LONDON and EUROPE

**VETERAN** Greta Garbo has been raising a riot because a public pathway runs between her villa at Cap d'Ail, in the South of France, and the ocean.

She has demanded a "no trespassers" sign, plus a good strong gate. So far, they say, Greta's not had much success, but she is a determined woman as well as a shy one and will probably get her way in the end.

**ANN TODD** is still in the wars. Having recovered spectacularly from a run of serious illnesses, she turned up this week at the London premiere of "Giant" hobbling on a slippered foot with the aid of a walking-stick. She had injured her ankle, slipping on the stairs at home. Her radiant smile dimmed somewhat when a fan yelled, "Hullo, Anna Neagle!"

**PETER USTINOV** is another British casualty. He has been bedbound since before Christmas with a complicated disc lesion, obliging him to wear a corset. Said Peter, "I picked up an advertisement for the same corset in the paper this morning. It said, 'Suddenly it's enchantingly you.' But I feel about as comfortable as Eric von Stroheim looked."

To fill in his time in bed Ustinov is growing yet another beard and writing yet another play.

**THERE** is nothing like having realism in your pictures: Columbia Pictures, busy making "The Bridge Over the River Kwai," announces that many of the Australian prisoners of war featuring in the film's story—all about the building of a gigantic bridge on a Siamese River—will be played by "fair-skinned Asiatics."

**THE** screen's Tarzan is now running amok. Not only has he broken out in color and widescreen for the first time but he's in Britain, of all

places, making the latest of his screen adventures.

Gordon Scott has been filming in a British studio. No, he's not been leaping from chestnut to oak but completing interior shots for "Tarzan and the Lost Safari," partly filmed in Africa.

And in this version the amiably ugly Robert Beatty, veteran of nice-fellow roles, will be the villain, a renegade white hunter, with Betta St. John and Yolande Donlan as ladies in peril.

**DANA ANDREWS** has just emerged from a very unpleasant kind of trouble. In the British studios where he is making "The Haunted" for Columbia he backed away when introduced to a snarling cheetah he had to fight with. "It's O.K.," the trainer soothed him. "He only gets angry when he is feeding." The scene was shot in a flurry of fur and awful yells.

Dana emerged bruised, scratched, his suit in shreds, bleeding here and there, and gasped, "I thought you said he only got angry when he is feeding?" The trainer looked him over, noted bits missing. "That's right," he said.

**HOLLYWOOD'S** richest working star is undoubtedly Cary Grant. For the past 15 years his salary has been between £125,000 and £200,000 a picture. Grant will get a neat 10% from the first "Pride and the Passion" gross under his contract with Stanley Kramer. He is still raking in 10% of the "To Catch a Thief" grosses.

**THE** Greeks have a new goddess—Sophia Loren. Currently she is in Athens, and with that proud prow and splendid smile is doing more to patch up the old sore feeling between Italy and Greece than any ambassador. Sophia, who is making "Boy on a



**FIRST LADIES OF THE THEATRE.** Katharine Hepburn (at left) in a most mellow mood shares a joke with Shirley Booth (of "Come Back Little Sheba") on the set of "The Rainmaker" in Hollywood. They're both in the film cast.

Dolphin" amid ruins of ancient Greece, has her most serious role to date under the earnest direction of Jean Negulesco.

It is her second big Holly-

wood film and follows straight on "The Pride and the Passion," made in Spain, and she says the studio gives her more chance to show her acting talent than her vital statistics.

## Talking of Films

★★ These Wilder Years

**YOU'VE** certainly got to hand it to those two seasoned campaigners, James Cagney and Barbara Stanwyck, for handling with warmth and conviction a film that could easily have verged on the maudlin.

In "These Wilder Years," an unashamed sobby little piece requiring a handy handkerchief, their teamwork quite saves the day.

The screenplay, which puts the case for foster parentage fairly and squarely, also benefits from some spare dialogue and careful direction.

"These Wilder Years" centres on a lonely and ageing tycoon (Cagney) who returns to his home town to search for the illegitimate son whom he deserted 20 years earlier.

The quest brings him into strong conflict with Barbara Stanwyck at the home where his son was born and later put out for adoption.

The outcome of their meeting is, of course, almost a foregone conclusion from the start, but their clashes are put across with some telling touches, all the same.

The two young people in the cast are Betty Lou Keim, a plump-faced and talented teenager, and Don Dobbins, who appeared with Cagney not so long ago in "Tribute to a Bad Man."

★ Gun for a Coward

**TELLING** of the exploits of three cowpuncher brothers of America's early West, Universal's "Gun for a

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars—below average

Coward" is just different enough to tease at first.

But it's not long before the picture dwindles off into an earnest and rather tame clash of personalities, punctuated with routine action and fireworks.

Filmed in color for the wide-screen, "Gun For a Coward" stars veteran Fred MacMurray as an elderly, tight-lipped rancher who is determined to wrest a living from the rugged range and to marry the pretty gal from a nearby spread (Janice Rule), who has been promised to him for years past.

MacMurray succeeds in the first aim, but fails in the other, for womanlike Janice has taken a shine to brother number two (Jeffrey Hunter), a mixed-up young man who is tied to his mother's apron-strings and has a lively dislike for such things as gunplay, fighting, and rattlesnakes.

However, with Jeffrey it's more a matter of giving a dog a bad name than real cowardice and eventually he is able to win his spurs and the girl as well.

One-time child star Dean Stockwell, now a teenage stripling, is the flash, rip-roaring kid brother of the family.

This youngster's one unintentional virtue, perhaps, is a fleeting but striking resemblance to the late James Dean.



**CUTE** as can be and growing fast are the Bogart children, Stephen, who is seven, and five-year-old Leslie. With them is their mother, actress Lauren (Bacall) Bogart. The picture was taken at their home. Cokes and comics are the order.

# Adventure in Mexico



★ Stars Robert Mitchum, Ursula Thiess, Gilbert Roland, and Zachary Scott are the four central characters in "Bandido" (United Artists), an action-filled adventure which is set in colorful Mexico.

The picture, photographed in color CinemaScope, takes as its theme the words of Richard Harding Davis, "The spirit of adventure which burns within all mankind has its square root in that most fabulous and free of all human beings, the soldier of fortune."

In the film Richard Wilson (Mitchum) is the soldier of fortune. Wilson mixes in a rebellion south of the border and finds action and unexpected romance.

**1** REBEL LEADER Jose Escobar (Gilbert Roland), right, and his men raid an inn in a small Mexican town and persuade Richard Wilson (Robert Mitchum), left, to fight with them. He helps defeat some "Regulares" with his hand-grenades, and thereby earns Jose's respect.



**2** A PLAN put forward by Wilson to get badly needed rifles from crooked gun-runner Kennedy (Zachary Scott), at back, is accepted by Escobar after a crushing rebel defeat. Wilson is interested in lovely Lisa Kennedy (Ursula Thiess) as much as in the arms deal.



**4** THE TWO MEN also escape when Wilson finds out from Kennedy that the arms are hidden on two barges in a nearby harbor and blows open the gaol with a hidden grenade. Kennedy is wounded in the escape, but they manage to find a place to hide until the rebel search subsides.



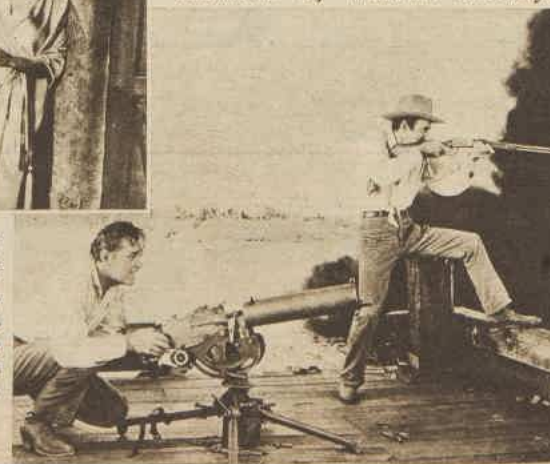
**6** ABOVE. Lisa and Wilson are now reunited. Wilson has no doubts about Lisa's love. They arrange to meet again up north after Wilson delivers arms to the rebels. **7** RIGHT. Attempting to seize the rifles, Wilson and Escobar stand off an attack by "Regulares." They succeed just as rebel forces arrive. Then Wilson leaves to meet Lisa.



**3** GAOL sentence is imposed on Kennedy and Wilson by Escobar, and Lisa is put under sentence of death when it seems that all three have double-crossed him over the deal. Wilson helps her escape.



**5** SUDDEN ARRIVAL of Escobar saves Wilson's life. Kennedy tries to kill Wilson, but instead is shot by Escobar, who is now thoroughly convinced of Wilson's sincerity.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 23, 1957

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DIETERS! Have you a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly Low Calorie Cookbook, on sale at all newsagents, price 1/6. It contains lots of non-fattening recipes, complete calorie chart.

Page 43

*Little Kerry and Gai Sourdin of Mosman, love to visit Grandma — especially in their Rinso-bright dresses, just like Mummy's.*



## Everything in the wash as bright as Sydney Harbour with RINSO's Richer, Softer Suds

A LOVELY DAY — and everyone at the Sourdin house up with the birds! For today is mother's washing day and after that a visit to Grandma, who lives on the other side of the harbour. When young Mrs. Sourdin finished hanging out two big baskets of clothes, she proudly dressed her two darlings in their pretty cool cottons.

### Brighter than Brand-new

Just like all the gay coloureds she leaves fluttering on the line at home, those sunshiny-yellow dresses are washed regularly in Rinso. "I have never used anything but Rinso in the washing machine since the day I was married," Mrs. Sourdin says. "You can see the dazzling effect those suds give, even

while the wash is still on the line."

Many proud mothers — seven out of every ten housewives in Australia, in fact — seem to share Mrs. Sourdin's enthusiasm for Rinso. They know that those richer, softer suds do a better washing job all through.

### Rich, soft suds are safe

It means so much to women who have a lot of washing — and washing-up — to know that you can safely put hands into creamy Rinso suds without spoiling their prettiness. Why not try Rinso? For your hands' sake?



Rinso is the only product recommended by the makers of all leading washing machines



# Heirloom cloth in hand-made crochet

● The crocheted filet tablecloth shown below will be treasured for many years.

**Y**OU can make it by following the easy directions. It would look equally effective in ecru, white, or a pastel shade.

**Materials:** 34 balls (20 gram) Coats' Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20; Milward's steel crochet hook No. 3 (slack workers could use a No. 3½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½).

**Tension:** 5 sps. and 5 rows to 1 inch.

**Measurement:** 72in. in diameter.

**Abbreviations:** Sp.—space = 2 ch., miss 2 ch. or tr., 1 tr.

into next ch. or tr.; blk.—block = 4 tr., plus 3 tr. for each additional blk. in group.

Starting at lower edge of diagram, make a chain 8in. long.

**1st Row:** 1 tr. into 8th ch. from hook (sp. made), \* 2 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into next ch.; rep. from \* 23 times more. Cut off rem. ch., 25 ch., turn.

**2nd Row:** 1 tr. into 8th ch. from hook, (2 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into next ch.) 5 times, 2 ch., 1 tr. into next tr. (7 sps. inc.), 2 ch., 1 tr. into next tr. (sp. made over sp.), 2 tr. into next sp., 1 tr. into next tr. (blk. made over sp.), 22 blks., 1 sp., 5 ch., 1 tr. at base of last tr. (1 sp. inc.), (5 ch., turn, 1 tr. into centre st. of 5 ch. sp.) 6 times (7 sps. inc.), turn.

**3rd Row:** 1 sl-st. into each of next 3 ch., 19 ch., work 5 sps. over this ch., 1 sp. over next sp., 7 blks., 1 tr. into each of next 3 tr. (blk. over blk.), 29 blks., sp. over next sp., inc. 5 sps. as before, turn.

**4th Row:** 1 sl-st. into each of next 3 ch., 16 ch. and work 4 sps. over this ch., sp. over sp., 47 blks., 1 sp., inc. 4 sps. as before, 13 ch., turn.

**5th Row:** Work 3 sps. over this ch., 1 sp., 20 blks., 2 ch., miss 2 tr., 1 tr. into next tr. (sp. made over blk.), 13 blks., 1 sp., 20 blks., 1 sp., inc. 3 sps. as before, turn.

Starting with 6th row, follow diagram until 30 rows are completed, 5 ch. to turn at end of 30th row and follow diagram to top. Diagram shows only one-quarter of design. When top is reached, omit the top row and work back to beg. again, making dec. where inc. were previously made. (To dec., sl-st. along top of sps.)

Work a row of d.c. closely all round edges, keeping work flat. Join and fasten off. Press.

ABOVE: Diagram for the tablecloth is a guide to follow. This section represents one-quarter of the cloth.

RIGHT: The beautiful cloth measures 72in. in diameter and looks wonderful as a background for gleaming silver, china, and glassware at dinner-parties and formal luncheons. The cloth takes 34 balls of cotton. Choose ecru, white, or a pastel.



## WELL?

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Get Eno today, in hygienic glass bottles, for lasting freshness. At all chemists and stores.

**SPARK UP WITH SPARKLING ENO**

E.A.U. 3/56

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"Oh? Then I'll leave you."  
 "No!" said Roscoe. "You're just the man I want. Is it true what Keggs has been telling me?"

"Mr. Bunyan is alluding to my account of what occurred at his father's dinner-table on the night of September 10, 1929, Mr. Bayliss. Your suggestion of what I might term the matrimonial tontine."

Mortimer Bayliss stared incredulously. "You know about that? For heaven's sake! Where were you? Hiding under the table?"

"No, sir, I was not present, except in spirit. But I had made a daily practice, from the very early beginnings of the bull market, of concealing a recording machine behind the portrait of George Washington over the mantelpiece in the dining-room. I thought it might prove helpful."

"You mean you got a recording of every word spoken at those dinners of J. J.'s? You must have collected some pretty good market tips."

"I did, sir. But none more profitable than yours, of selling my holdings and investing my money in government bonds. I look upon you as the founder of my fortunes, Mr. Bayliss."

Roscoe, who had been listening with mounting impatience to these amiable exchanges, broke in on them petulantly. "Never mind all that. Is it true about this tontine thing?"

"Quite true," said Mortimer Bayliss.

"And there's really a million in it?"

"About that. Half a million was the original sum put up. One of the eleven changed his mind in the calmer atmosphere of the morning after, so there were ten starters at fifty thousand a head. It should be a million by now."

"Keggs says there are only two of us left in now, myself and another fellow, and he's engaged and can't afford to get married. But if I were to slip him something—"

"I follow your train of thought. You could push him over the edge, as it were. Well, you two seem to have turned what was supposed to be a nice, clean sporting contest into a thoroughly low-down rump. And what is Keggs' position? I take it that he expects a return of some sort for this information?"

Roscoe nodded moodily. It had occurred to him that it might be difficult to avoid tipping Keggs some little something.

Keggs coughed. "I was thinking of a hundred thousand dollars, sir."

"What!" It was Roscoe who said this, quivering the while like a harpooned whale. "Why, you—"

"Please, sir," said Keggs.

"Yes, this is a business conference, Roscoe," said Mortimer Bayliss. "We shall get nowhere if you let your angry passions rise. Pardon him, Keggs. Rich man's son. Badly brought up."

"I quite understand, sir, and

can make allowances. Even as a boy Mr. Roscoe was always of an arrogant disposition. It used to cause comment in the servants' hall."

"The staff didn't like him?"

"No, sir."

"Nor do I. In fact, I will take this opportunity of informing you, Roscoe, that you are as mean-souled a young wart hog as ever broke bread. Please!" said Mortimer Bayliss, holding up a hand. "We mustn't have these continual interruptions. A hundred thousand, Keggs? Cash down?"

"Oh, no, sir. What I had in mind was five thousand pounds in advance and the remainder when the proceeds of the tontine are in Mr. Bunyan's possession."

"Extremely reasonable," said Mortimer Bayliss. "I'd have held out for halves. Surely even you, Roscoe, can see he's got you in a cleft stick. Unless financially assisted, this other fellow may not get married for years and years, and you can't assist him financially if you don't know who he is."

Keggs nodded approvingly. The point was well taken.

"Precisely, sir. In the hope that Mr. Bunyan would think well of my proposition, I prepared a form of agreement. If you would care to see it—"

Mortimer Bayliss took the document, and screwed his monocle more firmly into his eye. "Is this a professional job?"

"No, sir, I did it myself with the assistance of 'Every Man His Own Lawyer'."

"Well, it's an excellent bit of work. But I see a difficulty. If you tell him the name before he signs, he'll double-cross you and give you nothing, and until you tell him he won't sign."

"If I might be permitted to suggest a solution, sir. The name is one familiar to you, and you will recognise its authenticity. If I were to whisper it to you—"

"Excellent idea. Solves everything. Go ahead, Keggs. Whisper and I shall hear—Really?" said Mortimer Bayliss. "Well! The name Keggs has just hissed, Roscoe, is unquestionably that of one of those present at that dinner. I would advise signing."

Roscoe was still quivering. "But a hundred thousand dollars! And how am I to give this man financial assistance, as you call it? You can't walk up to someone you don't know and hand him money."

"I didn't think of that. Any suggestions, Keggs?"

"It could be very simply arranged, sir. Mr. Bunyan is the owner of the Bunyan picture collection. The other young gentleman is in the art business. It would be perfectly plausible for Mr. Bunyan to offer him the post of assistant to yourself at a large salary, possibly with the proviso that he would prefer to employ a married man. He might go so far as to hint to the young gentleman that it would not be long before he succeeded to your place as curator, you being past your prime!"

"Here!"

"Merely a ruse, sir," said Mortimer Bayliss. "I call it blasphemy. Well, I get the idea, but it seems tough on the poor fish. He'll give up his job and get married, and then Roscoe—if I know him—will immediately fire him."

"Obviously there would have to be a written agreement guaranteeing employment for a number of years. Otherwise the young gentleman would not have the feeling of security necessary if he is to assume the responsibilities of matrimony."

"You think of everything, don't you, Keggs?"

## Continuing . . . Something Fishy

from page 38

"I endeavor to do so, sir," Mortimer Bayliss waved a hand with the spacious gesture of a man who is disposing of somebody else's money. "No good wasting any more time, Roscoe," he said. "Sign."

A deep sigh shook Roscoe Bunyan from head to foot, but he did as directed. Keggs took the paper. "And now if I might have your cheque, sir. Thank you, sir," he said. "The name is Hollister, sir."

"Son of the late Joe Hollister, one of the few men in America able to put up with me," said Mortimer Bayliss. "Bill, if I remember rightly, was his name. Very nice boy, if it is possible for a boy to be nice. What's he doing now, Keggs?"

"He holds the post of assistant at the establishment known as the Gish Galleries, sir." And

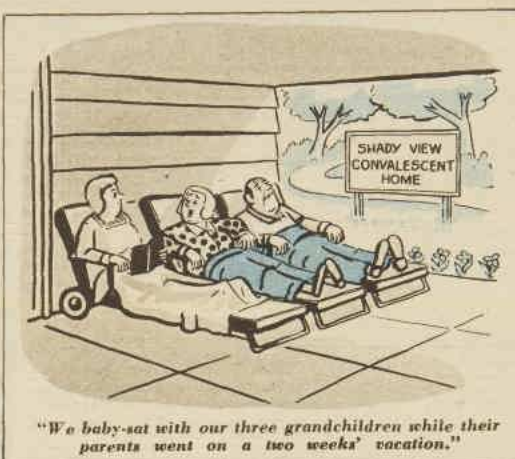
journey's end, was nearing eleven thirty.

Nevertheless, though he knew that behind those portals Mr. Leonard Gish was crouching to spring, his spirits were high.

Keggs had been correct in describing Bill Hollister as of straitened means, for his salary was far from being all he could have wished it to be; but in saying that he was desirous of marrying, Keggs had fallen into a pardonable error.

In one of those moments of sheer madness, which people are always having on radio and in television, Bill Hollister had, it is true, proposed to and been accepted by a Miss Ruth Murphrey, a severe young lady, who studied the violin, and for a month or so they had been uneasily betrothed. But this morning on his breakfast table he had found a letter from her severing their relationship.

It has been well said—by Lord Uffenham among others



with that Keggs bade them both a polite good-bye.

"You know," said Mortimer Bayliss after Keggs had gone, "there's one thing about this business that you may have overlooked, Roscoe. How about your own wedding? You haven't forgotten that you are betrothed?"

"Oh, that? I'll break it off."

Mortimer Bayliss threw his head back and the room rang with cackling laughter. "The last of the romantics! What a rare soul you are, Roscoe. But what about breach-of-promise actions? I suppose you've written her letters mentioning marriage?"

"One or two."

"Then you'd better start worrying."

"No need to worry. It's all right. I know an excellent man called Pilbeam, who runs the Argus Inquiry Agency. He'll get those letters back for me. I gave him the same sort of job about a year ago, and he did it without a hitch. Of course, I won't break off the engagement till I've got them."

"Bliss you, Galahad," said Mortimer Bayliss. "What nonsense people talk about the age of chivalry being dead."

If you are a connoisseur with money to spend and no objection to being skinned to the bone for the art treasures you buy, you are almost certainly familiar with the pirates' den known as the Gish Galleries. It occupies the ground floor of a building half-way up Bond Street and opens for business bright and early, not wanting to waste a minute.

An assistant who works there (cutaway coat and striped trousers) is at his post by nine sharp. Unless, as Bill Hollister had done today, he over-sleeps as the result of spending most of the night at a party. The hour, when Bill reached

—that there is no ecstasy so profound as that which comes to a young man who is unexpectedly given his freedom by a fiancée for whom he has never much cared, and it was Bill Hollister's considered opinion that God was in his heaven and all right with the world.

He beamed cordially on the young woman who sat in the outer office of the galleries and gave her a ringing greeting. "Good morning, Elphinstone! Good morning, good morning!"

In Miss Elphinstone's gaze there was a touch of rebuke.

"Ho!" she said.

"Ho to you," responded Bill civilly.

He was a young man of impressive physique, who looked less like an assistant in an art gallery than a contender for the middleweight championship. And though he had got to bed only as London's clocks were striking five, his eye was not dimmed nor his natural exuberance abated.

"Elphinstone," he said, "you see me today sitting on top of the world. And what a beautiful world it is!"

"It won't be when you see Mr. Gish."

"Been asking for me, has he, that fine old man? Then I ought, I suppose, to seek him out with no further delay."

In the main gallery Mr. Gish, small, dark, and irascible, was standing before the statuette of a nude lady who appeared to be playing the lute.

"What do you mean by coming here at twelve o'clock?" he said when Bill Hollister walked in.

"A little late, you feel? Yes, possibly you're right. I was at a party last night and got home with the milk."

As so often happened when he found himself in his young assistant's society, two conflicting emotions were warring within Mr. Gish—one an imperious urge to fire him on the spot, the other an uneasy feel-

ing that to do so would be to label himself an ingrate.

In the boom days of September, 1929, Bill's father—who had had more money than he knew what to do with, though he had lost it all in October—had provided Mr. Gish with the capital to start this business of his, and a conscientious man cannot lightly ignore such an obligation. He compromised by calling Bill a number of injurious names, at which the young man shook his head.

"This," he said, "is not the true Leonard Gish speaking. But we mustn't stand here kidding back and forth. To work, to work! What can I do for you today, chief? Anything cooking?"

"Yes, there is. There was a girl in here the other day—she came from her uncle, Lord Uffenham. He has some family pictures he wants me to sell for him. Go and look at them. They are down at his place in the country, Shipley Hall, near Tonbridge."

"No, there, with deep respect, me lud, you're wrong. Shipley Hall is the rural seat of Roscoe Bunyan. He was at the party last night, by the way, looking fatter than ever."

"Lord Uffenham has let Shipley Hall to him."

"Oh, I see."

"You will find Mortimer Bayliss there. Get his opinion of these pictures."

"I will, Mortimer Bayliss! How that name brings back my vanished youth. He used to come and play chess with my father, when I was a boy, and curse me for peering over his shoulder. A testy character."

"I'm not asking you to kiss him. I'm asking you to get his opinion of Lord Uffenham's pictures. There isn't a better judge in the world."

"A beautiful world, too, is it not?"

But Mr. Gish, never able to stay in one place for long, particularly if it involved conversing with his affable assistant, had vanished, and Bill was left to savor alone the happiness which Miss Murphrey's correspondence had brought to him.

He savored it for perhaps twenty minutes; then, looking at his watch, saw that it was time to be thinking of lunch. And a good lunch, too, not his customary bread and cheese and beer, but something special that would be worthy of the occasion. He decided to go to Barribault's. Mr. Gish, as the result of selling a Matisse to a visitor from Texas at twice its proper value, had once taken him there to celebrate, and the cooking had always remained green in his memory.

In the outer office Miss Elphinstone was at the telephone.

"Oh, just a minute," she said, as she saw Bill. She turned with a hand over the mouthpiece. "It's a Miss Benedict asking about some pictures belonging to someone called Boffenham."

"Uffenham, child, Uffenham. Yes, I've been briefed about those. I'll talk to her—Hello? Miss Benedict?"

"Oh, good morning. I'm speaking for my uncle, Lord Uffenham," said a voice, and Bill nearly dropped the receiver.

For the voice was a voice in a million, a voice that cast a spell and wooed the ear to listen, a wonderful, magical voice that stole into a man's heart and stirred the deeps in him. He felt as if he had got in touch with an angel.

"Was—was it about those pictures of Lord Uffenham's down at Shipley Hall?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You called here about them the other day."

"Yes."

Bill wished that she would

To page 48

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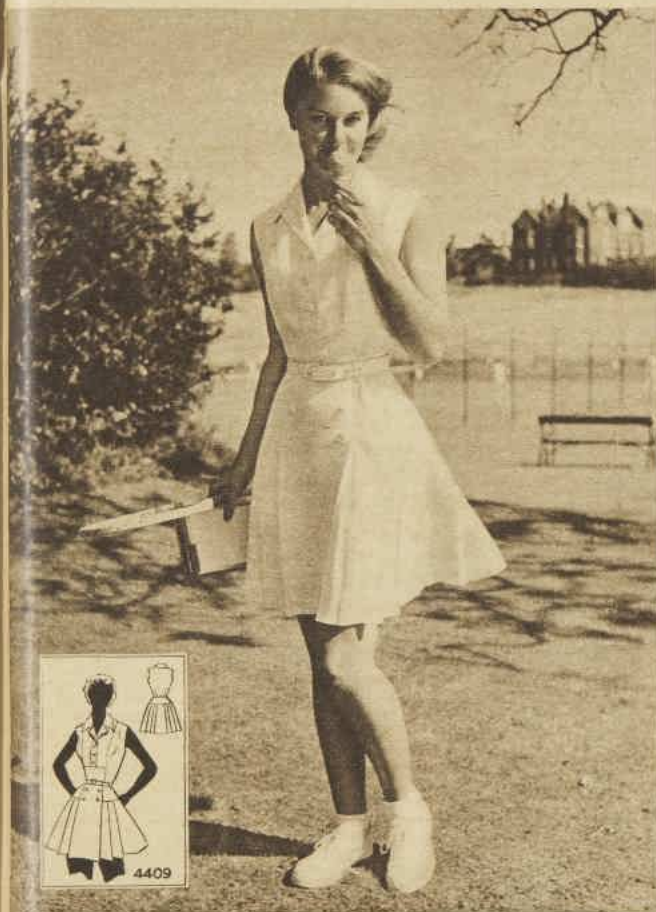
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# Ideas in tennis fashions to make from a pattern

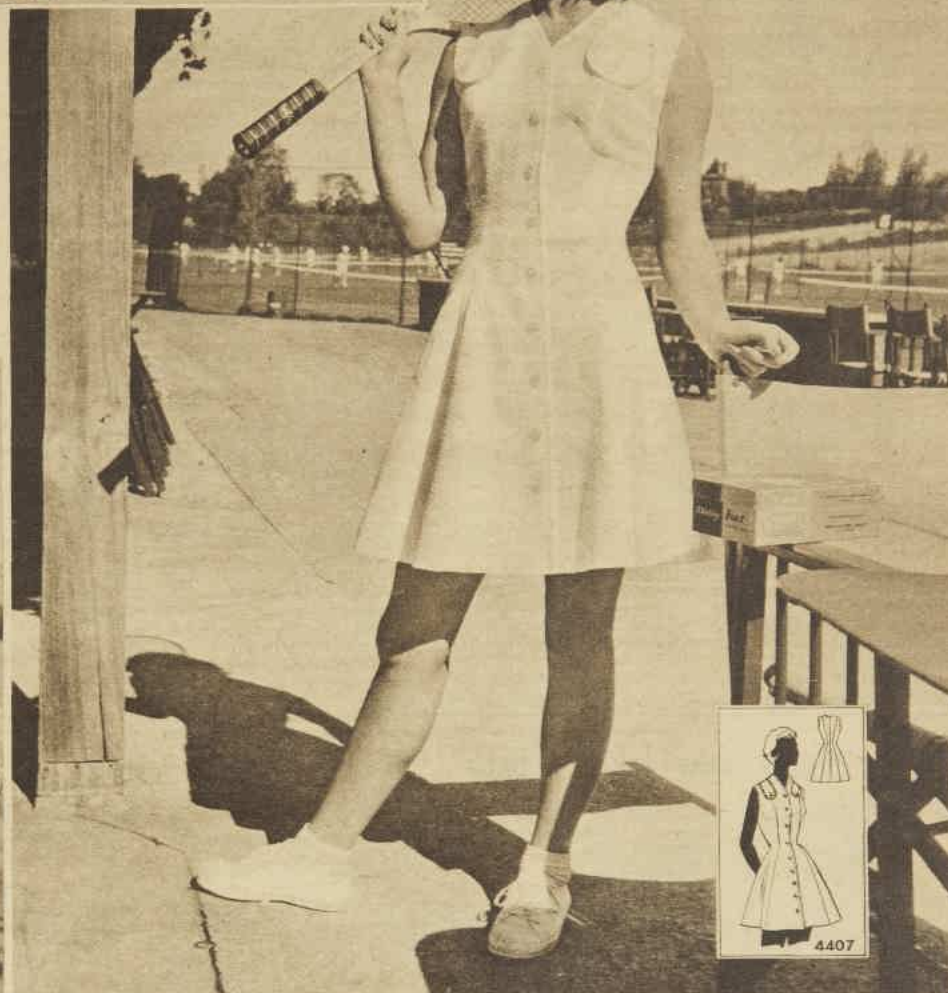
● Paper patterns for the five designs illustrated here — all expertly tailored for active sport — are obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Address pattern orders to "Fashion Patterns," Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian and New Zealand orders to the same address. Please quote pattern number.



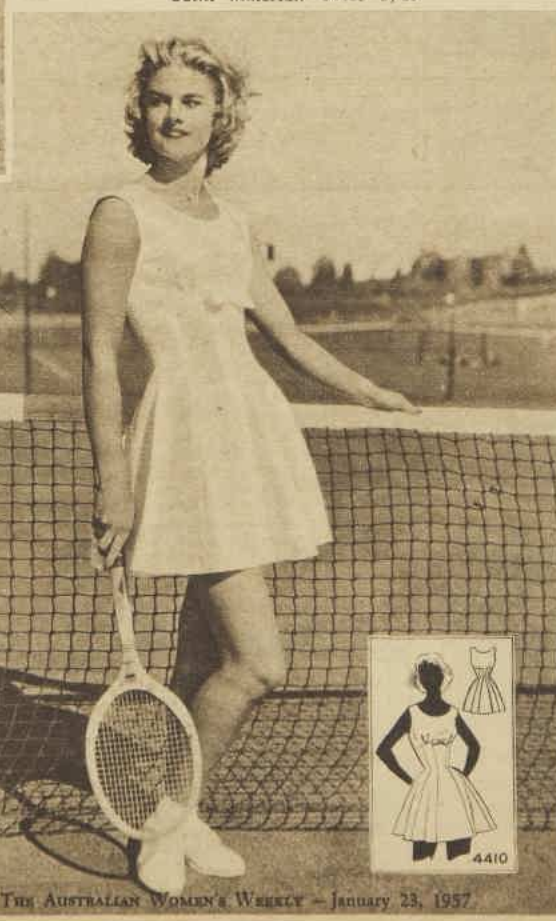
4409. — Shirt-waist bodice-top, a hip yoke, and pleated skirt are combined in the dress above. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

4411. — Perfectly tailored blouse and separate shorts (left). Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Blouse, 2yds. 36 in. material; shorts, 1½yds. 36 in. material. Price 3/6.

4410. — Empire-line dress (right) features sleeveless bodice-top, oval neckline, and flared skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.



4407. — Easy tailored lines for the one-piece dress (above). The design is sleeveless and front-buttoned from a collarless V-shaped neckline to the hem. Unusual self-tabs trim the shoulder-line. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.



4408. — Smart side-buttoning is featured in the one-piece dress above. The bodice is sleeveless and finished with an oval neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

not confine herself to monosyllables. He wanted long, lovely sentences. "I'm going to Shipley Hall this afternoon to look at them," he said.

"Oh, good. Who are you?" "Mr. Gish's assistant."

"I see. Well, thank you ever so much." Bill replaced the receiver dazedly. He was feeling as if he had passed through some great emotional experience, as indeed he had. What a voice, he was saying to himself, what a miraculous voice. Giving Miss Elphinstone a distraught pat on the head, he went out into Bond Street.

Barribault's did not fail Bill. It saw that here was a customer for whom it must do its best, and it did it. When an hour later he rose to leave, his conviction that this was a beautiful world had, if anything, deepened, and it was with a benevolent and appreciative eye that he surveyed the restaurant's clientele as he passed down the aisle on his way out.

There was a small fair-haired girl sitting by herself at one of the tables who struck him as rather pretty, and he had just given her that quick, sidelong glance which red-blooded young men give rather pretty girls, when she spoke.

"Will you ask the headwaiter to come here, please?" she said, addressing a waiter, and Bill, having started as if the management at Barribault's had thrust a skewer into him, became rigid.

In the actual line "Will you ask the headwaiter to come

here, please?" there is nothing, of course, calculated to stun the senses. What had congealed Bill in his tracks was not the words themselves but the voice that had spoken them. With eyes protruding like a snail's he stared at this small, fair-haired girl and noted that her charms had become enhanced by a warm blush.

Nor was this unnatural. Many girls, even in these lax days, find themselves blushing a little when human snails halt beside their table in a restaurant and stand goggling at them. Freezing this intrusive stranger with a look, Jane then averted her gaze.

"Miss Benedick?" Jane turned, bathed in confusion. It is always a nightmare experience to freeze a stranger with a look and then to discover that he is an old acquaintance one has forgotten.

"We were talking on the telephone this morning. About Lord Uffeham's pictures."

A wave of relief swept over Jane.

"Of course!" she said. "You're at the Gish Galleries. Won't you sit down?"

Bill sat down. He was wondering how he could ever have labelled this girl as "rather" pretty.

"But how did you know who I was?"

"I recognised your voice. It is a lovely, unique voice, in a class of its own and once heard never forgotten, limpid as a babbling brook and with all the music of the spheres in it. When

you asked that waiter to send the headwaiter, along, it sounded like silver bells tinkling across the foam of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. Not my own—Keats."

Jane found herself a little taken aback. Many young men in their time had said things to her, but none with the almost ecstatic fervor of this one. A well-bred young man, too. Keats and everything.

"Well, that's good, isn't it?" she said.

"Couldn't be better," said Bill.

She had begun to feel somewhat disquieted. Usually adept at keeping young men at a safe distance, she was wondering if her technique would serve with this one. To cover her embarrassment, she said: "That headwaiter seems a long time coming."

"Why do you want to see him? Wasn't your lunch all right?"

"It was fine, but a technical difficulty has arisen. I can't pay for it. I'm supposed to be lunching with my uncle. The arrangement was that he would look in at his club and meet me here at one. When he hadn't turned up by half-past, I couldn't hold out any longer. I know just what has happened. He has got talking with the boys, as he calls them, and forgotten all about me."

"And here you are, penniless?"

"Well, certainly two-pounds-five-less. I rather let myself go."

"Quite rightly. One's only young once, I say. Well, I can manage that."

"But you can't pay for my lunch."

"Who's going to stop me?" "Not I—I'm limp with gratitude. You've saved my life."

"Just the Gish Galleries' service."

The magnificent form of the headwaiter materialised at their side. Bill gave him a lordly look.

"Laddition," he said haughtily.

"Yes, sir," said the headwaiter.

Jane drew a reverent breath. "Just like that! And in French withal. Do you speak it fluently?"

"Very, what I know of it. Which is just that word 'Laddition.' And, of course, 'Oo la la.'"

"Where did you study?"

"In Paris, when I was learning to paint."

"Oh, you're an artist?"

"No longer. My soul now belongs to the Gish Galleries."

"What a shame. But why did you stop being an artist?"

"I had to eat. And thanks to Pop Gish this can be arranged. On a modest scale, of course, nothing elaborate. I was rather up against it when I met him. I was in London late in the war as a GI and got very fond of it, and after I had gone home and saved a bit of money I came back on a sort of sentimental pilgrimage."

"And your money gave out?"

"Yes, considerably sooner than I had expected. And then I ran into Gish, who was an old friend of my father, and he offered me sanctuary in his thieves' kitchen."

## Continuing . . . Something Fishy

[from page 46]

"But you'd rather be painting?"

"If I had money, I'd do nothing else. But there it is: I haven't money. At least, only enough," said Bill, as the waiter appeared with the check, "for laddition. There. Oo la la. The shadow has passed."

"I don't know how to thank you. What do you think would have happened to me if you hadn't come along?"

"It's difficult to say. I don't know how they handle these things in a place like Barribault's. My only experience of a similar nature has been with a rather more rugged establishment, many years ago when I was a boy. I boyishly slipped the bad news to the management after a hearty meal of hot dogs and ice-cream that I was unable to meet my financial obligations, and a fellow in shirt sleeves of about the build of Rocky Marciano grabbed me by the scruff of my neck, kicked me fourteen times, and set me to washing dishes."

"How awful!"

"But educative. I came out of that kitchen a graver, deeper boy."

"Where was this?"

"At a joint called Archie's Diner—Good Eats, over in America, not far from a place called Meadowhampton."

"How extraordinary! I know Meadowhampton."

"You do? I wouldn't have thought anybody outside America had ever heard of it. When were you there?"

"Ages ago. I was sent there at the beginning of the war. And now Meadowhampton has pursued me to England."

"Would you call it pursuing?"

"Oh, I don't mean you. Someone from there has taken Shipley."

"Roscoe Bunyan."

"That's right. So you know him? What a pity. I wanted to say all sorts of unpleasant things about him. But if he's a friend of yours—"

"I wouldn't say exactly a friend. We belong to the same club and exchange a word or two occasionally, but we are not social equals. He's rich. I'm just one of the dregs. He isn't such a bad fellow, though. I don't dislike him—though I did as a boy, I remember."

"He was a loathsome boy?"

"He was, wasn't he? I nearly beat him up once."

"How wonderful. Why? Did he steal your all-day sucker?"

"We differed on a point of policy. There was a wretched little rat of a girl spending the summer at Meadowhampton, and Roscoe thought the thing was to hold her underwater in the swimming-pool till her eyes popped. I took a conflicting view, and said—speaking sternly—that if he ever did it again—"

Barribault's restaurant is solidly built, but to Jane it seemed that it had suddenly begun to float about her.

"It can't be!" she cried. "I don't believe it. It isn't really you? My Bill!"

"Eh?"

"Don't tell me you're Bill Hollister!"

"Yes, but—"

"I'm the wretched little rat whom Roscoe Bunyan held underwater."

Bill stared across the table.

He shook his head.

"No," he said slowly. "You must be thinking of somebody else. The child to whom you allude—what was her name?"

"Jane."

"That's right. The child Jane had a face that would have stocked a clock."

"I stopped dozens in my prime."

"Her mouth looked like the back of a telephone switch-board."

"I wore braces on my teeth, to straighten them."

"She was spectacted to the gills."

"Until my twelfth year glasses were prescribed to correct a slight strabismus."

"And why do I remember nothing of that divine voice?"

"I don't suppose it was divine then. Probably squeaky."

Bill continued to be dazed. "This," he said, "has come as a great surprise. I still have a feeling you're kidding."

"No. That's my story, and I stick to it."

"But, good heavens, it's incredible. I mean, look at you now. You're —"

"Yes?"

"You're beautiful . . . lovely . . . wonderful . . . marvellous . . . a radiant vision. The child Jane could have made good money scaring crows in the cornfields of Minnesota, and you — why, you begin where Helen of Troy left off. Fancy you remembering me!"

"How could I forget you? You were my dream boy. I adored you with a passion I cannot hope to express."

Bill drew a deep breath.

"You might have mentioned it."

"I was far too modest. I never told my love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on my danak cheek. Not my own—Shakespeare."

"So that was how you felt about me fifteen years ago! Well, no use bucking Fate. You aren't married, are you? No, of course you aren't. It was Miss Benedick, wasn't it? Fine! Capital!"

"Why so pleased?"

"Because — this is possibly going to seem a little sudden, so keep the idea of Fate steadily before you, and bear in mind the fact that very day in every way during those fifteen years I have been getting better and better—Jane," said Bill, placing a hand on hers.

"Hello, hello!" Something pear-shaped with heavy eyebrows and a guilty look had loomed up beside the table. "Bit late, ain't it?" it said bluffly, but avoiding its niece's eyes. "I got talking to a chap at the club—"

"Uncle George . . ."

—about this new rabbit disease, this myx-whatever-it's-dashed-name-is, proceeded Lord Uffeham. "Absorbing subject. Did yer know that foxes, there being a shortage of rabbits, have taken to eating frogs?"

"Uncle George," said Jane, and her voice was cold. "Are you aware, you wretched old uncle, that if it had not been for Bill Hollister here the management of Barribault's Hotel

would have grabbed me by the scruff of the neck, kicked me fourteen times, and set me to washing dishes?"

"Lord love a duck. What would they do that for?"

"It's an old Barribault's custom when girls eat large lunches and can't pay for them. You owe him two pounds five. Fork out."

Lord Uffeham forked out. "Thank you, my boy. Very civil of yer. Old friend of my niece's?"

"We knew each other as tot, and now we've met again. I'm at the Gish Galleries. Lord Uffeham. I'm going down to Shipley this afternoon to look at your pictures."

"You are? I'll come with yer."

"Splendid. You, too?"

"No, sorry," said Jane. "I promised an old school friend I would have tea with her, and I can't put her off."

"We don't want any bally girls around," said Lord Uffeham gallantly. "Give me twenty minutes for a spot of lunch, my boy, and I'll be ready."

"I'll go and get the car."

"Do. Yer'll find me here. Yer can't miss me," said Lord Uffeham.

Mortimer Bayliss was examining the pictures in the gallery of Shipley Hall when the butler showed Bill and Lord Uffeham into it. Bayliss eyed them frostily.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Bayliss," said Bill. "You probably won't remember me. Bill Hollister." He was thinking, as he spoke, how incredibly ancient the other looked. But it was evident that, despite his advanced years, there still lingered in the curator of the Bunyan collection the fire that, in the old days, had caused him so seldom to be invited twice to the same house.

"Bill Hollister? Yes, I remember you. A loathsome little blob, if ever there was one. You used to breathe down the back of my neck when I came to play chess with your father. And who," asked Mr. Bayliss, indicating Lord Uffeham, whom the poignant emotions caused by revisiting his old home had thrown into a trance, "is your stuffed friend?"

"That's Lord Uffeham. We've come to look at his pictures."

Mortimer Bayliss chuckled. "So you are the owner of these frightful daubs, are you?" he said genially. "You realise, of course, that they're fakes?"

Lord Uffeham emerged from his coma with a sharp. "Hey? Fakes?"

"Every one of them. This," said Mr. Bayliss, indicating a Gainsborough, "is undoubtedly a Wilfrid Robinson. That Constable is a Sidney Biffen. About this Dutch thing I'm not so certain. It might be Paul Muller or it might be Jan Dircks."

Lord Uffeham had the appearance of a man who has been struck by an unexpected thunderbolt. "You mean the bally things aren't worth anything?"

"Oh, they'd fetch a few pounds, I suppose, but if they were mine I'd drop them in the ashcan. Well, glad to have been of help," said Mortimer Bayliss, and went off to take his afternoon nap.

To be concluded

FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



### "Miss Photography" takes a bath



"Miss Photography" takes a bath. Lovely Lorraine Pritchard, recently voted "Miss Photography", says: "Dettol has been in our home as long as I can remember. It's an old friend of mine—especially for my bath. Dettol is so refreshing that way." Yes, Dettol is very refreshing in the bath, and of course, pleasant, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.



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Northbay every day, juggling with figures and bullying people into paying their taxes,

"I do not bully them," he interrupted her. "I help them." He glanced at his watch. "Hurry those kids, will you, or they'll have to walk to school."

They were hustled and ten minutes later they waved goodbye from the front seat of Jim's car. Madge smiled contentedly and opened a window in the breakfast-room. The early autumn air rushed in, bringing with it the tang of drying leaves and the exciting smell of budding chrysanthemums.

Presently she went upstairs and from a drawer in the tallboy took out a small tissue-wrapped parcel. It contained a white matinee coat she had been secretly knitting for Mrs. Caddock's sister's baby. She thought she might give it to Mrs. Mutton this morning.

But, first, the groceries from Mean Murdoch. He opened his shop at nine, or was supposed to. Usually he waited for the arrival of the first (after time) customer before he deigned to shuffle out of his back room.

The shop was known as Murdoch's Gold Mine. He had the monopoly of the village trade. He'd been established thirty years and people said he must have made a fortune, that he never spent anything except to replenish his stock, and one day of paint in ten years, and, furthermore, he didn't trust his money to the bank. He kept it, they said, in the house.

Some said it was hidden in a mattress, others that it was all laid up in sugar-bags and placed on the shop shelves because burglars wouldn't think of looking in so obvious a place. Madge had often wondered what she would do if by chance one of Murdoch's money-bags turned up as her sugar order. She had discussed this fascinating possibility with Jim, who had been rather shocked that she had to think about it at all.

Madge gave her bicycle its head down the long leafy hill leading to the village. It was a golden morning with a brilliant blue sky and Madge enjoyed the sound of the leaves rustling under the hard tyres. She met only one person on the way—a woman from the Institute. "Going to Murdoch's?" the woman called. "He's not open yet, and ten minutes past

Murdoch's small, single-fronted shop stood more or less by itself at the end of the winding main street. It was separated from its nearest neighbor, The Golden Ball, by a narrow path leading to Murdoch's back door, and an old stable yard.

On the other side, Murdoch's walled garden was flush with the street and ended at the cemetery. Opposite was a large orchard, colorful at this time of the year with green, red, and russet apples.

The blue blind still masked the shop door when Madge jumped off her bicycle and jumped it up against the wall. Out of the corner of her eye she noticed another bicycle leaning against the garden wall, halfway between shop and cemetery. There didn't seem to be anyone with it.

Resisting the impulse to give the door a good resounding kick, she placed her hand firmly on the latch and rattled it loud and long. Then she stood listening for the familiar rattle and the throaty: "A' right, a' right! What's the hurry? Be comin' in the middle of the night next!"

Nothing happened. She rattled the latch again and rattled her mind for the next few seconds with the contents of Murdoch's window. When would he dressed it last? If you would call it dressed.

The faded packets of cereals and breakfast foods were piled

# Continuing . . . Murder at Gorse End

(from page 3)

up, without any attempt at artistic display, on shelves covered with yellowing and stained green crepe paper. Dummy tins of cocoa and malted milk filled a space here and there and the rest was old-fashioned cardboard advertisements of soap, cigarettes, and sausages. In one corner were three dead flies and half of a dead wasp.

She glared at the blue blind and rattled the latch once again. She began to feel a little foolish, though there was no one to observe her. The village was always quiet at this time of the morning. An hour ago the street would have been teeming with life. People on bikes, on foot, running for the train and bus to Northbay.

Earlier still, the agricultural workers would have made their way to the fields and farms. Now only the housewives and traders were left—the first busy in their kitchens, the second behind their counters. Except, Madge thought, Mean Murdoch.

Well . . . Madge made up her mind. She would have to attack Murdoch from the rear. It wouldn't be the first time she had collected her groceries from the back door.

She opened the gate and followed the earthy path past the two dustbins and a woodshed to the back door. It was open a few inches. Madge hesitated, unable to account for the sudden cold shiver that raised goose pimples on her forearms. She had an instinctive feeling that something was wrong. It was the stillness, perhaps. One would have expected to hear small sounds indicating Murdoch's progress with the domestic chores. But there was nothing—nothing at all, only this rather unnerving silence.

And Murdoch must be up

and about because of the back door, though it was queer, she thought, shifting her gaze to the sitting-room window, that the curtains should be closed. Queerer still that the top part of the window should be wide open. Murdoch wouldn't go to bed without making the place secure.

Madge jumped suddenly and her eyes widened as the curtains moved. Then she gave a small gasp of relief as Murdoch's white-and-tortoise-shell cat eased itself on to the window sill. For a moment its round, yellow eyes regarded Madge balefully, then it miaowed and pawed the window.

"The back door is open, silly," Madge murmured. But the cat, perverse like all its breed, stared up at the open part of the window, tensed, sprang. A few moments later it padded silently over the cemetery wall.

Madge pushed at the scullery door and called in an urgent voice: "Mr. Murdoch! Mr. Murdoch!" Her mind automatically registered the cup, saucer, and plate, washed and turned down on the draining-board; the frying-pan on the gas stove, and the faint odor of bacon in the air.

The scullery led directly into the shop. The entrance was screened by a heavy dark curtain. Madge hesitated. The feeling of apprehension was growing; the goose pimples had returned. She rubbed her arms vigorously.

Should she go forward—investigate what lay behind the curtain, or . . . run like mad—home? She became aware suddenly that the tap was dripping, accentuating the silence that every moment seemed to

become deeper until it was almost tangible.

She made an effort to pull herself together. Madge Drew, she told herself sternly, don't be a fool. Just because you imagine there is something unpleasant behind that curtain you cannot turn tail and run home. Murdoch may be in need of assistance. Suppose he has had a heart attack, or a stroke? Lift that curtain, Mrs. Drew, and see what you can do.

She could see nothing at first but the long L-shaped counter, the shrouded cheese and bacon and the shadowy packets and tins on the shelves.

Her gaze shifted, lowered . . . She thought she screamed, but, actually, the sound that came from her wide open mouth was a prolonged, jerky, horrified gasp.

She had been wrong about Murdoch not being behind his counter. He was there all right—horizontally there, face downward, arms outstretched; and the bacon knife . . .

Her mind was astonishingly objective, sickeningly calm. Her panic was purely physical, a thing of the heart, the blood, and the senses.

The police. Of course, she must go to the policeman's house and tell him.

It was then that she heard the small sound which told her she was not alone. If she had not been so keyed up she might have missed it, or hearing it, dismissed it as the mere creaking of the overlaid shelves. But it was a stair that creaked as a stealthy foot pressed down on it.

Her mind—or was it her body?—flashed a warning signal: Run! But, inexplicably, she did not run; she tip-toed into the living-room.

The staircase was cut into the far wall and screened by a white-painted door, so that it looked like a cupboard. Madge stared at it. Behind that door—who? The creaking stopped. Madge received a swift mental picture of a figure crouched there, listening, as she was listening. Wondering who would make the first move.

She was calmer now. The situation had changed. She wasn't standing shocked and helpless staring down at a dead body. There was something she could do—something constructive—find out who lurked behind the door.

Mrs. Drew was suddenly very angry. Murdoch had not been kind and pleasant in his life, the village wouldn't mourn him long, but the village would agree with her that Murdoch had not deserved the violent nature of his death. She thought of Murdoch unsuspectingly turning his back and receiving the knife thrust. Her anger grew and lent her courage.

And it occurred to her as she waited in the shadowy room that the murderer couldn't be armed. If he were there would have been no need of the bacon knife.

Quietly she moved across the room and picked up the poker. Quietly she moved towards the stairs door. Just for a moment, as her hand sought the latch, her heart almost failed her. What, she wondered, did a murderer look like—just after a murder? She imagined something grotesque and nightmarish. Then came the reassuring realisation that he was, in all likelihood, a villager, in which case he couldn't be as grotesque and nightmarish as that.

She opened the door and came face to face with—an eiderdown.

It appeared to be suspended across the staircase. Too late she realised it was not; too late she realised it was being held there to screen the person on



the stairs. It dropped on her before she had time to step back.

The poker clattered to the floor as her hands went up to free herself. She was spun round and pushed forward so that she stumbled against a stair tread and fell on her knees. . . . Then she heard the sound of running feet and the slam of the living-room door.

Gasp! she managed at length to free herself from the stifling folds of the eiderdown. Her knees were shaking and her shin bone hurt where she had knocked it against the tread.

Well, Mrs. Drew, she told herself bitterly, you've made a nice mess of things. Why didn't you just go outside and keep a watch on the place till someone arrived?

Deflated, she limped to the door. If only I'd had a glimpse of him, she thought regretfully, some little part of him or his dress—the knot of his tie, the edge of his cuff. She stopped suddenly with her hand on the door handle. She had seen something, a split second before the eiderdown descended on her head and plunged her into darkness.

A strip of sock. It had been a peculiar, lightish grey—a cheap-looking grey. Then I must have seen his shoes, Madge thought triumphantly, or part of them. His shoes, his shoes; she concentrated hard. Yes . . . they were a rusty black as if they had been inexpertly dyed or blacked over.

Well—she gave a sigh of relief—she had something to offer the police in the way of clues. It wasn't much, but it was amazing, as she knew from her reading, what they could do with so little.

She gave the door handle a twist but her assailant had locked it on the outside; fortunately there was the window.

The street was as quiet as when she had left it except for Miss Bolles, who taught a handful of children, including Julie Drew, the rudiments of ballet and the very elementary theory of pianoforte, cycling leisurely towards Murdoch's shop.

I wish she wouldn't wear slacks, Madge thought vaguely, returning Miss Bolles' wave. Her figure was all right for them, but they somehow didn't go with her face, for Miss Bolles wasn't young. Between fifty and sixty perhaps, but she often looked older on account of her unsuitable orange make-up and her home-dyed titian hair.

"Not open yet?" Miss Bolles jumped off her bicycle and glared at the blue blind. "Dear me, that man!"

"Did you pass anyone on the way, Miss Bolles?" Madge asked eagerly. "Anyone in a hurry?"

"What?" Miss Bolles blinked. "I passed one or two people. But no one, I think, in a hurry." She looked questioningly at Madge.

"Is anything wrong, Mrs. Drew?" Miss Bolles' eyes took in Madge's rumpled hair and the powderless patch on her nose. "You look a little distraught."

Swallowing, she said: "The shop won't be open today, Miss Bolles. Murdoch isn't—Murdoch's dead."

"Dead!" Miss Bolles' light brown eyes popped. "Dead, did you say?"

"Yes, he—!" She broke off, staring at the wall that ran from Murdoch's house to the cemetery. Hadn't there been a bicycle there? "Miss Bolles," she continued, "did you pass a man in a hurry on a bike?"

Miss Bolles looked blank. "I don't know. I wasn't really paying attention. In any case, practically everyone rides a bicycle in Gorse End."

"Yes," Madge frowned. "But what has happened to Mr. Murdoch?" Miss Bolles pressed. "How did he die?"

"He was murdered," Madge said absently, oblivious of Miss Bolles' horrified gasp. That bike . . . it could have been the murderer's. On the other hand, he could have "borrowed" it to get away.

Miss Bolles was saying: "I don't think there's ever been a murder in Gorse End. Oh, dear! Dear, dear. And such a beautiful morning, too. It was the money, I suppose. I wonder if he did keep it in the house. I've often thought—"

"I must go," Madge interrupted her, turning her bicycle round. "I have to tell Mr. Evans." It occurred to her that she had wasted a lot of time. But then she wasn't used to murder.

"Ask him," Miss Bolles called after her, "where we are to get our groceries. There isn't another grocery shop in the village."

"Northbay, I suppose," Madge said over her shoulder. Really, Miss Bolles! Poor Mr. Evans would have enough on his mind this morning without bothering where people were to get their groceries.

Mr. Evans, the village constable, was buttoning himself into his tunic when his wife showed Madge into the front room, which was parlor-cum-office, though it was only office in that a big roll-top desk occupied one corner.

"Good morning, Mrs. Drew!" The constable beamed at Madge. "What's wrong? Not lost one of your bonnie bairns, I hope?"

Madge shook her head. "It's Mr. Murdoch. And I'm awfully sorry it's taken me so long to get here. Only you see—she looked at him apologetically, because of the shock he was about to receive—"I tried to catch the murderer."

"Murderer!" The constable went a shade pale. Stolen chickens, sheep-killing dogs, a few irresponsible drunks, these were the things that had kept him busy for twenty years from dawn to dusk, of which he made much in his report sheets. Murder—he foresaw a lot of unpleasant activity. He cleared his throat. "Are you telling me, Mrs. Drew, that Murdoch's been murdered?"

She nodded dully. She felt strangely tired.

"Well, Mrs. Drew—Mr.

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Evans' voice broke in on her thoughts. "We'd better go down there." He reached for the helmet lying on top of the desk. "You can tell me exactly what happened."

She babbled the rest of the story to him as they cycled to Murdoch's shop. A crowd had gathered now of which Miss Bolles was the excited centre.

Madge received a number of peculiar stares as she peddled up with Mr. Evans. She was glad to escape with him to the back of the building, and there she hesitated. "Do you mind?" she pleaded. "I don't think I—I want to see him again."

Mr. Evans nodded understandingly. "You sit down and make yourself comfortable. If I want you I'll call you. But you needn't see the body. I'll cover it up." He went inside.

Madge could hear Mr. Evans' heavy tread on the upper floor, going from room to room. When he came downstairs he closed and bolted the window. He locked the back door after him and replaced his helmet. He looked at Madge.

"Nasty," he said. "Very," Madge agreed. There were the curious eyes and the nudging and whispering to be faced again. Madge managed a nonchalant front but her ears were burning as she rode along with the constable. He was looking grim—his face seemed a little less round and his eyes were bleak.

"I'll have to telephone the Northbay station," he said. "I expect you'll be having a visit from Detective-Inspector Bolt this afternoon. Nothing to worry about," he added kindly. "All you have to tell him is what you've told me."

Madge wondered, pushing her bike up the hill towards home, how many times during the next forty-eight hours she would have to tell her story. She was tired of it already.

"Well," Mrs. Craddock greeted her as she entered the kitchen, "what did you think of him?"

"Terrible!" Madge closed her eyes and shuddered realistically. "I've never seen anything so horrible in all my life."

Mrs. Craddock stared at her. She said huffily: "Well, they're all like that at first, aren't they? I didn't think he was as bad as some I've seen."

Madge opened her eyes. "Oh, the baby!" She had completely forgotten the Mutton offspring. I haven't seen the baby. It was Murdoch I was talking about." She perched herself on the corner of the kitchen table and poured the morning's events into Mrs. Craddock's shocked but gratified ears.

Then she telephoned Jim. He was furious—with fright more than anything else, Madge realised.

"What on earth possessed you to go inside?" he demanded. "And why the heck didn't you run when you heard someone on the stairs? All you had to do was stand in the street and scream."

"I didn't think of that," Madge admitted in a small voice.

"You might have been killed yourself," Jim grumbled. "This is what comes of being so darned inquisitive."

"It wasn't that—" she began, but Jim interrupted her.

"Now, look, Madge. I'm coming home. If the inspector beats me to it you're not to say a word."

The children came home for dinner bursting with excitement.

"Mummy!" Timothy gasped. "They said you were in prison!" And the expression on his face was not one of relief but of disappointment.

"Of course I'm not in prison," Madge said. "And who are they?" She looked at Julie.

"Everybody," Julie said airily. "Actually they said you were

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locked up in the policeman's house. I'm awfully glad you're not," she added rather primly. "What's pwison like?" Timothy asked, sliding into his chair.

"I don't know, darling. I've never been there." Madge dropped a spoonful of mashed potato on to his plate.

"Can anybody go?" Timothy asked.

"If they misbehave, Julie—" She handed the dish to her serious-looking daughter.

"Could I go?" Timothy pressed. "And Julie?"

"Oh, darling, do get on with your meal," Madge said distractedly.

Timothy shovelled some food into his mouth, then asked: "Has Daddy been to pwison?"

"No, darling, no."

"Do they have potatoes in pwison?"

Julie took over. "Shut up, you silly little boy. Stop asking stupid questions!"

Surprisingly, Timothy shut up. Madge looked at her daughter in awe and admiration. She envied Julie her detached air when she took it upon herself to put Timothy in his place. It seemed to give her words more weight. Whereas, I, Madge thought, just sound exasperated and pleading and I get no results at all.

Peace reigned until half-way through the apple tart. Then Timothy dropped another bombshell.

He said with relish: "Mr. Murdoch's had his head cut off and his mattress slit."

Madge gasped and bestowed a look of horror upon her son. I'd better ignore him, she decided, and stared hard at her plate.

But Timothy had been saving this up. He sensed drama and he liked drama. "Mr. Murdoch," he bawled, leaning across the table, "has had his head—"

"Timothy!" This time Madge was able to rise to the occasion and her look as much as her tone quelled the bloodthirsty Timothy. He sat back; his lower lip trembled, tears welled into his eyes.

Oh, dear, Madge thought. I wish Jim would come home.

A few seconds later Jim arrived. Timothy's tears miraculously dried up. "Can I tell Daddy, Mummy?" he asked as his father came into the room.

Jim ruffled his son's hair. "Tell me what?" He failed to catch Madge's warning glance.

"Mr. Murdoch's had his head cut off and his mattress slit," Timothy said rapidly, forestalling parental interruption.

"Oh," Jim looked under his brows at Madge. She raised her arms and let them fall helplessly against her sides. "The village got them first," she murmured.

Jim shrugged. "Oh, well." He kissed Julie. "Finished, children? Well, how about playing a game in the garden until it's time to go to school?"

Julie gave her father a wide and lovely smile. "All right, Timothy!" The boy scrambled off his chair.

"I'll get your lunch," Madge said. "It's a bit scrappy today, I'm afraid. I forgot to call at the butcher's, and of course I wasn't expecting you."

"I'll get it," Jim said. He vanished into the kitchen. When he returned Madge was opening a window. The children's voices floated in.

"You be Murdoch," Timothy was saying. "I'll be the policeman."

"No," Julie said. "I'll be the policeman. You can't write and it's all got to go down in a notebook."

"Don't worry," Jim said, catching Madge's dismayed expression. "It's quite superficial. Their emotions aren't touched. Murdoch is as re-

mote to them as—Old Mother Hubbard. More remote, if anything."

"I hope you're right," Madge sat down opposite him. "I've been trying to think who the murderer could be," she said. "You know—Tom Harrison could have done it. They say he's in low water financially. He loses his money regularly on horses and dogs. And he's a shifty, spivvy-looking type."

Jim raised his eyebrows. "Tom Harrison? You mean the garage bloke? You didn't get the impression it was he, did you, when you were attacked?"

"No," Madge said gloomily. "I didn't get an impression of anyone in particular and I only saw a strip of sock and a bit of shoe." Her eyes lighted suddenly. "If I could only see those feet again, I'd be on to something!"

"Now look here," Jim said firmly. "No sleuthing. You leave that to the police."

Madge went on dreamily: "It was a funny time for a murder. You'd have thought whoever it was would have picked the middle of the night."

"H'm," Jim looked thought-

ful. But Mrs. Drew wasn't used to murder. She didn't realise that the most innocent questions are regarded with intense suspicion by one steeped in guilt. Another point her mind temporarily overlooked was that a murderer can kill more times than he can die.

"Are you sure you can't remember anything about the bike you saw outside Murdoch's shop, Mrs. Drew?" Inspector Bolt asked, "some small, perhaps to you unimportant, thing that would help us to check up on it?"

It was just a bicycle. She told him so once again.

The inspector sighed. "Funny thing," he said, looking at Jim, "how unobservant people are."

"I am not unobservant," Madge said, struggling to keep her dignified pose. "I just wasn't looking at the bike, I was looking in the window."

"Well, let's leave the bike, Mrs. Drew. Now—the inspector glanced at his notebook—"about these 'running feet.' Were they heavy-sounding or light? Was your assailant wearing boots or shoes, do you think?"

"Shoes," Madge said posi-

up. He added casually: "Such as—?"

"I don't think I can tell you," Madge said. "I was told to keep it to myself." She had remembered that the newspaper report had contained no mention of the grey socks and the rusty-black shoes. Evidently for reasons of their own the police had withheld the information.

"I suppose you knew Murdoch well?" she quizzed. He shrugged. "Not as well as most. I've only been here five years. I knew he was a mean old so-and-so, though. Serves him right, for keeping all that money on his premises."

All that money! Madge's heart leaped. Did Tom Harrison know how much money?

"It was over a thousand pounds, I heard." She watched him carefully.

He gave an unpleasant laugh. "So they say. If he'd spent some of it on a bacon machine he might have been alive now." "Why?"

He turned his head and looked at her. "Well—the knife wouldn't have been so handy, would it?"

"No. I suppose not," Harrison's eyes made her shiver. She looked at his feet. His shoes were light brown and his socks navy-blue. "But if the murderer was really desperate he'd have found something else to do it with."

He shrugged again. "Maybe. Maybe not. Perhaps it just came over him sudden like, and the knife was laying there, tempting him."

Madge's mouth went dry. Was that how it had happened? Jim had had an idea that the murder had not been premeditated.

"And maybe," Tom Harrison went on, "if he'd opened his shop at the right time it wouldn't have happened either."

"Whoever it was," Madge said, idly swinging a foot, "took an awful risk of being seen."

He shook his head. "I dunno. Not many eyes about at that time of the morning. Safer than dark. At dark dogs bark when a leaf falls off a tree, and any unusual sound'll bring somebody out of his sleep to have a look what's happening." He was examining the inner tube. He said in an altered voice: "You'd almost think this hole was made by a pin."

"Really?" Madge gave him a bright smile. "Perhaps it was. I left it outside the Golden Ball. It was all right then. Some child, perhaps . . ." Her voice trailed away; she didn't like the way Tom Harrison was looking at her; her hands resting on the box went suddenly clammy.

"I reckon," he said slowly, "you'll need to be very careful. If the murderer's still hanging about and he gets the idea that you might recognise him, he might have another go."

"Oh," Madge felt herself growing pale. Was this a threat? "I—I should think he's miles away by now," she said.

"I wouldn't be too sure of that." "Besides," Madge went on, swallowing. "I don't know what he looks like. I only saw—"

She broke off, biting her lip. He gave her a sidelong glance. "Yes, Mrs. Drew? You only saw what?"

"The ciderdown," she said quickly.

Madge passed the time with a cigarette, and as she smoked her gaze wandered curiously about the garage. It came to rest eventually on the buffer Tom Harrison had been using when she arrived. For a moment it meant nothing to her; her eyes flicked away from it and then—involuntarily—back.

The cigarette dropped from her fingers and she stamped it out quickly. A cold shiver passed down her spine—a pair



ful. "Seems to point to it not being premeditated. You haven't heard definitely if any money was involved?"

She shook her head. "There's the story the children have got hold of, about the mattress. If it's true then the—murderer must have been pretty sure the money was in the house. He wouldn't have killed Murdoch purely on the off-chance, would he?"

"You wouldn't think so."

"Do you know what I am going to do?" she said earnestly.

"When I go into the village I'm going to look at everybody's feet!"

Jim straightened up. "Madge"—his tone was serious—"I'm asking you to do nothing of the kind. You might inadvertently look at the murderer's feet and he might see you."

And—he broke off, his mouth set in a grim line.

"Are you trying to frighten me?"

"I'm only trying to prevent you from sticking your neck out. It happens to be rather precious to me."

Madge stirred her coffee thoughtfully. She decided not to tell Jim that at the earliest opportunity she would find an excuse to visit Tom Harrison's garage. She felt that having discovered the body it would round things off nicely if she also discovered the murderer.

tively. "I told you. I saw them—rusty-black."

"Ah, yes." The inspector closed his book. He stood up, looking again at Jim. "I don't think I need to bother your wife any more for the moment."

The Northbay "Evening Advertiser" described Madge as a "woman neighbor." It also disclosed that a mattress had been slit open, but whether the murderer had had his efforts crowned by finding Murdoch's hoard it could not say.

Julie went to Miss Bolles on Saturday morning for a ballet class. Madge decided to ride down to the village with her. She bribed Timothy with a bar of chocolate and put him in charge of Mrs. Craddock.

Madge was congratulating herself on getting away without a fuss when he called to her from the kitchen door.

"Will you bring me a puppy back, like you pwomised?"

A puppy? Madge turned in surprise. It was months ago that she had mentioned casually to Jim that it would be nice for the children to have a dog. He had agreed, but nothing had come of it, and the matter had not been discussed again.

"I don't know if I can get one today, darling."

Timothy looked at Julie.

"I know where you can get one," she said eagerly. "At the Golden Ball. Mr. Mayhew's

She looked at her tyres; pity she hadn't a puncture. Well—she shrugged ruefully—she would have to make one.

She did it with a pin. No one, she hoped, saw her do it.

Tom Harrison was unenergetically polishing a very second-hand car when Madge wheeled the bicycle in. Madge had always been uncomfortable in his presence and her heart missed a few beats as she smiled a nervous "Good morning," and started explaining in halting phrases about the puncture.

"At least, that's what I think it is," she amended. "And I have a number of calls to make this morning. Could you fix it while I wait?"

"Well," he hesitated, "I'm pretty busy . . ." It seemed he was going to refuse the job, but he must have remembered that Jim Drew was one of his best customers, for he nodded suddenly and took the bike. "Okay. It won't take long."

Madge sat down on an upturned box and watched him prise the tyre off the rim. How could she broach the subject of Murdoch? As it happened, she didn't have to—Harrison took the initiative.

"See you was in the news last night? Must have been a nasty experience?"

"It was," Madge said eagerly. "But at least I was able to give the inspector some useful information."

"Good," he said, not looking

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## Continuing . . . Murder at Gorse End

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of socks, one tucked inside the other, made a good buffer, and these socks were a very light, cheap-looking grey.

So fascinated was Madge by the socks that she failed to hear Tom Harrison tell her that the bike was ready. She started up in fright when she found him standing at her side.

"I've adjusted the brakes as well," He looked at her curiously. "Is anything the matter, Mrs. Drew?"

"No. Nothing." She struggled to keep a tremor out of her voice, paid him quickly, and wheeled the bicycle away.

Her legs trembled as she mounted the machine. All the way down the road she could feel Tom Harrison watching her. She wondered if she had given herself away.

All that talk about the murder . . . but he didn't know that she had seen the murderer's feet and ankles when she had been attacked. At least the newspapers had not mentioned it. The possibility might have occurred to him since, though.

She turned her head and for the first time realised that Tom Harrison's office window overlooked the main street. A frightening thought came into her mind. Suppose he had been in his office when she deliberately punctured the bicycle? What if he had seen her? Then he would have guessed. She suddenly started to pedal madly in the direction of the policeman's house.

Constable Evans was just coming out of the gate when Madge jumped off the machine. He regarded her with some apprehension — not another murder, surely?

"Mr. Evans!" Madge gasped. "Where's the inspector? I have news for him. I—I think Tom Harrison is the murderer. He has those grey socks, and he seemed to know a lot about the murder. And—and . . . well, I'm sure he's the man." She stopped to regain her breath.

Mr. Evans took her news with disappointing calmness. "I'm afraid the inspector isn't here," he said. "He's at Northbay. I'll tell him what you say."

Madge stared at him aghast. "But, Mr. Evans—!"

He interrupted her. "Now, Mrs. Drew. You leave this to the police. And the inspector won't be too pleased if he thinks you've been doing a bit of amateur detective work. You're liable to do more harm than good, you know."

"But—" Madge began to argue, this time to be interrupted by the house door opening and Mrs. Evans calling the information to her husband that

he was wanted on the telephone.

Mrs. Evans was an astute woman. She had seen from the front room window a certain well-known look on her husband's face, and it told her he was wishing himself somewhere else. She obliged.

But Constable Evans did go to the telephone. He sent a message to Inspector Bolt. The inspector listened gravely. When he replaced the receiver he looked worried. He thought for a moment or two then, turning to a different instrument from the one he had been using, he made a call.

Madge was furious, so furious that although she remembered to call at the butcher's, she had no idea at all what he had wrapped up for her and she completely forgot that she had been going to call and see Mrs. Mutton's baby.

Timothy's voice challenged her as she stepped into the hall. "Have you brought the puppy?" He came and stood before her inquiringly.



She bent and kissed him. "Not yet, dear. He isn't old enough to leave his mother."

"Oh." The little boy's face fell. "I did want him today. I had something awfully important to tell him."

Madge looked down at his weebe-gone face and her throat tightened with emotion. She picked him up.

"Gosh, you're heavy!" she said huskily. She was never quite sure nowadays if these sudden demonstrations of mother-love were quite approved of by Timothy. He was rapidly advancing to the "I'm-a-big-boy-now" stage and he sometimes struggled in the maternal embrace. It was all right this morning, however. Timothy returned the hug with interest.

She set him down and went to make her excuses to Mrs. Craddock for not having seen her daughter's baby.

"That matinee coat," she said ruefully, "will be worn—" she broke off suddenly. What had she done with it? It had been in the carrier basket, but she didn't remember lifting anything but the meat parcel from it.

She had propped the bike against the porch. A glance revealed that the basket was empty.

At twelve Mrs. Craddock prepared to leave. She looked approvingly at the blue sky. "Going to be a nice afternoon. Think I'll wash my curtains. As I'm not coming here tonight, I should be able to get them ironed and put up again."

Usually Mrs. Craddock sat in with the children on Saturday evenings while Madge and Jim went out. But tonight Jim was attending some masculine dinner.

Jim arrived a little after one o'clock. He didn't look very pleased as he dumped the shopping on the kitchen table. He had received a telephone call from Inspector Bolt, who, it seemed, had taken a poor view of Madge's morning activities.

"I don't see why," Madge said indignantly. "I gave him, or, rather, Constable Evans, some very valuable clues. Those socks—"

"Yes, those socks," Jim interrupted her. "The inspector wanted to know if your investigations had led you to the local draper, by any chance?"

"Of course not," she said. "I didn't suspect the draper!"

"Darling!" His exasperation leaped out at her. "This is serious."

"Well, I am serious!" Madge heard the high note in her voice—the sort of high note that is a prelude to a quarrel. Self-warned, she repeated in a lower key. "I am serious. But what is this about the draper?"

Jim lit a cigarette. "It seems the police had already discovered that the draper had bought a lot of sub-standard socks—men's, women's, and children's—in that particular cheap-looking grey . . . your description, I believe"—Madge made him a small acknowledging bow—"and retailed them at one and eleven a pair. They went like hot cakes. The whole village is wearing them, or was."

"Oh!" Madge placed an elbow on the table. It was disappointing to find she had put too much faith in those socks. She had been so sure they would lead to the discovery of the murderer. "It's funny," she

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And for extra comfort and protection, Johnson's Baby Lotion makes baby 3 ways lovelier, Baby Soap so richly lathering, Baby Oil keeps baby chafe-free, Baby Cream smooths away irritations, and wonderful "No More Tears" Baby Shampoo can't burn eyes.

## EMBROIDERY MOTIFS



SCRIPT, BLOCK, AND NOVELTY LETTERINGS for monograms are featured on embroidery transfer No. 122. Every letter of the alphabet is available for different types of monogram embroidery. Use them to give the personal touch to fine house linens. Order your transfer from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/6.

# Are you combing your hair-OUT?

**DON'T IGNORE THIS TIMELY WARNING!** Suddenly to find that your hair is coming out in your comb can give you an unpleasant shock. But it also gives you a timely warning—a warning to do something about it *now*, before it becomes more serious. And in order to take proper care of your hair it is important that you should know a little about it first.

## WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HAIR?

Here are some questions often asked about hair. The answers will help you decide how your hair health can best be maintained.

### Q What builds hair?

Hair, as it grows, is a living part of the body and like all living cells must be provided with nourishment. The papilla, or true root of the hair, is fed by a tiny blood vessel which supplies it with the organic substances imperative for hair growth. There are 18 of these substances, known as amino-acids, and all must be provided in the right proportion.

### Q Why does hair die?

Invariably it is because the hair is not getting the amino-acids in adequate quantities from within the body. After a great deal of original research, Silvikrin Laboratories produced a combination of these 18 hair growing amino-acids in concentrated form which can be massaged into the scalp to the hair roots. This concentrated organic solution, called Pure Silvikrin, provides the hair roots with their natural food from outside the body.

### Q How can you prevent falling hair?

At the first sign of falling hair, start using Pure Silvikrin. If you have until now accepted thinning patches with resignation, begin the Silvikrin treatment before it is too late. A few drops of Pure Silvikrin contain sufficient active material to stimulate millions of hair cells into healthy growth.

### Q What causes dandruff?

This hair condition is caused by under-activity of the sebaceous glands—the glands which provide an oily substance (sebum) to keep the scalp healthy and the hair supple and sleek. Effective treatment for this disorder must stimulate the sebaceous glands by massage and at the same time supply an emergency measure of amino-acids until the hair mechanism is once again functioning properly. As you now know, Pure Silvikrin contains all 18 amino-acids in a form that can be readily massaged through the scalp to the hair roots.



Send for free booklet "Hair Health at Your Fingertips", enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, to Silvikrin Division, Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.



## SCIENCE AND SILVIKRIN

DO YOU KNOW that the specially equipped Silvikrin Laboratories are devoted entirely to the study of the hair and its needs? Here, Silvikrin chemists, using radio-active amino-acids, have proved conclusively that amino-acids pass from the surface of the skin to the hair roots and become part of the protein of living hair! Silvikrin chemists are continually mastering new scientific techniques, gleaned more and more knowledge of ways in which hair health can be improved by the use of Pure Silvikrin.

Many people have nothing seriously wrong with their hair, but wisely wish to keep it in perfect condition. For this purpose the Silvikrin Laboratories have also developed—for the use of women as well as men—two special hair preparations, each containing a measured quantity of Pure Silvikrin—the hair's natural food.

## THE SILVIKRIN

### PRODUCTS FOR HAIR CARE

**PURE SILVIKRIN.** For use in severe cases of falling hair, dandruff, greasy scalp—for the treatment of serious hair root deficiencies—Pure Silvikrin, a highly concentrated form of the hair's natural food and the foundation of the whole Silvikrin method.

**SILVIKRIN TONIC HAIR DRESSING** FOR DAILY GROOMING. Specially prepared to be the ideal dressing for handsome, healthy hair. Contains (a) just enough oil to keep the hair handsome and neatly groomed all day, and (b) a measured quantity of Pure Silvikrin—so it is truly a tonic hair dressing.

Also available: **SILVIKRIN HAIR TONIC**—an invigorating lotion without oil. For greasy hair—contains a measured quantity of Pure Silvikrin. Many women find this pleasantly perfumed lotion aids hair health and makes the hair delightfully easy to manage.



# Silvikrin

THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

observed, "that I missed a bar-  
like that. One and eleven  
pair," she murmured regret-  
fully. "Still, I didn't like the  
color of them."

A sudden mental picture of  
the socks as worn by the mur-  
derer filled her mind, causing  
her to shudder. "Whatever the  
inspector says," she went on,  
"I still think Tom Harrison is  
their man."

"That's got to be proven,"  
Jim said. "And if it is Tom  
Harrison, then you've put him  
in his guard and perhaps your-  
self in danger."

"I can't see that I'm in any  
danger now," Madge said prac-  
tically. "I've told all I know."  
"You're forgetting the venge-  
ance motive," Jim said.  
"Darling," Madge protested,  
"you're frightening me."  
"Then perhaps you'll take  
care," he rose abruptly and  
walked to the window. He was  
much more afraid than Madge  
or Madge. The inspector had  
been very blunt.

He said casually, over his  
shoulder: "By the way, I'm not  
going to that dinner tonight."

Madge paused in the act of  
packing a tray. "Why ever  
not? You have to go. You're  
proposing the vote of thanks,  
aren't you?"

He shrugged. "I'll ring up  
and get someone else to do it."  
"But, Jim—" her eyes were  
guzzled. "You were looking  
forward to going."

He turned at last, looking im-  
patient. "Well, I'm not going.  
I'm not going to leave you  
here alone all evening."

So that was it. A feeling of  
deep gratitude and tenderness  
dole over her. "Darling," she

## Continuing . . . Murder at Gorse End

from page 51

said gently. "I do appreciate  
the thought, but there really  
isn't any need for you to cut  
the dinner. If you can catch  
Mrs. Craddock before she starts  
on her curtains I'm quite sure  
she'll be only too glad to sit in  
with me till you come back."

"Oh," he said reflectively, "I  
hadn't thought of Mrs. Crad-  
dock. Yes, if I— He broke  
off as the telephone bell started  
ringing. "Hallo?" he called  
into the receiver. "Oh. Oh,  
hallo, Inspector! My wife? Yes  
—yes, she is. What?" He  
laughed suddenly. "Blessed if I  
know! I'll ask her. Madge—" he  
turned to meet her inquiring  
gaze—"the inspector wants to  
know the brand and color of  
your lipstick. The one you  
were wearing when you—when  
you discovered Murdoch's  
body."

"This one," she told him,  
nonplussed by the request. "It's  
Foxglove Pink and made by  
Eleanor Orden."

He nodded and passed the  
information on to the inspector.  
"Now why did he want to  
know that?" Madge asked  
when Jim had hung up.

"I don't know," Jim looked  
thoughtful. "And I don't sup-  
pose he would have told me  
had I asked him."

Mrs. Craddock lived only  
three minutes' walk down the  
lane. Jim was soon back with  
the news that she was up to  
her neck in curtains but never-  
theless would be along that  
evening at seven.

She arrived just as Jim was

leaving. The children had gone  
to bed and the two women  
chatted over their knitting. It  
was a pleasant evening, but a  
little after ten o'clock Madge  
saw Mrs. Craddock was fight-  
ing a losing battle with her  
efforts to keep awake.

"Look," she said, "Jim will  
be home any minute now, I  
expect. There's no need for  
you to stay any longer, Mrs.  
Craddock."

"Well," Mrs. Craddock sup-  
pressed a yawn. "If you're  
sure it's all right, Mrs. Drew?"  
"Of course it is," Madge  
jumped up and helped the older  
woman with her coat. "It was  
sweet of you to come. I'll walk  
to the corner with you." She  
picked the front door key out  
of her handbag and threw one  
of Jim's cardigans about her  
shoulders.

A couple of cars passed  
them and three or four wobbly  
bikes.

"Closing time at the pubs,"  
Mrs. Craddock observed grimly,  
hugging the hedge. "They want  
all the road."

The two women parted at the  
curve of the road. Madge ran  
back the short distance—less  
than a hundred yards. A dark  
cloud momentarily obscured  
the moon as Madge reached the  
gate, and that was why she  
missed seeing the bicycle in the  
hedge.

She was singing under her  
breath: "Believe Me if All  
Those Endearing Young  
Charms" as she walked up the  
steps leading to the porch. " . . .  
thou wouldst still be adored . . .  
as this moment thou art . . .  
Let thy—" the words ended  
abruptly as the figure of a man  
emerged from the shadow of  
the porch.

She stood motionless, and, as  
on the morning of the murder,  
fear closed her throat so that  
she was unable to scream. Then  
the cloud passed away from the  
moon and she saw that the man  
was Tom Harrison.

"Did I scare you, Mrs.  
Drew?" His tone was mock-  
ing and his breath told Madge  
he had been drinking.

"What are you doing here?"  
she asked sharply.

"I was passing," he said,  
"and I thought I'd bring you  
something you left in my  
garage." He slid a hand into  
his coat pocket and withdrew  
a flat, crumpled parcel.

Madge stared at it. The  
matinee coat. She took it from  
him and stammered her thanks.

"Yes," Tom Harrison said,  
"very neighborly of me, con-

sidering what you let me in for  
today. Police poking around  
my place all afternoon." He  
bared his teeth in an unpleasant  
grim; he looked menacing in  
the moonlight. Madge stepped  
back a pace.

"Why were you hiding in the  
porch?" she asked. "Why didn't  
you ring the bell?"

"Hiding?" he echoed. "I  
wasn't hiding, Mrs. Drew. I  
was waiting. Saw you walking  
down the road with Mrs. Crad-  
dock and I said to myself it's  
no use ringing the bell—don't  
want to wake the kids up and  
Mr. Drew's out for the evening,  
so I'll wait."

"How did you know my hus-  
band was out?" She inserted  
the key in the lock. The action  
gave her a feeling of security.

He took a step towards her.  
"I filled his car with petrol and  
he was all topped up for a  
party. You know," he added  
in a pseudo-friendly tone, "you  
shouldn't be roaming about by  
yourself at night, Mrs. Drew.  
Not knowing what you know.  
Dangerous."

"My husband will be here  
any moment," Madge said. Her  
gaze fled anxiously to the long,  
empty road beyond the gate.

Tom Harrison gave an un-  
pleasant laugh. "Don't worry,  
Mrs. Drew. I'm not intending  
you any harm. If I were, you  
don't think I'd choose a time  
like this, do you?"

She met his hard, glittering  
gaze and a shiver passed along  
her spine. What time would he  
choose? That quiet hour of the  
morning—the hour Murdoch  
had met his death?

She said coldly: "It never  
occurred to me to be afraid of  
you, Mr. Harrison. But I was  
startled when I saw someone  
in the porch, naturally."

"Naturally," he sneered.  
With a quick movement she  
twisted the key in the lock; the  
door swung open and she went  
inside. The door shut, she  
leaned against it weakly.

Madge stood for a moment  
listening. All was silent. She  
wished Jim would come.

Ten minutes later he arrived.  
Kissing her, he asked: "Mrs.  
Craddock gone?"

"Just a few minutes ago.  
What sort of an evening did  
you have?"

"Excellent!" He was in such  
a good mood that Madge de-  
cided not to tell him about her  
scare.

Listening to Jim she forgot  
all about the murder until she  
was in bed. Then, to her an-  
noyance, with the extinguishing  
of the light she found herself  
dwelling on it again.

"I wish," she said worriedly,  
"I could think why the inspec-  
tor wanted to know the color  
of my lipstick."

"Oh!" Jim dragged himself  
back from the edge of sleep. "I  
don't imagine it was anything  
important—just a formal check-  
up. Your lipstick would prob-  
ably be on the eiderdown the  
murderer threw over your  
head."

"I hadn't thought of that,"  
she said slowly. "Yes, that must  
be it."

Monday morning found  
Madge in Northbay, shopping.  
She had driven over from Gorse  
End with Jim and intended to  
catch the midday bus back.

Emerging from the coffee  
shop she saw Miss Bolles, wear-  
ing the inevitable slacks, start-  
ing into a travel agent's win-  
dow.

"Hallo, Miss Bolles!" Madge  
greeted her. Her gaze flicked  
over the brightly colored travel  
posters in the window. "Where  
is it to be—Cairo, Capri, or  
Constantinople?"

Miss Bolles did not smile. She  
said wistfully: "I've always  
wanted to go to Capri."

"So have I," Madge ad-  
mitted. "But I suppose one  
shouldn't grumble, with North-  
bay on the doorstep."

"I hate Northbay," said Miss  
Bolles with rather surprising  
vehemence. "There's always a  
wind blowing. When you  
think," she continued bitterly,  
"of Murdoch hoarding all that  
money, never doing a thing  
with it—"

Her wrinkled throat showing  
above the bright green blouse  
moved convulsively. "What  
good did it do him?" She ended  
on a demanding note, and for  
a moment fire flamed in her  
dull eyes.

Madge involuntarily stepped  
back a pace. "Not much," she  
conceded.

"The police don't seem to be  
getting very far in their investi-  
gations," Miss Bolles said, re-  
turning to her normal manner.  
She laughed. "They're saying  
now in the village that it was  
Tom Harrison." She shook her  
head. "He wouldn't have the  
courage."

Wouldn't he? Madge won-  
dered. Aloud she said: "It was  
a very daring murder."

"And it's the daring ones  
that seem to remain unsolved,"  
Miss Bolles stated.

"Very few go unsolved, I  
think. If I could only remem-  
ber what that bicycle looked  
like."

"Perhaps you'll see the bi-  
cycle and recognise it."  
"Perhaps," Madge said  
thoughtfully. "Well—" she

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## Protect your eyes from summer GLARE

The bright, hot days of sum-  
mer put a severe strain on  
your eyes—and, on top of  
that, they have to contend  
with dust and wind. Best  
way to relieve tired, aching  
eyes is to use soothing  
Optrex Eye Lotion. Optrex  
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to bring back the sparkle of  
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kiddies love it.



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DIONE LUCAS, cele-  
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Nescafé makes Iced Coffee so quickly, so simply.  
You just dissolve Nescafé in a little hot water then  
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a long, cool glass of Iced  
Coffee now.



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\* New Decaffeinated Nescafé  
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"DRINK IT TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT"

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Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest in  
which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of  
typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

### JUST LIKE A MAN

IT was a night made for romance,  
and he was a medical student,  
tall, dark, and much sought-after.  
He had brought me home from the  
dance and we stood in the shadow  
of the verandah to say goodnight.  
His arms were around me and he  
rubbed his cheek on my hair.

"Midge?" he whispered.

"Yes?" I breathed.

"Do you know how long a koala's  
appendix is?"

£2/2/- awarded to "Midge," Campsie,  
N.S.W.

### JUST LIKE A WOMAN

A NEIGHBOR'S wife received  
an urgent telegram from her  
mother saying, "Call immediately."  
Picturing all sorts of dire emergen-  
cies, the wife rushed off to see her  
mother, only to be greeted with:

"Oh, I just wanted to be sure you  
knew about the big bargain sale at  
X's today."

£2/2/- awarded to A. H. Ash, Box  
1268 L, G.P.O., Adelaide.

Send your entries to "Just Like A  
Man" or "Just Like A Woman," The  
Australian Women's Weekly, Box  
4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

glanced at the town hall clock — "I must run for my bus. See you later, Miss Bolles?"

"Later?" For a moment Miss Bolles looked puzzled. Then she remembered. "Oh, yes — it's Monday, isn't it? Julie's music lesson. Five o'clock."

Julie was sitting in the window seat staring down the lane.

Timothy was squatting on the floor muttering unintelligibly to himself. A toy engine lay on its side and a twin-engine bomber with a broken wing-tip lay astride it; some lead soldiers and an assortment of plastic animals were scattered about the carpet in various dead attitudes. There had been a "dreadful accident," Timothy had assured his mother five minutes ago.

Madge looked up from her sewing, a little unnerved by the muttering. "Darling, don't make that silly noise."

He looked at her sternly. "Don't interrupt me. I'm telling myself a story."

"Well, tell it to us, then," Madge encouraged him. "What is it about?"

"A little boy and a puppy called Butter," he began, and stopped.

"Go on," Madge said. She broke off a length of cotton and held her needle up to the light.

He shook his head vigorously. "It hasn't any words."

"Oh, I see." She didn't press him. Timothy's story, she realised, was pursuing its course in a series of pictures. She smiled gently. How he was going to love that puppy when it came.

A sudden groan from Julie startled her. She turned quickly to find her daughter slumped in the window seat, her hands pressed against her forehead. She started up.

"Julie — whatever is the matter?"

"I don't feel well."

Madge moved across the room. "Take your hands away from your face, dear."

Julie did so. Madge looked at her anxiously. She appeared quite normal — a little woe-begone perhaps. "Have you got a headache?" she asked. She laid a hand on Julie's forehead. It was cool enough.

## Continuing . . . Murder at Gorse End

[from page 53]

Julie rolled her eyes. "I feel f-flushed." Another groan emerged and this time Madge thought it sounded the faintest bit theatrical. Her glance went to the window and the lane beyond the garden. What looked like a hennaed mop was moving through the air parallel with the hedge. Miss Bolles.

She looked hard at Julie, who blushed. "Oh, Mummy!" she burst out. "I don't like it, honestly. I hate it! I'll never learn to play the piano, I know I won't!"

Madge sighed. It really did seem that Julie's music lessons were a waste of money. "Give it a few more weeks, darling. You might like it better then. You haven't been at it very long, you know."

Julie's lower lip drooped. It was seldom she indulged in a tantrum, but she was obviously prepared to start one now.

Madge looked at her daughter beseechingly, and Julie wavered. When her mother looked like that Julie always felt very grown-up and protective.

"All right," she said a trifle bleakly.

With Julie and the music teacher safely ensconced before the piano in the lounge, Madge turned her attention to Timothy. She took his milk and biscuits into the living-room.

"Clear your toys away, darling. Hurry up now," she adjured him as he pretended not to hear.

He looked sadly at the "dreadful accident" and began reluctantly to clear up the debris. She stooped and started to lay the lead soldiers in their battered old wooden box.

"Hey, careful!" Timothy exclaimed warningly. "They're wounded, you know."

So they had to be put away with the utmost care and the maximum time. At last, however, Timothy was bathed.

"I don't need you to tell me a story tonight," he said politely as Madge tucked him into bed. "I have my own one in my head."

She bent and kissed him and

her heart contracted. How quickly children became self-sufficient.

She spent a few minutes tidying Timothy's clothes away. Then she went over to the window to close the curtains and stood for a moment looking out. In the lane a herd of cows were meandering uninterestedly home, a boy and a bike behind them. A man leaned against a field gate reading the back page of the evening paper. Madge sighed as she closed the curtains — autumn days were lovely but the evenings so melancholy.

As Madge went downstairs she could hear Miss Bolles' voice raised in protest: "No, no,

take the hot-pot out of the oven."

Madge busied herself in the kitchen from where she could hear Julie battling with the keyboard. Suddenly her nerves were jarred by a horrible and seemingly deliberate discord.

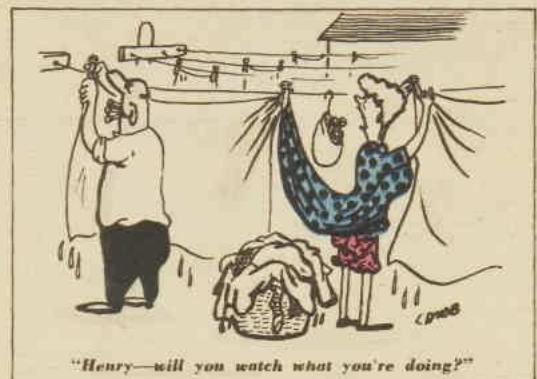
There followed a pregnant pause, then Miss Bolles' voice blared: "You're stupid, stupid! All these weeks and you don't yet know your ledger lines!"

"I'm not stupid!" Julie's voice was shrill. "I just hate it. And I—I hate you!"

Madge gasped and hurried into the lounge.

"Julie!" she said sternly. "Apologise to Miss Bolles at once. I won't have you saying such things."

Julie burst into tears. "I'm



Julie. Now start again, and this time —" The rest was drowned by the ringing of the telephone.

It was in the lounge; Madge went in, murmuring an apology to Miss Bolles. Julie relaxed, glad of the respite.

It was Jim. His car had broken down just outside Northbay.

"Can't find out what's wrong with it," he said. "I've rung up the garage and they're sending a breakdown car. I don't know how long I'm going to be."

"All right, darling. I'd better

not stupid," she sobbed. "I'm all right at dancing. I can't be good at everything."

That was true. "Nevertheless," Madge said firmly, "you must learn to keep your temper." And that goes for Miss Bolles, too, she thought.

"I—I'm sorry, Miss Bolles," Julie gulped. "I didn't really mean I hated you. I just hate the piano."

Miss Bolles nodded. "That's all right, Julie."

"And Miss Bolles didn't mean you were stupid, did you, Miss Bolles?" Madge smiled fixedly at the music teacher.

She colored. "Of course not." She patted Julie's hand. "After all, she's my star pupil at the dancing class."

Julie sniffed, only slightly mollified. She looked pleadingly at Madge. "I really have got a headache now."

"All right. If Miss Bolles doesn't mind, you can go and have your milk and cake." She raised her eyebrows inquiringly.

"We'd almost finished," Miss Bolles said. "Oh, and next week, Mrs. Drew, I shall be away." Her eyes gleamed suddenly and she rushed on.

"France. I've never been, you know. And this will be the first holiday I've had for fifteen years. I used to have an aunt living at Bournemouth, but when she died I couldn't go again, of course."

She couldn't afford it, Madge thought. The poor old thing.

"I'm sure you will have a wonderful time," she said, dimly wondering how it was that Miss Bolles could afford a Continental holiday now. Possibly an insurance policy had matured.

Miss Bolles got up, tucking her handbag under her arm. She looked tired and strained; there were little beads of moisture on her forehead.

She looks ill, Madge thought. She said impulsively "I'm just going to make some tea. Will you join me?"

"It's very kind of you," Miss Bolles murmured, "but—"

"Of course you will," Madge interrupted her. "You sit in that blue chair. It's most comfortable." She moved across to the hearth and put a match to the fire. "It gets a bit chilly in the evenings."

Jim telephoned in the middle of tea. The car was at the garage but the fault had not yet been detected. He would ring again later.

Eventually Miss Bolles rose to go and Madge accompanied her to the door.

"It's getting dark early tonight," Miss Bolles observed.

**ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.**

glancing at the sky. "I'll just about reach home before lighting-up time."

Madge nodded. The mist had reached the lowlands, and was rapidly developing into fog. A small shiver of fear ran through her. She was suddenly afraid of being alone. Jim might not be home till quite late, particularly if the fog were bad between Northbay and Gorse End, where the road was low-lying.

After a moment's hesitation Madge said: "I wonder if you would keep me company a little while longer? My husband is going to be rather late, I'm afraid. If you would stay I'll see you home safely."

Miss Bolles looked dubious. "I really should go," she said vaguely.

"Must you?" A note of appeal crept into Madge's voice. "I wouldn't ask you but—" she laughed self-consciously — "the truth is, I've been feeling a bit nervous since the murder."

"I see," Miss Bolles stared down at her bicycle, her brows wrinkled in thought. "Well"—she propped the machine against the wall—"I have a lot to do, but I don't suppose an hour will make much difference. And if you're really afraid to be alone—"

She seated herself once more in the blue chair. She seemed disinclined to talk. Madge fidgeted uneasily in her chair and wondered what topic of conversation the music teacher would best respond to. She tried the holiday, but it didn't work. Grimly she tried the murder on the ground that it was Gorse End's chief pre-occupation at the moment.

"I wonder," she said reflectively, "if the murderer will be at Murdoch's funeral tomorrow."

Miss Bolles looked startled. "Good gracious, what a horrid thought! In any case, he must be far away by now."

"Somehow I don't think so," Madge said frowning. "It's just a hunch. I have a notion that the police think he is still in Gorse End, too."

Miss Bolles crossed her legs.

To page 55

## New MACLEANS cleans teeth whiter than ever before

### The whiteness-meter proves it



Teeth cleaner and whiter than ever before. And that means healthier, too. That's today's great news!

Macleans have added a remarkable new ingredient to their famous tooth paste formula. Now Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste cleans teeth whiter than ever before.

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## MACLEANS peroxide TOOTH PASTE

MT. Aus. 4 56

hitching her slacks at the knees with a curiously masculine gesture. "I hope they're wrong."

Madge cupped her chin in her hands and stared broodingly into the fire.

"I wonder," she murmured, "if the police did have a reason for keeping quiet about the shoes and socks, or if they just didn't think them important."

"Shoes? Socks?" Miss Bolles turned a bewildered countenance.

"I'm sorry," Madge said quickly. "I was thinking aloud. You see, I saw the murderer's feet when he attacked me and I thought that would be an important clue but—"

"But," Miss Bolles interrupted her, "I understood it was the bicycle that was so important."

"Oh, yes, that, too. That more than anything, I should say. Actually I was laughed at more or less when I told P.C. Evans about Tom Harrison being in possession of a pair of grey socks similar to those I'd seen."

"Tom Harrison?" Miss Bolles queried sharply.

Madge nodded and told her companion what had transpired that morning when she had visited the garage. "Of course," she ended, "the socks are really valueless as a clue now. The shoes are the thing. If only I could see those."

"Do you think you would recognise them?" Miss Bolles asked.

"Oh, yes," Madge spoke confidently. "I'd recognise them." Out of the corner of her eye

## Continuing . . . Murder at Gorse End

from page 54

Madge saw that the fire had burned very low. She rose to replenish it, carefully arranging several chunky pieces of coal on the embers and a small dry log on top of them. "It will soon catch," she said, sitting back on her heels.

In a few seconds the coal split and small tongues of flame leaped up between the cracks. Madge gave a satisfied exclamation and made to get up, using both hands pressed down on the rug as a lever. The first part of the movement brought her into a crouching position, her finger-tips still touching the rug.

But before she could complete the movement she saw something that sent the room spinning. She drew one breath—sharp and shallow, and it seemed after that that she wasn't breathing at all; her hands collapsed with her breath and took the whole weight of her inert body.

She had seen the shoes—the rusty-black shoes of the murderer, and Miss Bolles was wearing them.

She went on staring at the shoes, fascinated by them, and was acutely conscious of the unnatural stillness of the room. She could hear the frenzied ticking of her watch and it seemed that her heart was trying to keep pace with it.

She couldn't bring herself to look up, she had the ridiculous notion that she was safe while she did not move. She waited; her throat grew parched with fear.

What can I do, what can I do? she thought excitedly. Has Miss Bolles noticed anything? She must be conscious of the shoes—she must be. She isn't moving. What is she doing? What is she thinking? She's watching me—waiting. Oh, God! And I have to look at her; sooner or later I have to look to her, meet her eyes . . .

A small movement from Miss Bolles caused Madge to jerk her head up sharply. Then a little sob of relief escaped her. It seemed that Miss Bolles had noticed nothing. Her eyes were lowered over the handbag she was opening. She calmly pawed over the contents—cigarette-case, compact, lipstick . . .

At that moment the telephone rang. Madge, released from fear, sprang up to attend to it.

"Don't answer that, Mrs. Drew!"

Madge stopped in the middle of a pace; turned—to find a long, wicked-looking knife pointing at her diaphragm. Miss Bolles was behind it; her eyes were suffused with a strange yellow light.

She said sulkily: "I was dreadfully afraid this might happen, Mrs. Drew. You were so bent on discovering who killed Murdoch. I thought it would be the bicycle you would recognise, so I've been prepared."

She moved the knife slightly and the firelight caught the blade, turning it red. "Fancy it being the shoes after all," Miss Bolles continued. "I didn't know about those."

And I told her, Madge thought despairingly. And I invited her into the house for company. She tried to speak, but the words became locked in her throat.

Burr-burr . . . burr-burr . . . The sound filled her with a sense of frustration, underlined her helplessness. Would Jim know there was something wrong if the telephone remained unanswered? But how could he help—all that way off? And seconds counted. If she screamed no one would hear her except the children.

The children. Her face blanched. What if Miss Bolles . . .? The thought stuck, like the words in her throat, and she became aware that Miss Bolles was talking—had been talking all the time; a horrible uncontrolled flow of words that contrasted fearfully with her steady yellow gaze.

Murdoch. Mean Murdoch. Miss Bolles was gabbling. "Cheating Murdoch. I'm glad I killed him. I always wanted to. He wouldn't marry me—and he promised—fifteen years ago. Who had a better right to his money than I? And I have it—I have it!"

Her voice rose triumphantly. "I can go away. No more dancing lessons. Oh, yes, I'm glad I killed Murdoch, and I'd kill him again. I'd kill anyone who tried to interfere with my plans. I'm not going to be balked now, Mrs. Drew. Nothing, nothing, no one is going to stop me!"

All the time Miss Bolles had been talking Madge had been moving sideways. In her mind there was some hazy notion about the lamp on the mantelpiece. If she could manage to switch it on, the room would be sufficiently illuminated for anyone out in the lane to see in.

Miss Bolles moved towards her. Her orange-painted lips cracked into a smile.

"Dead women tell no tales," she said.

The telephone stopped burring. Madge felt that her last link with safety had gone. She was alone now, with a mad woman who meant murder. One more step, she calculated

desperately, and I can reach the lamp switch. She felt her foot against the fender. Her hand went out cautiously towards the mantelpiece.

Then suddenly, horrifyingly, she heard Julie's voice at the bottom of the stairs.

"Mummy, the telephone's been ringing for ages—but it's stopped now. Mummy"—her voice was frightened. "Mummy, where are you?"

"Don't come in here!" Madge shouted. "Open the front door. Run out and—"

Miss Bolles raised her arm. The knife gleamed as Madge's fingers found the switch. She brought her knee up sharply as the arm came down. The knife twisted in the air and fell with its point buried in the carpet. Miss Bolles staggered back, clutching her elbow.

"Mummy!" Julie shrieked from the hall.

"Don't come in!" Madge shouted, and made a dash for the knife just as Miss Bolles recovered herself, and had the same idea. Her leap was pure ballet, and she reached the knife first, pulling it out of the carpet. With a nimble movement she thrust out a leg and brought Madge heavily to the floor. For the second time the knife gleamed.

The telephone started to burr again, mingled with Julie's voice. Madge made an effort to clutch Miss Bolles' legs, but a sharp pain in her ankle as she moved sent the room spinning dizzily around her. She gave a despairing sob. She didn't want to die. Jim—her children—her lovely, lovely life!

And then she heard the sound of running feet on the gravel path, of men's voices. Miss Bolles gasped as a pane of glass was shattered and a man climbed into the room.

Madge stared at him, unable to believe what she saw. Another man followed—it was Inspector Bolt. Constable Evans climbed in after him. Miss Bolles screamed horribly, then fell in a heap on the floor.

Madge began to cry. "My little girl is in the hall," she sobbed. "P-please don't let her come in here."

It was Constable Evans who went out to take care of Julie, and Inspector Bolt who gave attention to Madge. The third man went across to Miss Bolles.

Madge gave him a puzzled glance through her tears. "He's the man I saw leaning against the field gate," she said.

Inspector Bolt nodded. "That's right." He put a hand under her elbow to help her to rise. Madge felt an agonising pain. "I can't make it," she gasped. "It's my ankle. It's broken, I think."

The inspector lifted her on to the couch, and then crossed to the still burring telephone.

"Mr. Drew," he said over his shoulder. Then, speaking into the receiver "Yes, everything's all right. There has been a spot of bother. But I had a man tailing the suspect. Yes, as a matter of fact, the lipstick was our first concrete clue. There were two smudges on the eiderdown. One was"—he chuckled and threw an amused glance at Madge—"er—Fox-glove Pink; and the other was a definite orange shade as worn by Miss Bolles."

Madge heard a sharp exclamation at Jim's end of the wire, and then the inspector said good-bye and rang off.

Miss Bolles was coming round, moaning faintly.

"Poor thing," Madge said huskily. "I can't help feeling sorry for her. I don't suppose she's had much of a life."

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"Hm," the inspector said dubiously. "A number of people don't have much of a life but they don't all go round committing murder in order to change it."

Madge fell silent.

A week later the excitement had more or less died down in the village. Miss Bolles was being taken care of in a prison mental hospital, Tom Harrison had been discovered in some illicit dealings with motor-cars and was certain to spend a few months behind bars.

Madge Drew was enjoying her broken ankle, for Mrs. Craddock was looking after her like two mothers, and people round about had sent flowers, congratulatory notes, cigarettes, and even wine.

Timothy was alternately envious of and entertained by his mother's "potleg."

"How do you get them?" he asked Jim.

"You get them sometimes," Jim answered carelessly, "through not minding your own business."

"I like that!" Madge began indignantly. Then she laughed. "I believe you're jealous!"

He grinned. "Of course I am. I'd just love to lie about all day with people dripping sympathy all over me. Though if I broke a leg I expect the whole district would cheer like mad. I can't see people sending an inspector of taxes, cigarettes and wine and stuff."

"I would, Daddy," Julie assured him.

"And I'd give you my puppy," Timothy put in, but added cautiously: "So long as you promised to let me have him back when your leg was mended."

Julie turned on him, shocked. "You don't give presents to people and then ask for them back!"

Timothy sighed. His sigh was expressive of the fact that it was a difficult world; that you were always having to find something out, and when you did, you mostly wished you hadn't.

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# I know, and you know!



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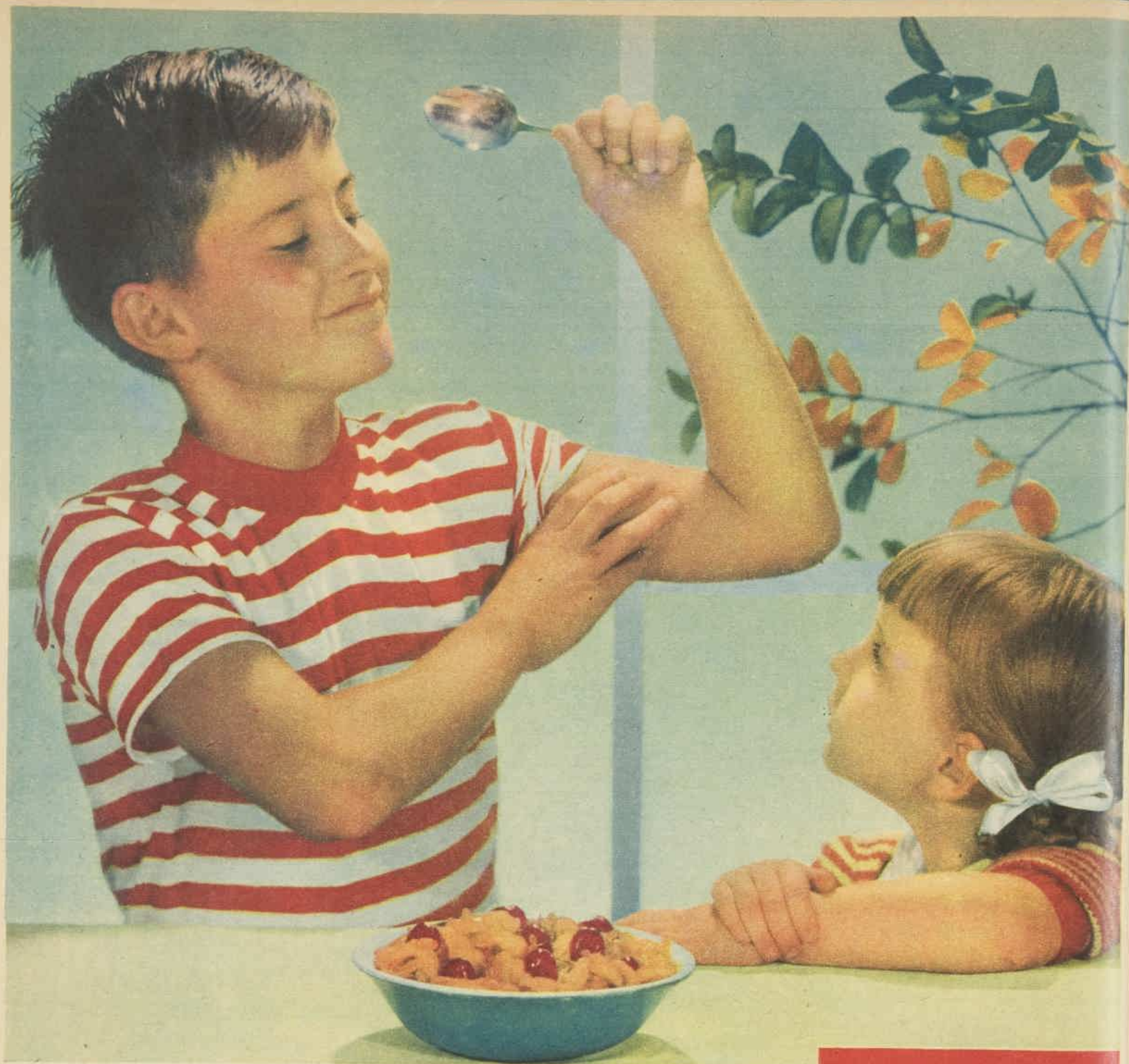
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**BIG IN FLAVOUR! BIG IN FOOD VALUE!**

# Tang of Lemon

• The piquant, refreshing flavor of lemons makes them an invaluable ingredient in the home kitchen.

**L**EMONS have an appetising, slightly tart taste that is acceptable to almost every palate, and has the happy knack of accentuating all other flavors without dominating them.

As a garnish, lemons are indispensable. There are many ways of shaping and cutting them, and arranging them in wedges to create an attractive trimming for sweet or savory foods.

These tested recipes featuring lemons will help you make the most of this delicious and readily available fruit.

All spoon measurements are level.

## LEMON MERINGUE PIE

One cooked and cooled 8-inch pastry-case, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice, grated rind of 2 lemons, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour (both blended smoothly with a little extra water), 2 egg-yolks, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon butter.

Meringue Topping: Two egg-whites, pinch salt, 6 tablespoons sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla.

Place sugar, water, lemon juice, and rind in saucepan. When nearly boiling stir in blended flour and cornflour. Continue stirring while mixture simmers 2 to 3 minutes. Remove from heat, cool.

Fold in butter and then egg-yolks beaten with milk. Fill into pastry-case, allow to become quite cold. Prepare meringue. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, gradually add sugar, and beat until sugar is dissolved. Flavor with vanilla. Spread over top of tart, taking meringue right to edge of tart. Return to very moderate oven to set and lightly brown meringue. Allow to become quite cold before serving.

## LEMON CRUNCH

Coconut Crust: Four ounces butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups coconut,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cake crumbs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour.

Filling: One cup sugar,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 5 tablespoons arrowroot, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute.

Prepare coconut mixture. Cream butter or substitute with sugar, work in cake crumbs, coconut, and flour. With back of a spoon press half the mixture into a greased ovenware dish. Blend arrowroot with a little of the milk. Heat remainder with sugar and salt, add blended arrowroot. Stir until mixture thickens and boils, cook further two or three minutes. Add beaten eggs and lemon juice, cook over low heat two minutes. Remove from heat, add lemon rind, butter, and vanilla. Pour into dish. Crumble remaining half of coconut mixture over lemon filling. Bake in hot oven 25 minutes, cool. Serve cut in squares with cream.

## LEMON SYRUP CORDIAL

Boil 1 quart water and 3lb. sugar together for 5 minutes and pour into a large jug. Add 1oz. citric acid. Stir well until dissolved, then when cold add  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of lemon juice. Bottle and serve a tablespoon of syrup to a tumbler of iced water or soda water, with slice of fresh lemon.

## LEMON CHIFFON PIE

One 8in. cooked and cooled biscuit or shortcrust pastry-case, 1 dessertspoon gelatine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, extra  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar.



**GOLDEN-TIPPED FLUFFY MERINGUE** tops the rich, smooth lemon filling in the lemon meringue pie illustrated above. See recipe this page.

Soak gelatine five minutes in cold water. Mix sugar, lemon juice, salt, and beaten egg-yolks, stir over gently boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Add lemon rind and softened gelatine, stir until dissolved. Stir while cooling over crushed ice. When beginning to thicken fold in egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with extra sugar. Turn into pastry-case, chill until set. Serve with cream or ice-cream.

## LEMON JAM

One pound lemons, 3lb. sugar, 3 pints hot water. Wash, dry, and slice lemons. Cover with the hot water and soak for 48 hours. Take out 2 cups of the liquid and replace with 3 cups of fresh water. Cook quickly for 1 hour. Add warmed sugar, and cook quickly until it jells when a little is tested on a cold saucer. Bottle while hot. Early season lemons give best results.

## LEMON DELICIOUS PUDDING

Two tablespoons butter, scant  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 4 tablespoons flour, pinch salt, grated rind of 1 lemon, strained juice of 2 lemons, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk.

Cream the butter until it is quite soft, then gradually add the sugar, and beat until it is white. Add the sifted flour and salt, the lemon rind and juice, and the egg-yolks. Stir in the milk, and lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into a pie-dish, and stand in a dish of hot water. Bake in a quick oven for 10 minutes, then reduce heat and bake until set and lightly browned on top (about 40 to 45 minutes). Serve hot.

## LEMON DELIGHT

One pint of water, 1 cup sugar, grated rind of 1 lemon, juice of 2 lemons, 2 eggs, 5 tablespoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon butter, extra  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Blend cornflour with  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup of the water. Place balance of water, sugar, lemon juice and rind into a saucepan, stir over low heat until boiling. Stir in blended cornflour and egg-yolks, continue stirring until mixture boils and thickens. Remove from heat, add butter. Fill into an ovenware dish, prepare meringue. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add extra sugar. Spoon over lemon mixture, place in very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Allow to cool, then chill. Serve with cream.

## ECONOMICAL LEMON CHEESE

Grated rind of 1 lemon, juice of 2 lemons, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons butter.

Combine all ingredients in saucepan, stir over low heat with a wooden spoon until mixture thickens. Remove from heat, allow to cool; use as desired.

## RICH LEMON CHEESE

Four eggs, 2½oz. butter, 10oz. sugar, grated rind and juice of 2 lemons.

Place all ingredients in the top half of a double saucepan, stir over heat with a wooden spoon until thick. Allow to cool, fill into clean screw-top jars; use as required.

## LEMON SAGO

Two ounces sago,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint water, pinch salt, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 2 tablespoons brown sugar.

Wash sago, drop into boiling water with salt, stir until it is transparent, simmer 10 minutes longer. Add lemon rind, juice, golden syrup, and brown sugar. Fill into wetted mould, chill until set. Unmould, serve with custard or cream.

## DELICIOUS DAVIS RECIPES!



Try this  
different  
ICE CREAM

### BUTTERSCOTCH ICE CREAM

1 teaspoon Davis Gelatine, 2 tablespoons hot water, 3 heaped tablespoons milk powder, 8 oz. fresh milk, 3 heaped tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, vanilla.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Beat powdered milk with fresh milk. Dissolve sugar and butter over fire, heating gently until quite smooth like caramel. Remove, add 2 tablespoons milk mixture, blend, add dissolved gelatine, balance of milk gradually, few drops of vanilla. Freeze to a mush. Beat well. Finish freezing.



Ask for Ice Cream Folder

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## holidays are for housewives too

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Just pour  $\frac{1}{2}$  tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk in a bowl, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, beat for a few seconds, and presto! Magnificent mayonnaise. Use this mayonnaise for vegetable salad, potato salad, Russian salad—and transform salad into a delicious main-course dish. And don't forget that Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk is the secret of creamy sauces and melt-in-the-mouth lemon meringue pies.

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**NESTLÉ'S SWEETENED  
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PARFAITS, served in tall glasses, make elegant summer sweets and are surprisingly easy to make. For this pineapple marshmallow parfait melt 4oz. marshmallows with 2 tablespoons evaporated milk or cream and mix with  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup crushed pineapple. Mix into one tray partly set ice-cream. Freeze until very thick. Pile into glasses.

## Prizes for recipes

● A hearty dinner dish of fruit-filled steak, to be served piping hot, wins this week's main prize of £5 for a reader.

THERE is also a consolation prize for a recipe for simple marshmallow biscuits.

Each week a cash prize of £5 is awarded to the best recipe received from a reader, and a consolation prize of £1 is awarded to any other recipe published.

Address your entries to "Recipe Contest," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, and include full name, address, and State on every page.

Spoon measurements are level in the following recipes.

### FRUIT-FILLED STEAK

One and a half pounds chuck steak cut in one thick piece, 2 small sliced bananas, 1 sliced apple,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup stoned cooked prunes, 1 scant teaspoon sugar, 2 cloves, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons flour, 2 cups water, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, pinch nutmeg.

Have a deep pocket cut in the steak and fill it with bananas, apple, and prunes, mixed together and sweetened with sugar and spiced with

cloves. Sew up with coarse thread. Make a sauce with the blended flour and water, vinegar, salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, brown sugar, and nutmeg. Simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Place meat in casserole, pour sauce over, cover, and cook slowly in moderate oven 2 hours. Cut in cross-wise slices and serve with the sauce.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. G. M. Gregg, 41 Augusta Rd., Hobart, Tas.

### MARSHMALLOW BISCUITS

Half cup boiling water, 1 cup sugar, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, juice 1 small lemon, coconut, small round sweet biscuits.

Dissolve gelatine and sugar in boiling water. When nearly cold beat until thick and white. Add lemon juice and coloring, if liked. Spoon into small greased patty-tins or gem irons and press a biscuit on top of each. When set remove from tins and dip tops in coconut.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. R. D. Barnes, 15 Charles St., Williamstown, Vic.

## FAMILY DISH

A RING-MOULD of cooked lamb and celery, topped with tomato and cheese, is this week's family dish. It costs seven shillings and sixpence and serves five.

### LAMB-AND-CELERY RING

Two to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups diced cooked lamb, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups diced celery, 1 onion, salt, pepper, pinch curry powder, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups finely cubed bread, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk, 1 tomato, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Combine lamb, celery, chopped onion, salt, pepper, curry powder, bread, beaten eggs, melted butter or substitute, and milk. Mix thoroughly and fill into well-greased ring-tin. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Carefully turn out on to heated dish. Arrange sliced tomato around top. Sprinkle with cheese and place under hot grill until cheese is melted and bubbly.

## Hints on feeding

By SISTER MARY JACOB,  
Our Mothercraft Nurse

AT all ages the human body needs a definite quantity of food to maintain good nutrition, and for growth.

The amount of food needed varies with the size and age of the individual, on the amount of energy expended, and the amount of heat lost. For example, an active child needs more food than a quiet, placid child.

Less food is required when there is a certain loss of natural appetite, such as in teething, sudden weaning, or in any feverish condition. A baby who has been overfed or is recovering from a gastric upset also suffers this natural loss of appetite.

It should also be remembered that appetites vary. Some people, both adults and babies, have smaller appetites than average and yet are well nourished.

A baby's appetite is the best guide to the amount of food he needs. Trying to make him take more than he wants (usually because the mother is so afraid he may not be gaining enough weight) only makes him refuse to eat just to get his parents' attention.

Difficult feeders are usually made so by too much fuss and attention at meal-times, and by parents showing concern at the child's refusal to finish a meal.

A leaflet giving advice on this subject can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please send stamped, addressed envelope.

GOT THOSE

fry-  
day  
blues?



## Quick! the Air-wick

There's nothing like the smell of crisply fried fresh fish to start the family's mouths watering! But, after the meal is over, that delicious smell turns into a stale hangover reek which spreads right through the house... here's how to kill it, fast!

You can stop any smell at its source! Just open your bottle of Air-wick and pull up the wick. Immediately, Air-wick's 125 natural air-freshening compounds, plus Chlorophyll, give you garden-fresh air. Remember, for less than one penny per day...



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CURLYPET makes baby's hair grow curly... removes nasty cradlecap. Get a month's supply of CURLYPET from your Chemist or Store for 4/6.

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## BACKACHE swiftly checked

Are you afraid to bend or stoop? Do nagging backaches, aching joints make life a misery? These pains could be due to little-known kidney stones carrying out their vital job of removing harmful wastes from the blood. These wastes can cause backache, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, disturbed nights, leg pains, etc. At first sign of kidney upset, follow the lead of sufferers all over the world—get Doan's Backache-Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring swift, comforting relief and set those lazy kidneys to work again.

Don't miss "Sister," by Sidney Carroll, brilliant short novel complete in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.



● *NEMESIA strumosa grandiflora* flower in spring, and can be planted out now in seed-boxes. They are among the most colorful hardy spring annuals.

## COLORFUL ANNUALS FOR SPRING

● Now is the time to start preparing hardy annuals which bring riotous spring color to gardens everywhere.

**H**ARDY annuals are plants grown from seed which flower, set seed, and die all in the one season, leaving the gardener with a clear field for the following season.

Gardens planted with these species are cheap and easy to cultivate, and they rarely suffer from the weed problem that is one of the disadvantages of areas planted to perennials, which have to stay in the one position.

At this time of the year most gardeners are busy making seedboxes in which to sow hardy annuals like Iceland poppies, pansies, stocks, nemesias, calendulas, bellis perennis, brachycomes, candytuft, Canterbury bells, annual chrysanthemums, cornflowers, cinerarias, and dimorphotheca aurantiaca.

Seedboxes should normally be made about 20in. by 15in. wide, 4in. deep, and be well perforated for drainage. If one side of each box is screwed on instead of being nailed, it can be removed when seedlings are big enough to transplant.

Drainage material an inch

deep should be scattered evenly at the bottom of each box, and a thin layer of peat moss or sphagnum moss put over the cinders, gravel, or small stones.

Sterilise the seedbox soil by slow baking over a fire in the garden, or pour several lots

### GARDENING

of boiling water over the soil in a bucket and cool.

When baking soil, wet it first and allow the steaming to stop before removing it. Let it cool all night before filling the boxes.

This treatment kills eelworms, larvae of soil-inhabiting insects, earth worms, and also bacteria and fungi of different kinds.

Make shallow drills in the seedbox soil for sowing, and give very small seeds light coverage only.

Moisten the soil with a fine spray or rose watering-can and cover with a sheet of glass over newspaper.

Keep the boxes in a protected but warm position which receives the morning sun only. Remove the paper when the seeds germinate and

raise the glass with a peg or wedge very gradually as the plants grow taller.

It pays to "prick out" seedlings into boxes of slightly better soil when they are big enough to handle. This encourages the development of sturdy root systems which permit easier transplanting.

Other hardy annuals that may be relied upon to provide plenty of color and some fragrance include gaillardias, godetias, lobelias, annual lupins, French marigolds, schizanthus, statice, sweet peas, and violas.

Annuals such as nemophila, nigella, mignonette, nasturtium, larkspurs, and linarias require to be sown direct where they are to spend their entire lives. They rarely transplant successfully. Leptosynes, hetero-pappus (blue daisy), and annual dimorphothecas also come into this category.

Cinerarias like semi-shade, and need to be sprayed regularly with DDT to check the attacks of leaf-miner fly.

Hybrida grandiflora cinerarias produce very big flowers if the bud clusters are thinned out when big enough to handle. The plants need sound feeding and moist soil.

Clarkias are very colorful and good flowers for cutting, but, like larkspurs, they do best if sown direct.

In addition to the hardy annuals mentioned, biennials like foxgloves, wallflowers, verbascums, hollyhocks, and lunaria, or honesty, can be sown now. They all transplant successfully.

hot Poker, Torch Flower, Poker Plant, Flame Flower. Needs protection in very frosty areas.

**KOHLRABI:** A hardy herb belonging to the cabbage or brassica family. Also called turnip-rooted cabbage. Both leaves and rounded, turnip-like stems are edible. Sow in autumn in rich soil. Needs to be grown quickly or it will bolt and go to seed.

**KUMQUAT:** Common name for Fortunella, a small family of Chinese evergreens differing only in small details from citrus and grown as ornamental tub plants for their small, elongated, tart fruits, which make good preserves. When hybridised with citrus they improve in size, color, and flavor.

**NEXT WEEK: Beginning with the Ls.**

### Continuing THE GARDENER'S A.B.C.

**KAINIT:** A low-grade potash fertiliser containing 12 to 14 per cent. of sulphate of potash, adulterated with common salt, which may make up to as much as one-third of the material. Not an economical or desirable form of potash.

**KALE:** A hardy, biennial, non-heading kind of cabbage, not much grown in Australia. Needs a cold climate.

**KALMIA:** Evergreen shrubs belonging to the heath family. Mountain laurel (*Kalmia latifolia*) is one of the finest. Has showy flowers, white to deep rose, in terminal clusters. A time hater. Needs a cool, high climate.

**KNIPHOFIA (Tritoma):** Hardy perennial plants with sharp, knife-edged leaves and yellow to red flowers. Also known as Red-

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# Modern homestead

Architect's Diary

## Open-type plan for site on dairy farm

● This week the subject discussed is the replacement of an old homestead on a dairy property with a house more suitable to modern country life.

A VICTORIAN reader, Mrs. E. Christoff, who owns a dairy property about 20 miles from Melbourne, has asked my advice on building the new home.

She does not like the plain, rectangular type of house that has become so popular in cities and suburbs. She thinks a free, open plan would be more suitable for the site.

There is an orchard on the site that would screen the house from the main road, so the new building could have large areas of glass without losing any privacy.

I suggest for the new house a layout that has two distinct sections. One includes the living-rooms, with a northern aspect, and the other is a long wing containing all the bedrooms and arranged to get the morning sun.

These two main wings are connected by a glazed gallery — a feature that is increasing

in popularity for homes where a spacious, informal approach is required.

This glazed gallery serves as entrance-hall, sunroom, and recreation-room, and, by means of sliding doors, can also be used as an extension of the living-room.

Large areas of sliding glass panels on both the north and south walls of the gallery give an outlook on the garden.

Furnished appropriately, this room would allow plenty of space for entertaining.

It opens on to an enclosed, unroofed courtyard at the north. A barbecue could be built in this courtyard and would be an asset at large, informal parties.

The kitchen has been conveniently located near the living-room, dining-room, and barbecue. Kitchen fittings include a pantry for jams and preserves.

The laundry provides an alternative washing place for the men coming in at meal-times, so they would not have

to walk through the house. The living-room opens on to a separate sunny terrace on the north that is ideal for outdoor meals. It also provides a quiet retreat for the family.

In the bedroom wing there is a separate toilet and bathroom, conveniently close to the gallery, for use by guests.

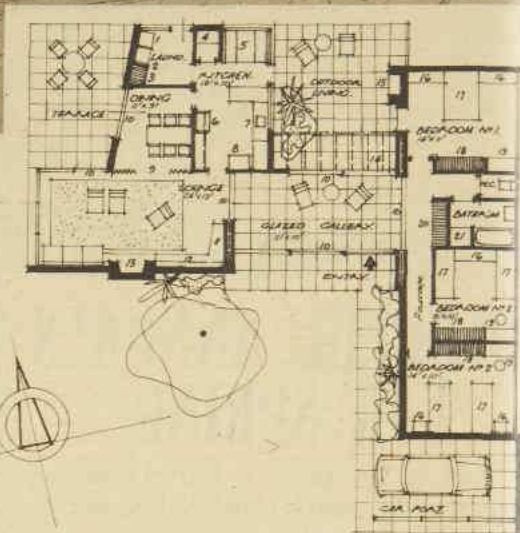
All bedrooms include built-in wardrobes and dressing-tables. A spacious coat-and-linen cupboard is close to the front door.

The lounge room is separated from the dining area by an accordion-type folding screen. This screen reduces the lounge room to a size that

can be comfortably heated by the open fire in winter. A built-in fitment in this room consists of TV set, drink bar, radiogram, record store, and bookshelves.

Both the second and third bedrooms have been planned to hold two single beds. The third bedroom is to be occupied by two young daughters, and the two single beds will allow more scope than built-in beds for a decoration scheme appropriate to a girls' room.

● Each week Mr. McMurray will discuss home-building problems of general interest sent to him by readers.



ABOVE. Plan shows: 1, tub; 2, washing machine; 3, cupboard; 4, pantry; 5, dinette; 6, stove; 7, sink; 8, refrigerator; 9, accordion door; 10, sliding door; 11, built-in TV set; 12, drink bar; 13, fireplace; 14, pergola; 15, barbecue; 16, bedside tables; 17, beds; 18, wardrobe; 19, dressing-table; 20, coat-and-linen cupboard handy to front door.



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# Fashion PATTERNS

F4417.—Cool sleeveless smock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 5-8th yards 36in. material and 3yds. of edging. Price 3/6.

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty., Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty., Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4412

F4412.—Figure-moulding three-piece lingerie set. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7 2-3rd yards 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F4414.—One-piece dress designed for the 4 to 10-year-old span. Sizes: Lengths, 20, 23, 28, and 34in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½ to 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/—.

F4336.—Girl's pretty one-piece party dress. Sizes: Lengths, 18, 20, 23, and 28in. for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½ to 2yds. 36in. material and 4yds. of edging. Price 3/—.

F4337.—Smartly styled above-the-knee tennis dress. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 years. Requires 3 to 3½ yards 36in. material. Price 3/—.

F4417



F4413

## BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4413.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make infant's frock. Sizes infants. Requires 1 1-3rd yards 36in. material. Price 2/6.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 401.—DUCHESS SET  
The set, featuring a pretty flower motif, is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Centre mat 14in. by 14in. and small mats 7in. by 7in. Price 8/11. Postage and registration 1/— extra.

No. 402.—GIRL'S PETTICOAT  
The petticoat is obtainable cut out ready to make in white lawn only. Sizes: Lengths 24in., 16/3; 26in., 17/4; 28in., 18/2; 30in., 18/11. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 403.—SCHOOL BLOUSE  
Tailored short-sleeved blouse is obtainable ready to wear or cut out ready to sew. The material is Dacot spun obtainable in beige only. Ready to wear: Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years, 18/3; 12, 14, and 16 years, 23/6. Postage and registration 1/9 extra. Cut out only: Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years, 10/6; 12, 14, and 16 years, 14/9. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 404.—LUNCHEON SET  
Pretty luncheon set and matching serviettes obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Place mats 12in. by 12in., cup-and-saucer mats 6in. by 6in., serviettes 12in. by 12in. Eight-piece set, including 4 place mats and 4 cup-and-saucer mats, 12/11. Postage and registration 2/— extra. Sixteen-piece set, including 8 place mats and 8 cup-and-saucer mats, price 21/9. Postage and registration 2/— extra. Serviettes 1/9 each. Postage 4d extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.



402

403

404

405

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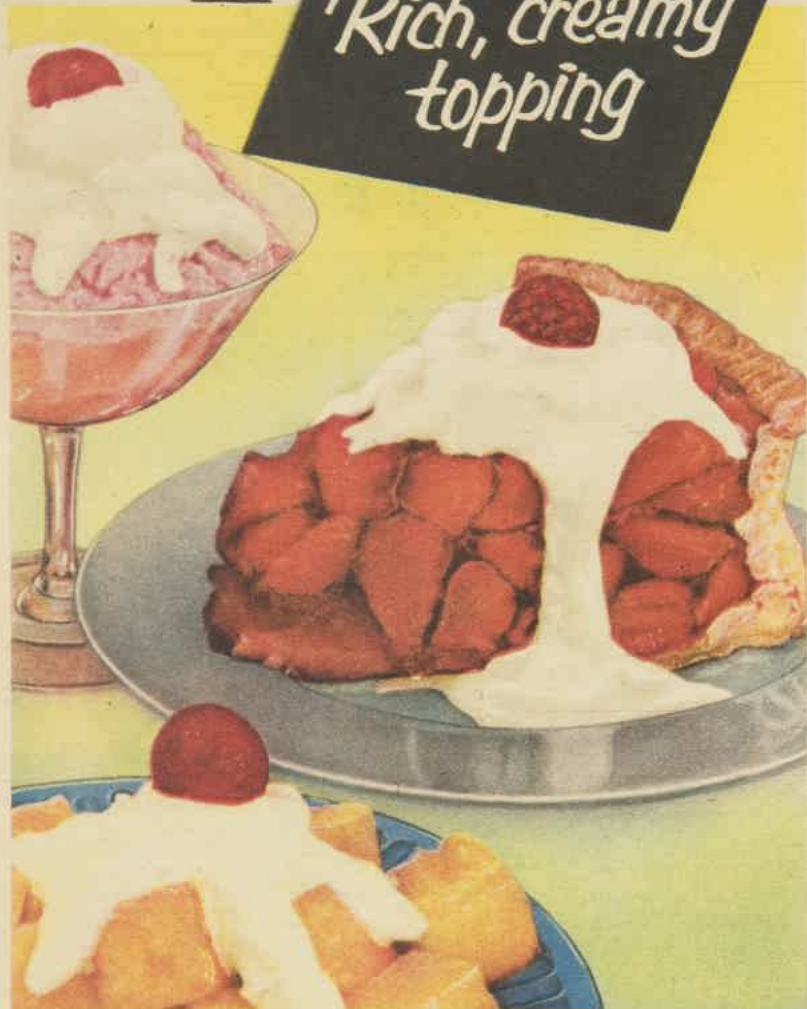
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## Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, goes to Africa to hunt for his sister, the famous explorer Lenore, who vanished while trying to discover the closely guarded secret of Witchmen's Peak. All the local natives are afraid of the peak, as it is

the training ground for the local witch doctors. Mandrake questions a trader who was the last person to see Lenore, but he has lost his speech through "magic" and is afraid to reveal anything. Meanwhile, Lothar, King of the Federated Tribes, is welcomed back by his subjects. **NOW READ ON:**



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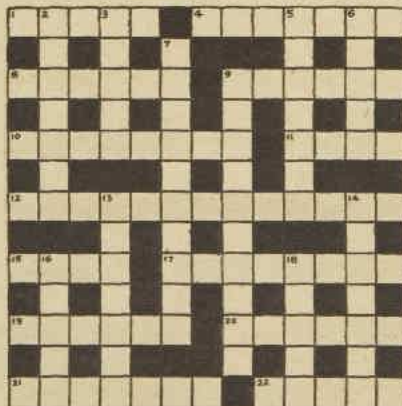
**TEENA** *by Linda Terry*



# THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Soared in the prayer I sent up (5).
4. The gain (Anagr. 7).
8. Benumbed (6).
9. Innate orb shaken in a public house (6).
10. Undecided she is disturbed and adds it and an insect (8).
11. Rightfully so called (4).
12. Helps to cross a stream if you tread on it (8-5).
15. Contains a cone at any time (4).
17. Idleness in deed (8).
19. Broken bail on England (6).
20. Extract I see in turned tile and cut its head to make it lawful (6).
21. Inspire in a mate (7).
22. Originally worn by Basques (5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Look closely into pet. sin mixed with hundred (7).
3. A gum resin consisting mostly of lime (5).
5. Bet a rat to make a fabric (7).
6. Raises the water in Spain and in Palestine, but shows nothing in Iran (5).
7. Phantom is worth a point a pair (10).
9. Red tin gate (Anagr. 10).
13. For this you may learn a craft or have an insurance (7).
14. Make eel into a dark green silicate (7).
16. Very fashionable thermo-plastic shows only a printer's measure on top (5).
18. Twist an alcoholic drink after tea (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.



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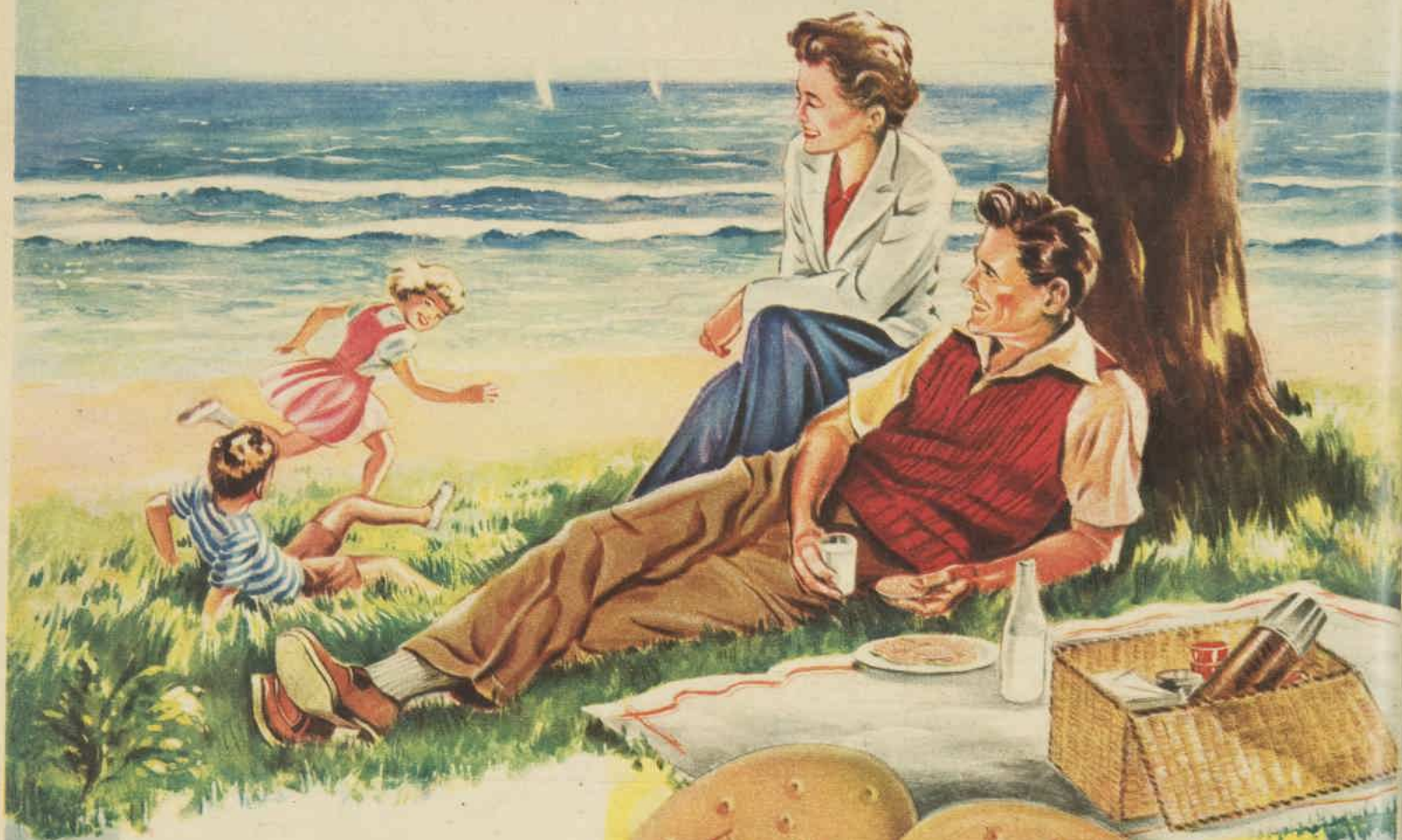
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